MAR 6 '56

The Saturday Evening
POST
March 10, 1956 – 15¢

LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

RICHIE ASHBURN–
Tops in the National League

A New CRUNCH & DES Serial
By PHILIP WYLIE

LIBRARY BALDWIN-WALLACE COLL BEREA OHIO
25-56

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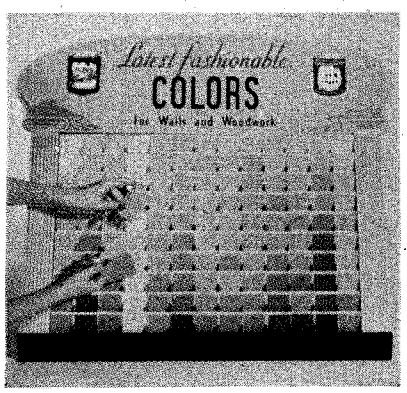
It's this easy with speedy Super® Kem-Tone

THE DE LUXE LATEX WALL PAINT

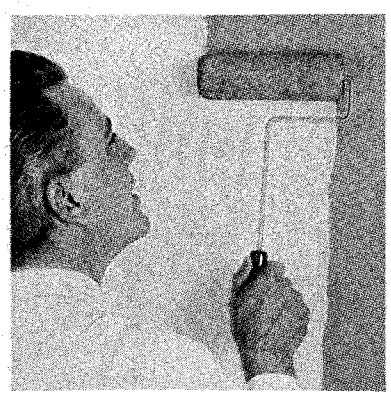
It's a wonderful feeling! Your bright idea becomes a brand-new room in just one day with quick, ready-to-use Super Kem-Tone! Velvet-rich, rubber-tough, it goes on easily over plaster, wallpaper, paint, wood, brick or wallboard without brush marks. Dries within an hour, too. Yet Super Kem-Tone costs so little to use . . . one gallon will do the walls of an average room. Give your own bright idea a try with Super Kem-Tone . . . then you'll know why it's the world's most widely used wall paint.

Kem-Glo® alkyd enamel matches Super Kem-Tone color for color. It's the favorite enamel for kitchens, bathrooms and all woodwork in the home. Kem-Glo flows on smoothly . . . no undercoater needed . . . looks and washes like baked enamel.

SUPER KEM-TONE $5.89 a gallon (Deep tones $6.19 a gallon). KEM-GLO $2.69 a quart.



Wide range of lovely new colors to choose from!



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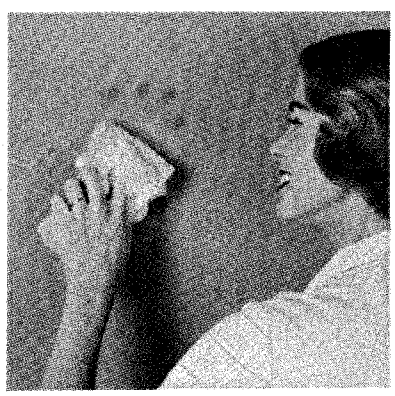

Guaranteed washable, or your money back!

COVER THE EARTH

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

In Principal Cities from Coast to Coast

Super Kem-Tone and Kem-Glo are also made and distributed by: Acme Quality Paints, Inc., Detroit • W. W. Lawrence & Co., Pittsburgh • The Lowe Brothers Co., Dayton • John Lucas & Co., Inc., Philadelphia • The Martin-Senour Co., Chicago • Rogers Paint Products, Inc., Detroit.

FREE! "The Home Decorator" . . . 44 colorful pages full of wonderful decorating ideas. Write Sherwin-Williams, 1256 Midland Bldg., Cleveland 1, Ohio.

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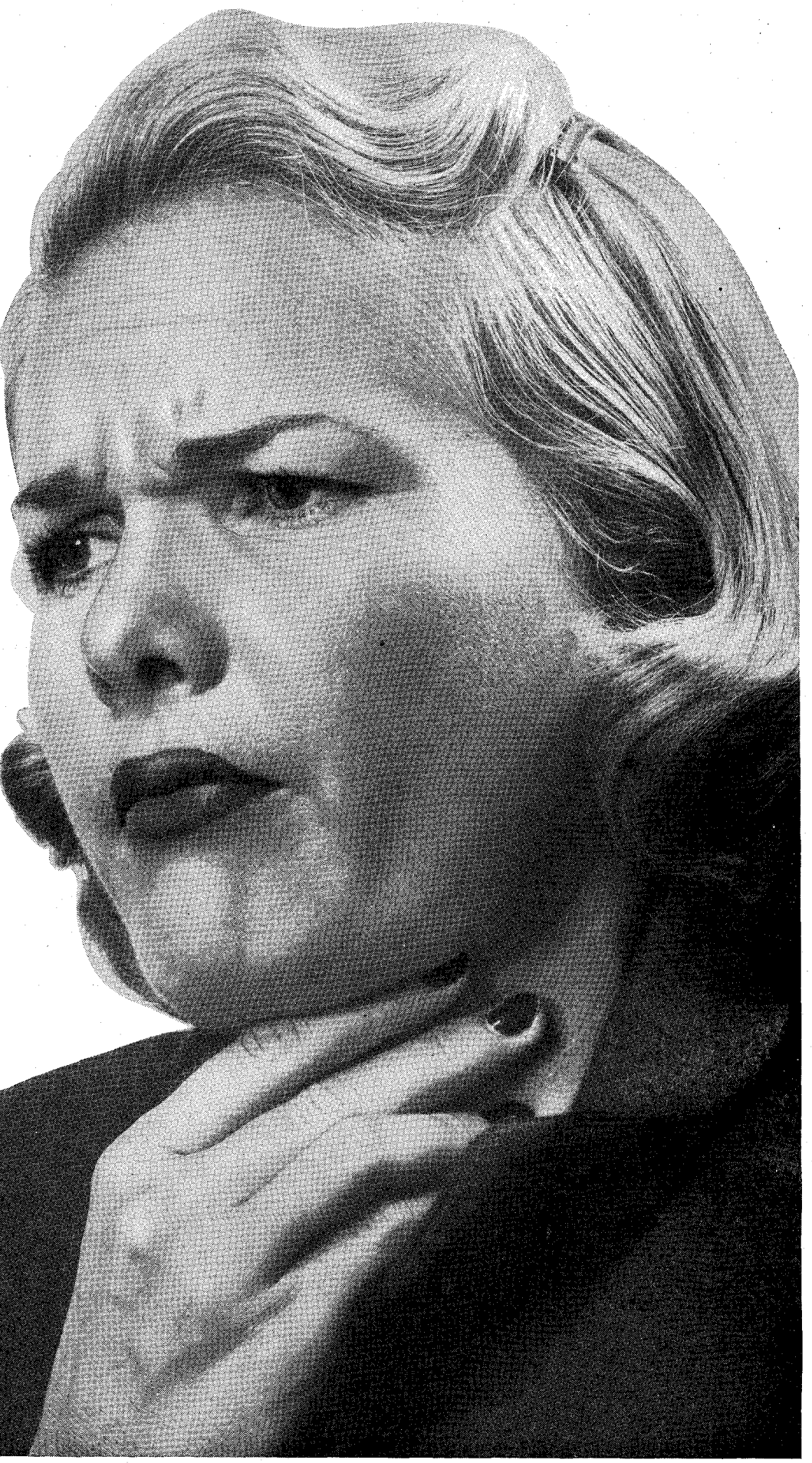
Throat raw and scratchy?

LISTERINE

for Quick relief!



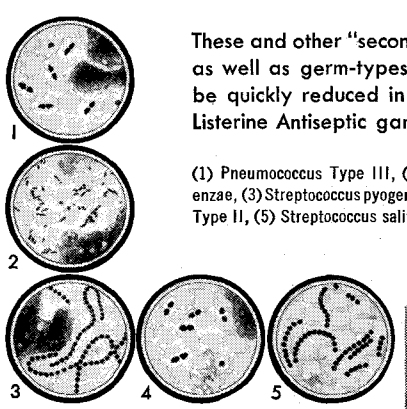
Listerine Does What Non-Antiseptic "Cold Remedies" Can't Do— Kills Germs Instantly—By Millions

At the very first sign of a cold get after the germs that can cause you so much misery. Gargle with Listerine Antiseptic—*quick!* Because Listerine Antiseptic kills germs instantly—by millions.

Remember—non-antiseptic cough drops, aspirin, anti-histamines, nose drops or sprays often do relieve many of the symptoms, but they can't kill germs the way Listerine does . . . germs that cause so much of the wretched misery of a cold and the sore throats they bring.

Tests over a 12-year period clearly showed that those who regularly reduced germs on mouth and throat surfaces with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day, had fewer colds and sore throats than those who did not. No matter what else you may do for a cold—you need an antiseptic to kill germs. The minute you feel a cold coming on—reach for the Listerine Antiseptic—quick and often!

NO MATTER WHAT ELSE YOU DO FOR A COLD YOU NEED AN ANTISEPTIC
to kill germs like these!



These and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.

At the first sign of a Cold or Sore Throat—

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—Quick!

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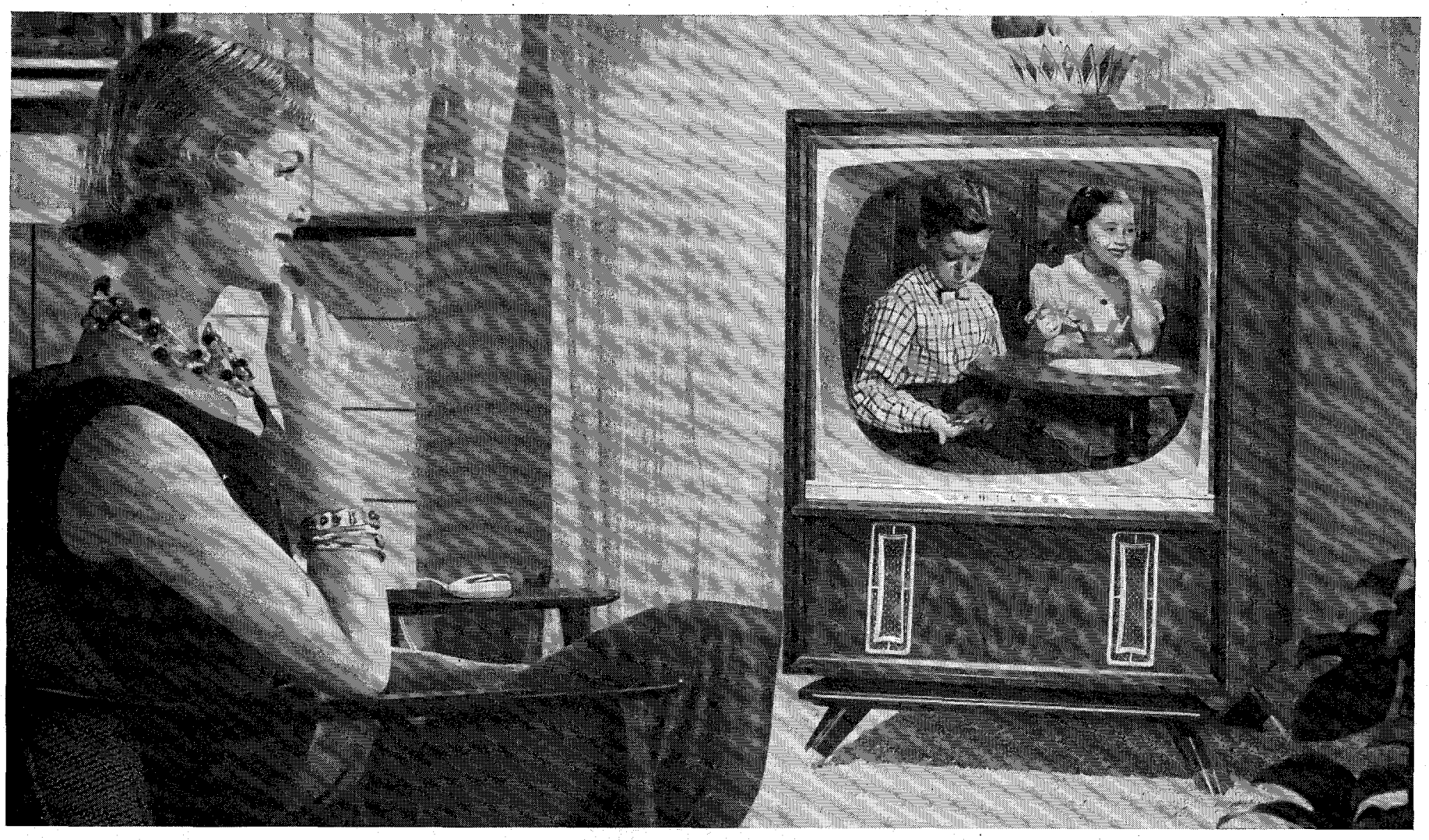
Her dinner for 8 cooks automatically

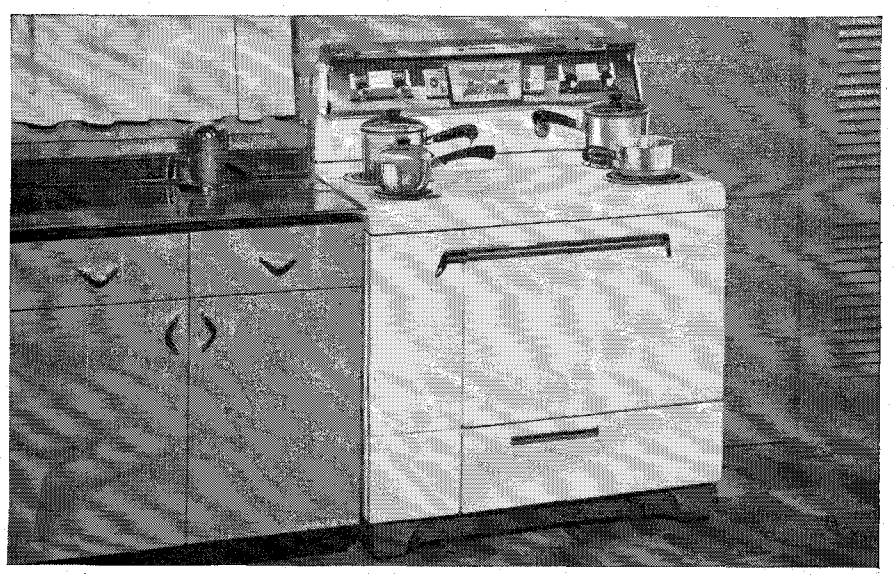


...while she watches television that tunes itself!

Guests due in an hour, but no frenzied activity here . . . in fact, *nobody* in the kitchen! She lives the modern way—the automatic Philco way! More time for her children, her husband, and *herself.*

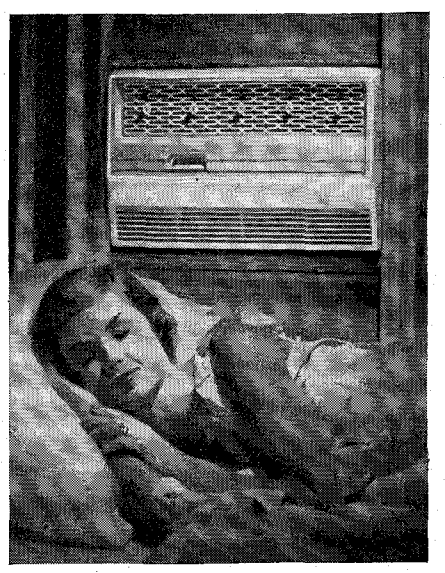
Even her Philco Television set is all automatic! No knob twisting, no jumping up and down to change stations. She receives her favorite programs Photo-Perfect without moving from her chair, thanks to the miracle of Philco automatic Remote Control.

Her complete dinner, everything from a perfect roast to delicate sauces, will be ready exactly at the appointed hour on her fully automatic Philco Electric Range.



Only with the new Philco Electric Range can you completely escape from the kitchen. All surface units are automatically self-regulating. Every dish cooks to perfection, right on time. No burning, no boil-over, no pans to watch. Thanks to the amazing Philco Roastmeter, every roast comes out perfect every time. Philco Model 4610.

New Philco Super Marketer 1668 . . . world's first fully automatic *all in one* food keeper. A full size 6.8 cu. ft. freezer below plus a full size 9 cu. ft. refrigerator above.



Philco Air Conditioner with exclusive Comfortimer lets you shop and come home to a pre-cooled house. Turns itself on at any time you select. Philco 105-R.

PHILCO® ...everything to make the woman's world automatic!

AUTHORIZED PHILCO *Famous for* QUALITY *the World Over* DEALER

Buy where you see this sign for guaranteed Philco quality and service.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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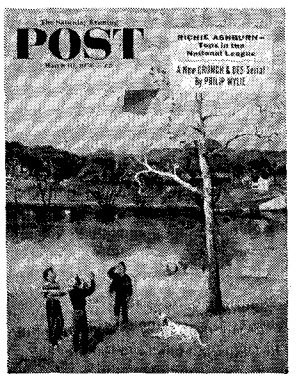

THE COVER

Well, what do you know—here it is kite month again, going on throw-out-the-first-baseball month; life is looking up. All in favor of abolishing winter for a few years say aye. And a lot of good that will do you. But let's have no gloomy thoughts about anything while spring is springing—not even about that kite being stuck in the tree, for kites love to get stuck in trees, and if those lads have to shinny up to unhitch it, breathes there a lad who loveth not to shinny? John Clymer should have in his scene a father who has been teaching the boys how to fly a kite. When a father runs with a kite, he is pretty apt to step in a hole and take a majestic header, and it really is part of a boy's birthright to be able to recall, all his days, seeing a wise old adult do that.

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For best results on the world's leading "Do-It-Yourself" Aluminum, use the world's foremost file. Ask your hardwareman for Nicholson or Black Diamond files when you buy Reynolds "Do-It-Yourself" Aluminum.

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A FILE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

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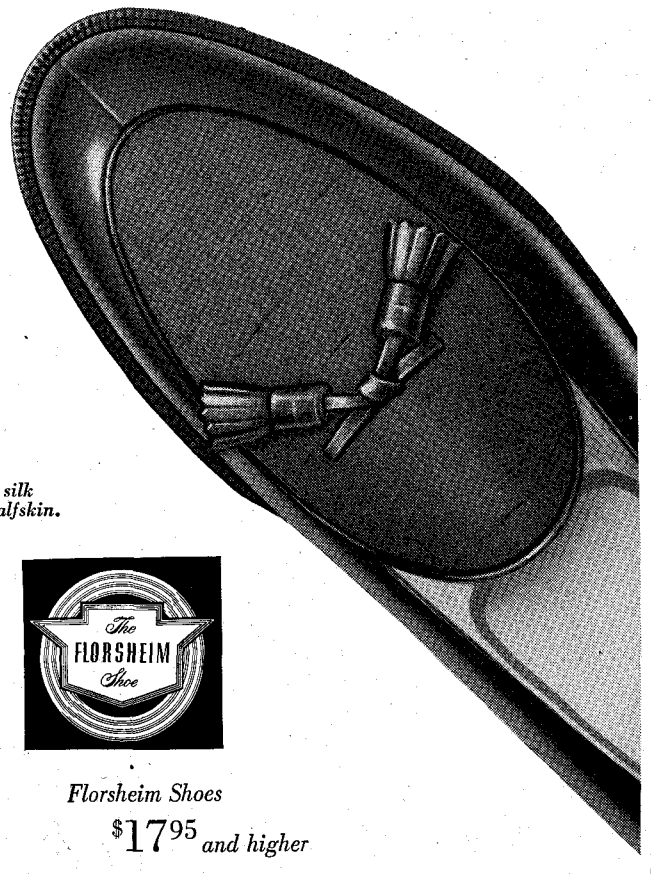
Now! *Change-Over to the New "Imported Silks"...by*

Florsheim

Florsheim stylists foresaw the style swing to silk—and planned, for Spring and Summer, the longest and finest line of silk shoes to be seen anywhere! Of course, ordinary silk would not do—the silks in Florsheim Shoes are not only imported—they're woven to Florsheim specifications to look sleeker, feel lighter, and wear longer!



The DARBY, S-1659;
tassel slip-on in black silk combined with black calfskin.

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

Florsheim Shoes
$17.95 *and higher*

The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago 6 • Makers of fine shoes for men and women

Letters

Soviet Strategy

Dear Sirs:

. . . Joseph and Stewart Alsop's THE REDS' NEW GIMMICK [Feb. 4] is . . . most inspiring and depicts the . . . situation confronting the world today. . . . More articles like the one by the Alsops are needed to make the people realize that the real danger of communist infiltration is not a myth but something actual and tragic.

JOHN MARQUEZ
San Antonio, Texas

Dear Sirs:

. . . The time is past . . . when we can afford any more softness toward these "dressed-up barbarians" in the Kremlin. Most of all, I feel we cannot afford any more softness to their minions within our own borders. . . . There is no more sense in fighting an outside enemy, with his henchmen inside . . . than there was in Eisenhower being so naïve as to bother with the "Summit" Meeting. . . .

EVVA S. TOMB
Holland, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

. . . The Alsops . . . state: ". . . not one American in ten thousand even dimly foresaw the price that would be paid for the loss of China." What utter nonsense! Not one American in ten thousand *failed* to recognize the truth in the warnings of Hurley, MacArthur, Wedemeyer, Knowland, et al. These men "foresaw" the full price, down to the last drop of American blood. . . .

THOMAS F. BROWN
Riverdale, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The article . . . is so typical of the Alsop brothers' methods of promoting doom and gloom that you should feel impelled to give equal publicity to the idea that our elected officials and career diplomats do some things constructively and effectively. . . .

WILLIAM P. HILL
Teaneck, N.J.

College Queen

Dear Sirs:

Your "Face of America" [photographs by Ivan Dmitri] in the issue of February 4—QUEEN OF THE CAMPUS—is one of the happiest pictures I have ever seen. . . .

MRS. JOAQUIM DE MENEZES, JR.
San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Re. the two-page spread devoted to Dora Lee Martin, Negro student at the U. of Iowa. . . . That is the most nauseating thing you've ever had in your magazine. . . .

AMOS GREEN
Tallahassee, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Such pictures make our citizens more determined than ever to circumvent the decision of the Supreme Court. . . .

ARTHUR D. READ
West Monroe, La.

Dear Sirs:

On Friday, December 9, 1955, the State University of Iowa . . . dealt a lethal blow to bigotry and prejudice. . . .

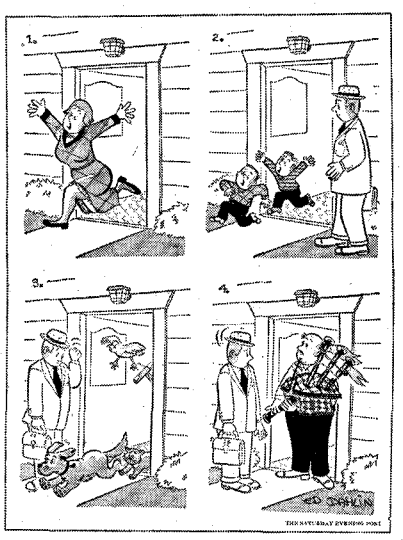
This is not The Face of America: this IS AMERICA.

THEODORE H. BERINGER
Deal, N.J.

Beautiful Bagpipes

Dear Sirs:

As a member of the St. Andrew's Society of Philadelphia, Macbeth Clan, I was deeply shocked on seeing the cartoon [by Ed Dahlin] on page 99 of the . . . Feb. 4th issue. I am deeply hurt to note



that you . . . should allow fun to be made of the beautiful music of the Bagpipe. I am also sorry to report that Mrs. Beath thought it one of the funniest cartoons to appear in the Post. . . .

ULYSSES GRANT BEATH
Philadelphia, Pa.

Public vs. Private Power

Dear Sirs:

I was so pleased to read the editorial, WHO SAYS THE "PEOPLE" WANT PUBLIC POWER? [Feb. 4] . . . The Public Power "facts" have been so distorted, as the editorial says, by selfish interests, that the people have not received the true question in dispute—Public vs. Competitive Enterprise. . . .

When the people know what they are voting for, they will vote for what is right. In my opinion, they did exactly this in Stevens County, Washington. . . .

B. L. ENGLAND, *President*
Atlantic City Electric Co.
Atlantic City, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

. . . We live in one of the isolated areas of Klickitat County, Washington—yet we have electricity and all its wonderful conveniences, thanks to the rural-electrification program. Until 1949 we cooked on a wood range, had no hot water (except what came from a teakettle), and used kerosene lamps and a kerosene refrigerator. We are very grateful to our Public Utilities District.

So tread softly when you say "Who wants public power?"—because we do.

MR. AND MRS. DEWEY A. BEEKS
Roosevelt, Wash.

(Continued on Page 6)

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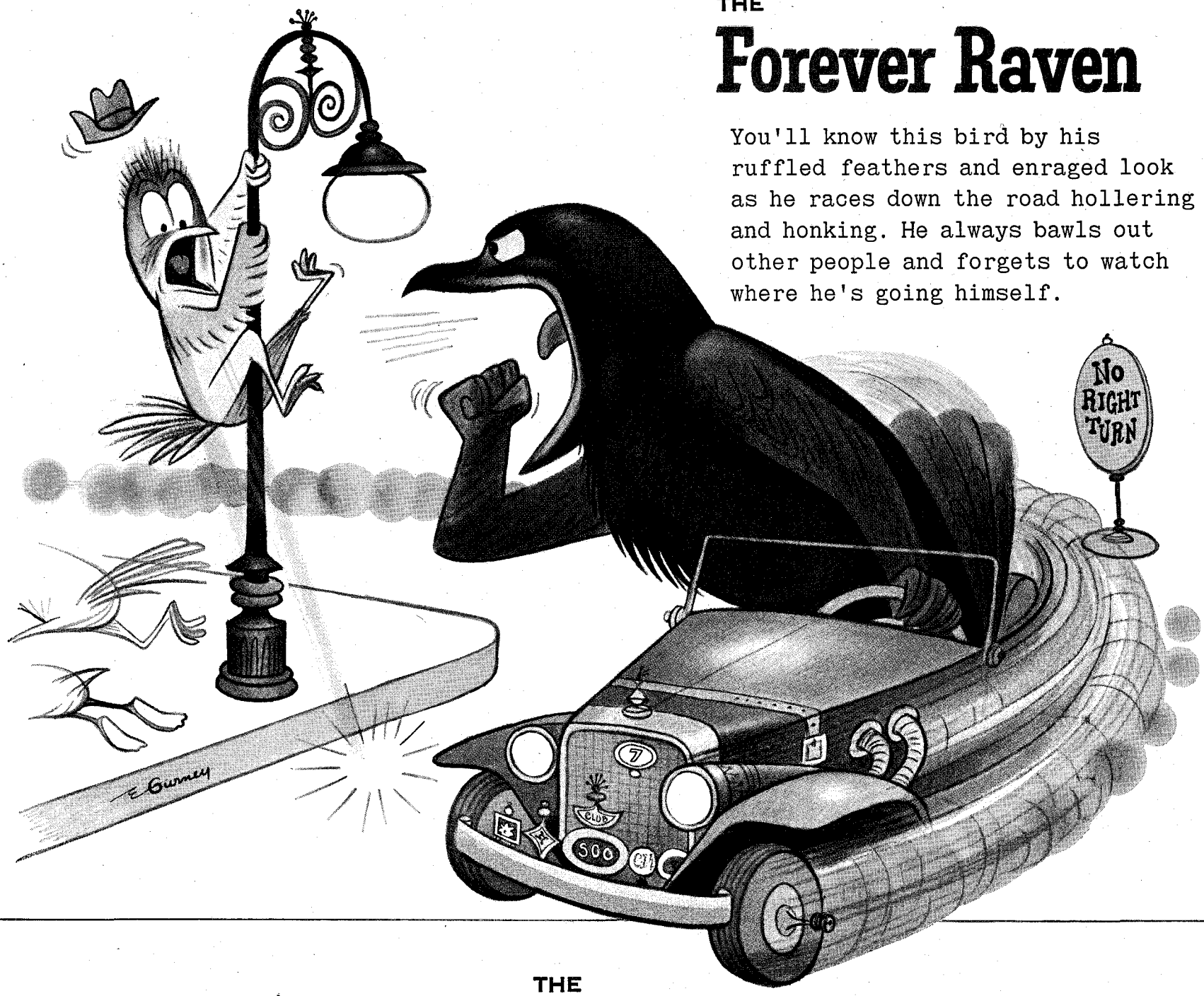
THE

Forever Raven

You'll know this bird by his ruffled feathers and enraged look as he races down the road hollering and honking. He always bawls out other people and forgets to watch where he's going himself.



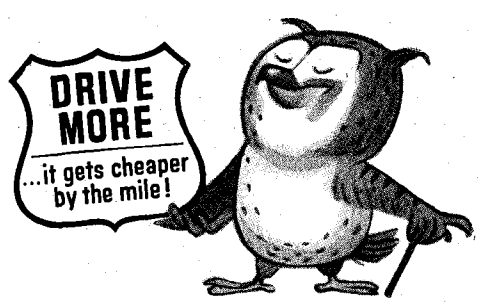
THE

Smart Bird

knows that the courteous, calm driver is the safe driver. He uses his horn sparingly and is patient with pedestrians and motorists alike. For him, driving is a pleasure.

Another thing that makes driving a pleasure for the Smart Bird is premium gasoline. Premium gasoline, with its higher octane rating, gives him top power to meet every driving situation.

It's smart to use *premium* gasoline



ETHYL ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND — ETHYL CORPORATION

ETHYL CORPORATION

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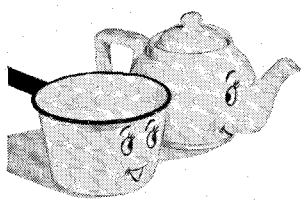
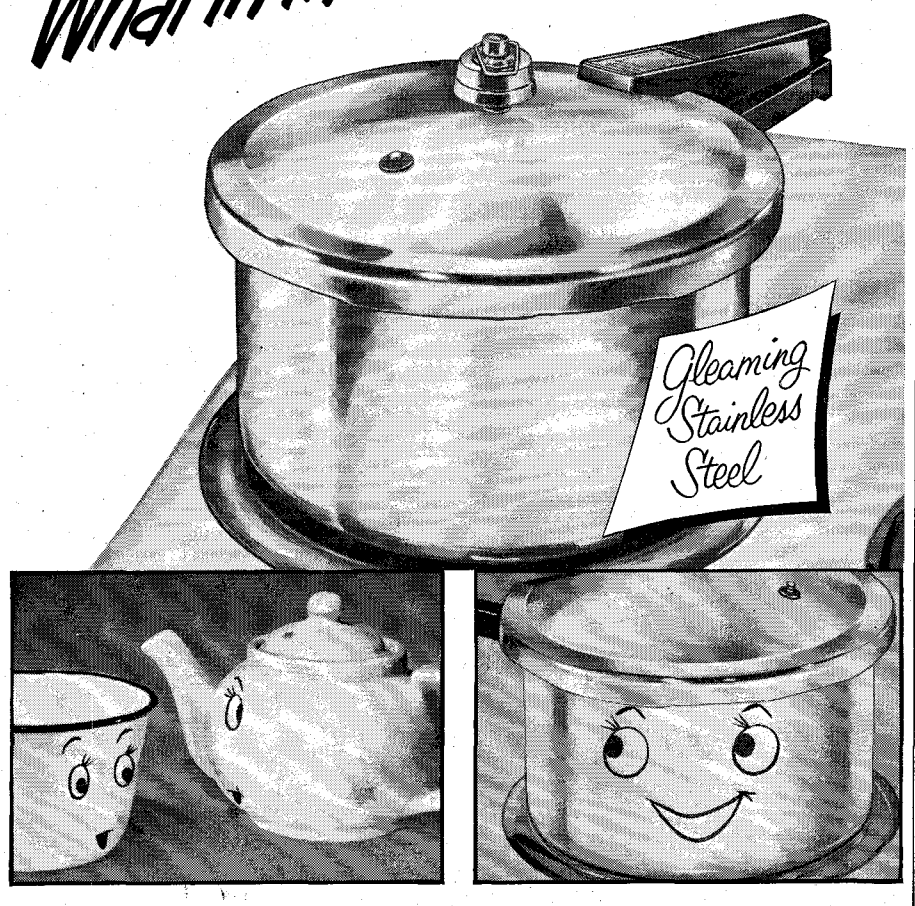


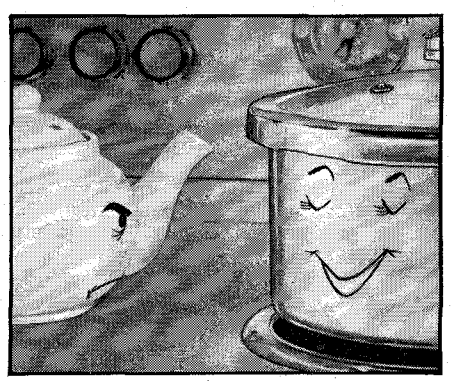
Said the Pot to the Kettle...

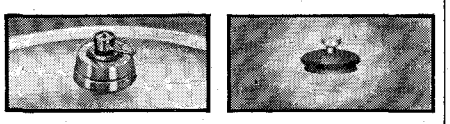
"What in the world is that?"



KETTLE: It says it's a Presto pressure cooker.
POT: Pressure Cooker! Meaning what?

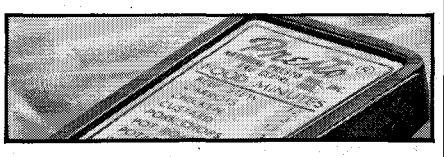
PRESTO: Meaning I cook without air, with the steam inside me. I finish cooking before you even get hot . . .

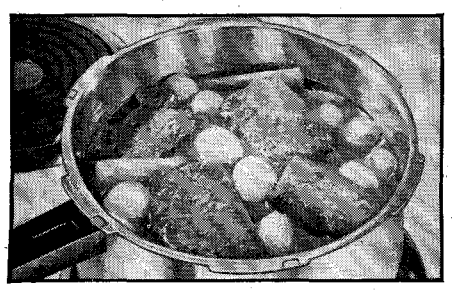




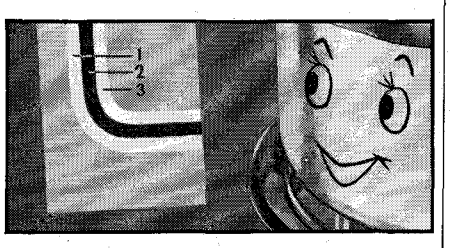
KETTLE: So? I can get steamed up, too.
PRESTO: Yes, but you just spout off. By keeping my steam inside, I cook 3 times faster!

PRESTO: As you see, my rocking, talking gauge tells when I'm on the job. When my automatic air vent is up I'm cooking. Air vent down . . . open me.





PRESTO: Look, I'll show you! I've made wonderful Swiss Steak with lots of natural gravy, and I've done the potatoes and vegetables at the same time, in 15 minutes (not an hour and a half).



PRESTO: My Cooking Guide handle shows how versatile I am! Soups, vegetables, meats . . . I do 'em all, with flavor and vitamins left in!

PRESTO: I'm always shiny—I'm 3-ply stainless steel. With heat conducting core I cook everything in a uniform cradle of heat.

Why not join the 22,000,000 satisfied Presto users? You can choose Presto Cookers in stainless steel or cast or stamped aluminum, in 3, 4 and 6-quart sizes. Prices start at $12.95.

Presto® National Presto Industries, Inc., Eau Claire, Wisconsin

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Makers of Electric Pressure Cookers, Deep Fry Cookers, Steam and Dry Irons, and Coffee Makers. Presto Cookers and Canners.

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

I was glad to see the editorial. . . . We feel that we have been badly treated in that we volunteered, at the request of the administration, to build the plant and carried on in good faith.

E. A. YATES
Chairman of the Board
The Southern Company
New York, N.Y.

Snowballs, With Love

Dear Sirs:

. . . I don't thank John Clymer for his February 4th cover. On seeing it, I relived painful memories.

Many years ago I jumped from tree to tree every snowy winter's morning trying to hide from a mean little boy trying to pelt me with snowballs. . . . I was thoroughly convinced each time his snowball hit its target (me) that mean little boy hated me with intense ferocity.

Parents could do their little girls a great service by telling them that . . . little boys are using this lethal method as an outlet for budding amorous emotions. But you editors telling me the facts of life now doesn't do much good. I married someone who didn't throw snowballs at me. . . .

MRS. DONNA DAY
Indianapolis, Ind.

In Re Pets

Dear Sirs:

The . . . Post is to be highly complimented upon the very fine article THE WOLVES IN OUR TENT, by Lois Crisler [Feb. 4]. Speaking as . . . a trained zoologist, dog breeder and animal behaviorist, I found her article a classic example of the typical behavior of the average wolf raised as a pet by humans when unspoiled by mistreatment. . . .

The chief difference between wolf and dog is that the wolf is independent, self-sufficient and lacks tolerance of authority. . . . The dog is dependent and subservient to human authority. . . . The older a wolf becomes, the less tolerant he is of being "pushed around." Even so, no matter how old a wolf gets, he does not turn on his human friends without cause. . . . The end of the Crisler's experience with the wolf Trigger is typical of what usually happens when one raises wild animal pets which are not confined. . . .

ALAN L. MITCHELL
Melrose, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

. . . A fascinating article. . . .

MARY HUNTER
Enfield, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

THE WOLVES IN OUR TENT was to me stupid, offensive and disgusting.

I've loved and cared for good animals all my life. Never have I heard of a wolf that was other than a lustful (longing to enjoy) killer. . . .

MRS. CARL. H. SANDERS
Racine, Wis.

Spanish Bases

Dear Sirs:

Of the many outstanding articles which have appeared in the SatEvePost the past year . . . THE AMERICAN INVASION OF SPAIN by James P. O'Donnell [Jan. 28] is outstanding. Ably written, entertaining and informative, it answers several questions we have wondered about without being tiresome. . . .

C. O. BAILEY
Rockport, Texas

Too Many Murphys?

Dear Sirs:

. . . I read SUICIDE SHIP [by Richard Stern, Jan. 21] with interest . . . but I noted that the villain (a real sneak) was named Murphy.

The same night I glanced through another issue of SEP and found the villain in a story by John and Ward Hawkins [THE FLOODS OF FEAR, Jan. 21–March 3] was Jack Murphy. He wasn't quite so slimy, but I know I wouldn't like him. . . .

Don't you think Smith or Jones can take the rap for a while? We Murphys can take it, but let us be the hero for a while—we do that much better.

M. J. MURPHY
Waban, Mass.

● *"Patience, friend," says associate editor Robert Murphy. "We recently bought a story in which the good guy is named Murphy." Editor Murphy's last published tale,* THE WARM-HEARTED POLAR BEAR, *Dec. 24, featured no Murphys. The principals were named Whitey, Kikortaloriak and Armand.* —ED.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Ivan Dmitri. • 23, 24, 25–Al Buell. • 26–Hans Knopf. • 27–Two from United Press; Sid Avery, The New Yorker. • 28, 29–George Lazarnick. • 30–Robert Stanley. 31–Wide World, United Press, Gus Pasquarella. • 32–Eric Schaal, State Department. 33–Three from Wide World; Match (GAMMA). • 34, 35–Robert Moore. • 36–Two from United States Air Force; Ollie Atkins. • 37–Perry Peterson. • 38, 39–Preston Duncan. • 40–United Artists, Gene Lester. • 41–Two from United Press; Warner Brothers. • 42, 43–Mortimer Wilson. • 44, 45–Larry Keighley. • 49–Gus Pasquarella. 51–Earl Mayan. • 96–George Lazarnick. • 100–Horace Bristol, Jr. • 105–Eric Schaal. 140–Three anonymous; Abe Miller, anonymous, Jacqueline Paul.

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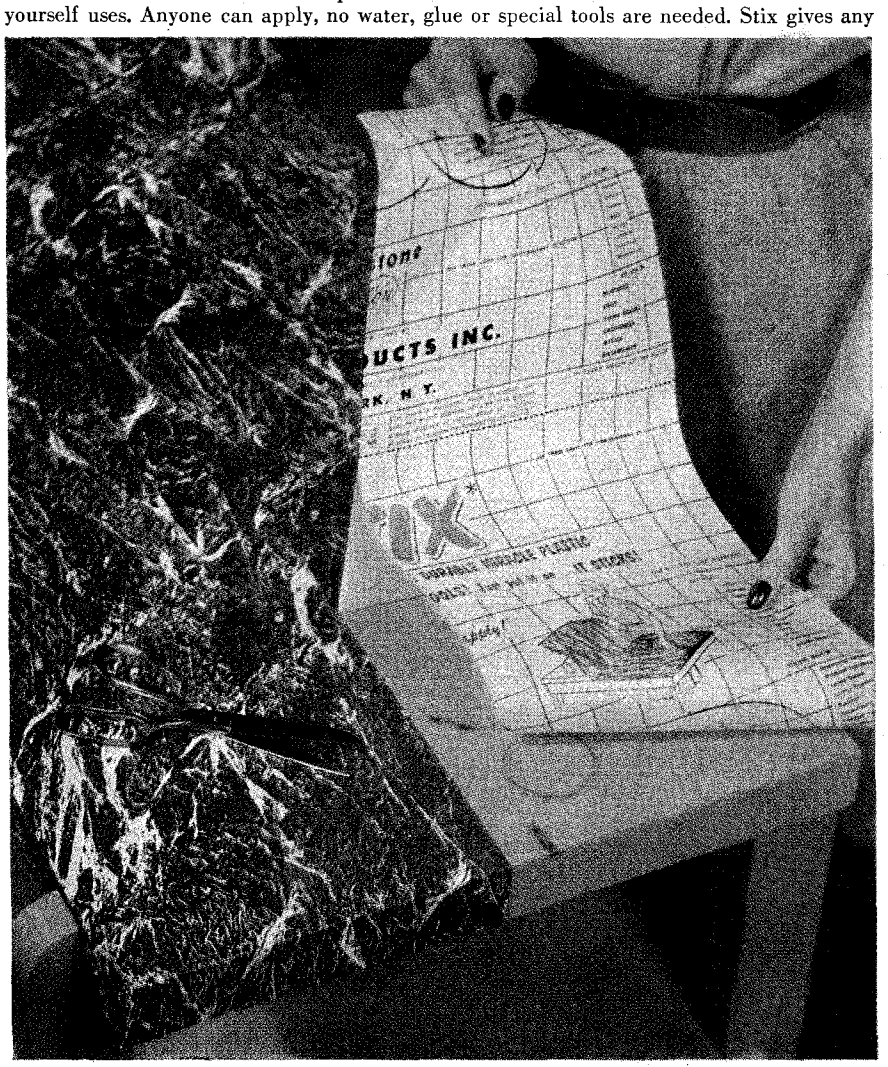

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There are literally thousands of exciting products made of Velon to give you a pretty home and easy housekeeping. So whenever you shop be sure to look for the famous Firestone Velon tag.

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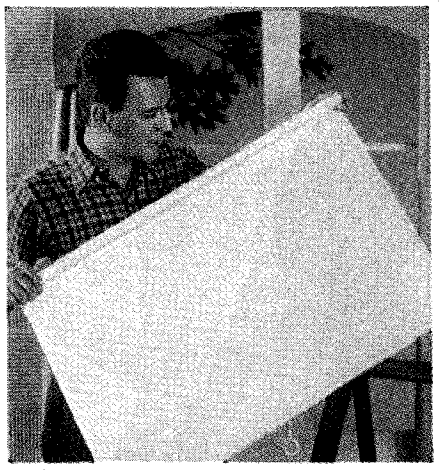
Firestone Velon® Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

SMART SAVINGS — colorful outdoor furniture cloth woven of Velon for easy repairs to porch and beach chairs. About 89c yd. **PLASTIC WOVEN PRODUCTS, INC., PATERSON, N. J.**

PRETTY PROTECTION — closet accessories of Velon. Bags with supply of Para moth crystals. Items range from about $1.59 to $2.98. **H. A. ENRICH & CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.**



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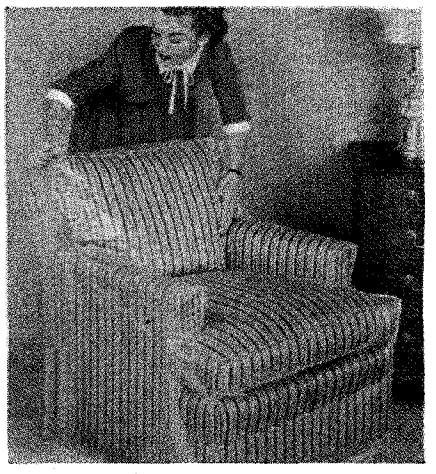

BEAUTY BONUS—"Kwik-Fit" covers of clear Velon to protect your handsomest pieces. 54 semi-fitted styles about $3.00 to $5.00. **CORONET MANUFACTURING CO., NEW YORK, N. Y.**

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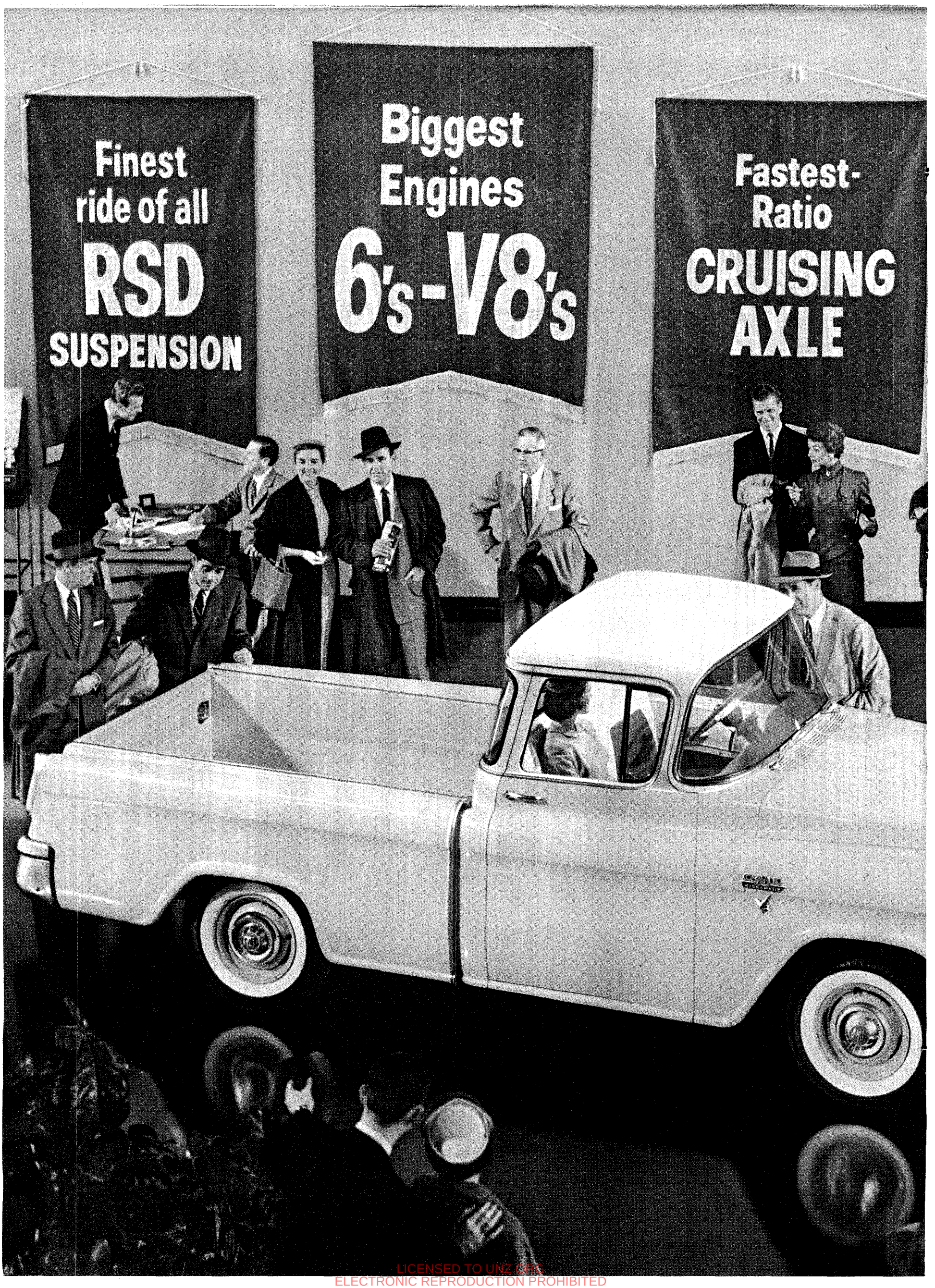

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GMC brings you the

most impressive improvements of all 1956 trucks

AGAIN GMC lengthens its lead! Product advances for 1956 not only clinch power supremacy—but reach into fields *still* unexplored by others.

For example, GMC's Road Shock Damper Suspension* —plus a unique new stabilizer—produces in half-ton models a ride *comparable to the finest passenger car.* It literally melts away jounces—lets you sail over bad stretches that slow other vehicles to a crawl.

A remarkable new fast-ratio cruising axle in light-duty GMC's actually gives you an overdrive's pace and economy without its cost.

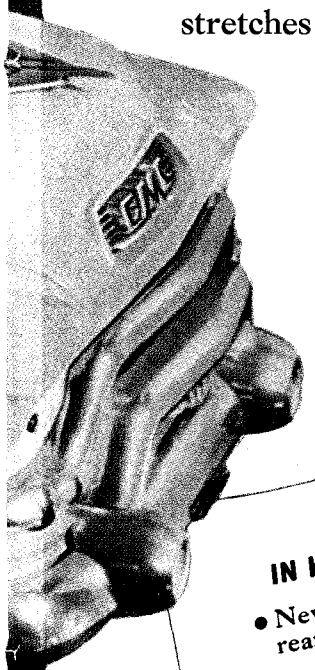
Sharply increased engine displacement in both sixes and V8's gives you a power family unsurpassed in the light-duty field. Specifically, GMC offers an average of 11.5% GREATER displacement than its nearest competitors. *And GMC V8's, mind you, match the shortest stroke ratios in the truck industry.*

Styling is well into the future—from panoramic windshield to snug sand-tight tail gate. Tubeless tires, of course. *And* a 12-volt electrical system is standard.

These are some of the strides GMC presents in its 1956 Blue Chip trucks. The *values* are even more notable. See your GMC dealer!

**Standard on Suburban; optional at slight extra cost on other ½-ton models*

GMC TRUCK & COACH—*A General Motors Division*



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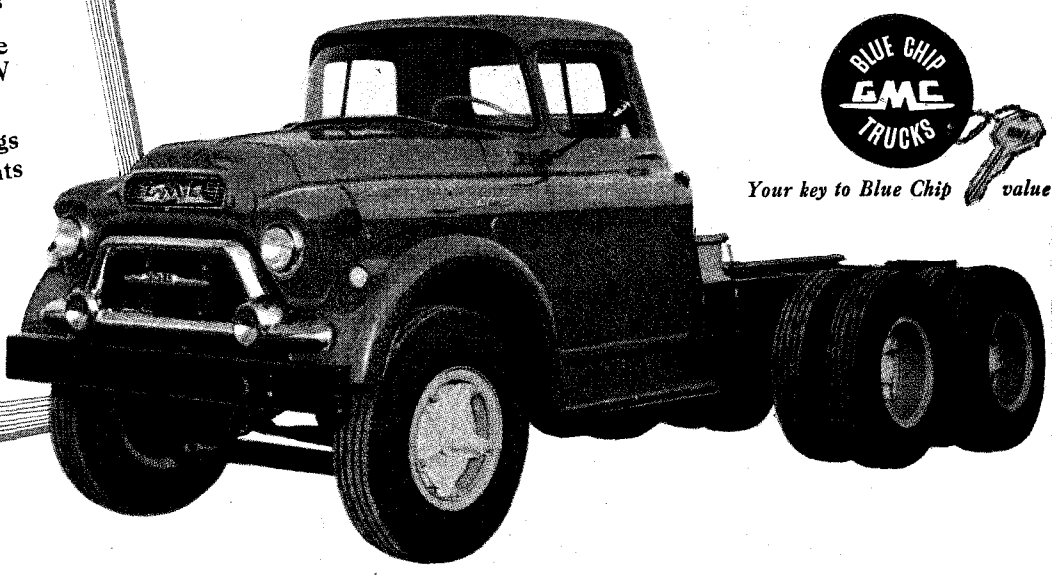

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Editorials

Kremlin Finds a Use For British Renegades

The guessing continues as to what was the meaning of the recent brief appearance of Maclean and Burgess, the two renegade British diplomats who fled from Great Britain in 1951 to take refuge behind the Iron Curtain. After almost five years under the sheltering arms of the Kremlin, these two characters are suddenly pushed forward from behind the scenes, make a brief statement, refuse to answer any important questions, and then are jerked back behind the Curtain again, at any rate for the time being. Two weeks earlier, Nikita S. Khrushchev, First Secretary of the Communist Party, had denied any knowledge of the whereabouts of Burgess and Maclean.

It is no good speculating as to what behind-the-scenes circumstances may have prompted the Soviet conspirators to uncover the precious pair. The one certainty is that their appearance and statement constitute a telling stroke in Soviet propaganda, at any rate among the so-called uncommitted people of the Far East toward whom the message was undoubtedly beamed. The picture which untutored people, by no means all of whom live in Asia, are supposed to reconstruct from this episode is painfully simple. Two conscientious, peace-loving workers in the British Foreign Office learn from their contacts with the highest officials that American and British policy is directed toward stepping up hostility toward the Soviet Union.

The young men also have the opportunity to satisfy themselves that the intentions of the Soviet Union were eminently peaceful. Finding it impossible to persuade their colleagues of the peaceful intentions of the Soviet leaders, the two conscientious young men threw up the sponge and fled to Moscow, where the services of workers in the cause of peace would be better appreciated. This is the impression the gullible are supposed to get from the five-minute personal appearance of Burgess and Maclean—by courtesy of the Kremlin.

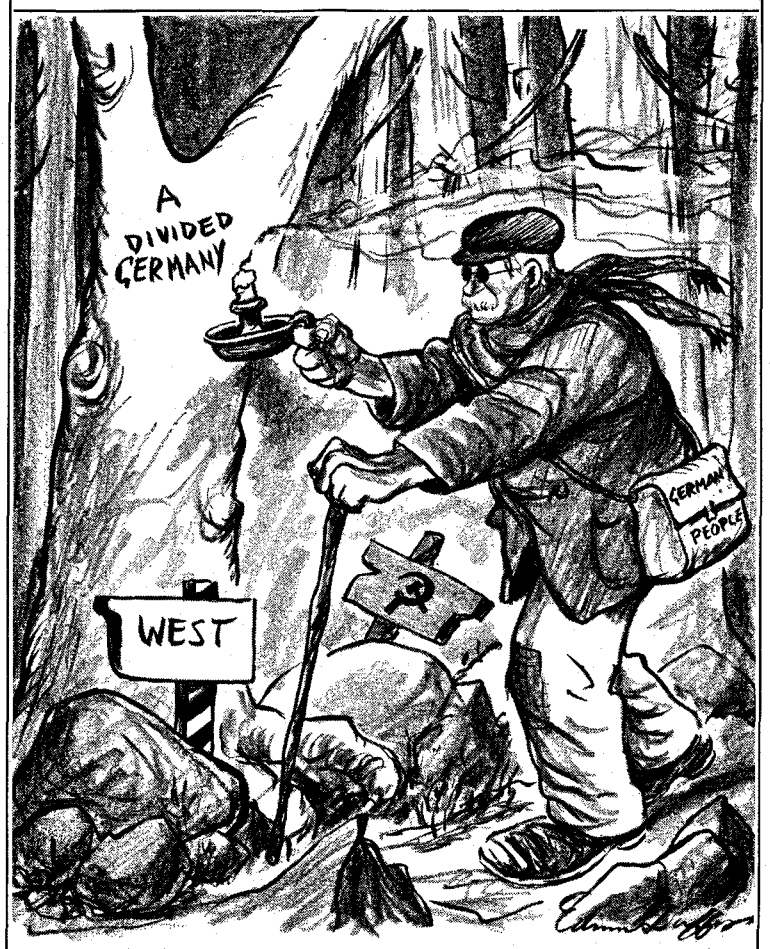
In their statement, Maclean and Burgess did not make the mistake of going too far by using expressions like "warmonger" or "conspiracy." Instead, they confined themselves to condemning the "senselessness and danger of the American policy in the Far East and Europe," leaving the full implications of their attitude to sink in. They denied that they had been Soviet agents before leaving England and bore down on the intolerable interference of security officials and others with their private affairs. This, of course, was supposed to make hay with the unfortunately large body of people who fear "witch hunts" more than Soviet espionage.

It is easy for those who have read something about the Maclean-Burgess case, or who know a little about Soviet spying and propaganda, or who remember that when these pacific young men fled their posts the communist armies were on the prowl in Korea, to assume that such a fairy story will fall on deaf ears. The long and weary efforts of the Western democracies to make a decent peace with the Soviet Empire can surely be the complete repudiation of this new effort to brand them as "aggressors."

It would be pleasant to think so, but barring further revelations of what Maclean and Burgess were up to before they fled, their participation in this skillful propaganda skit is likely to prove effective over wide areas. It will tend to raise new doubts among people who are always anxious to dismiss the Soviet threat as a bad dream invented by warmongers in Washington, and it will provide ammunition for the propagandists who whisper about that "there is a lot more behind this than the public has been told."

One fairly solid tentative conclusion is possible from the viewing of the lately missing diplomats. And that is that Burgess and Maclean probably had an important part in switching Soviet propaganda methods from scowls to smiles. For that achievement alone the Soviet Union owes these two rascals a lasting debt of gratitude, which it is highly unlikely to pay. With the Soviet Union, turncoats from capitalism are definitely expendable.

DUFFY'S CARTOON



Deep in the Black Forest

Supreme Court Attracts a New Set of Defenders

During the recent battle over the regulation of natural-gas production, some "liberal" commentators astonished their readers by accusing Congress of "defying the Supreme Court." An attempt to tinker with a law to make it fit the court's ideas of constitutionality was supposed to be bad.

It seems but yesterday, although it is nearly two decades ago, that the "liberals"—some of them the very same boys who now regard the Supreme Court's views as sacrosanct—were on the other side. In the early days of the New Deal, when the court struck down laws which it believed to be unconstitutional, the "liberal" outcry was that the Supreme Court was attempting to pass laws instead of merely interpret them. Editorials in various newspapers and magazines of the period carried headlines like "Supreme Court or the People?," "Nine Against Labor," "Class Justice," "Liberalism vs. the Court." The whole thing culminated in the effort by President Roosevelt to "pack" the court with justices more favorable to his political ideas. The Roosevelt plan was defeated in Congress, but death or retirement of the older justices largely accomplished the object which the then President sought.

It will be observed that assaults on the Supreme Court then were based mostly on the court's record of throwing out legislation on the ground that it was contrary to the Constitution. Although the court at times may have acted unwisely in the exercise of this power, its "liberal" critics have never convinced the country that the court should be deprived of it. Chief Justice Marshall pretty well nailed down the need for an umpire in a government of divided powers. He posed a sample case: "The Constitution declares that 'no bill of attainder or *ex post facto* law shall be passed.' If, however, such a bill should be passed, and a person should be prosecuted under it, must the court condemn to death those victims whom the Constitution endeavors to preserve?"

The "liberals" of 1935 thought this reasoning was (Continued on Page 12)

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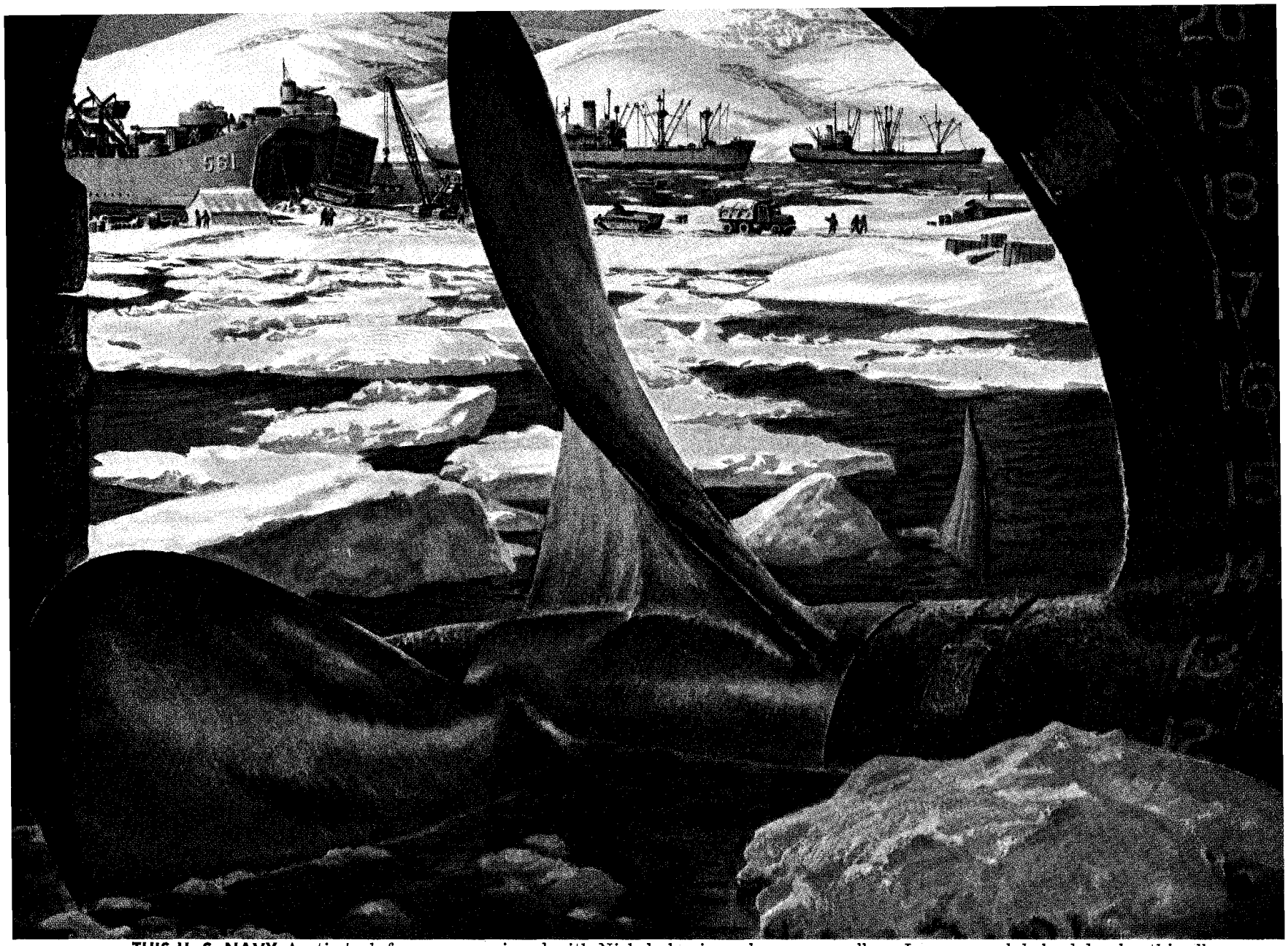

THIS U. S. NAVY Arctic task force was equipped with Nickel-aluminum bronze propellers. Inco research helped develop this alloy.

Tough enough for Arctic pack ice ...ship propellers with Inco Nickel in them

The U. S. Navy has now "crashed" the Arctic Circle. "Crashed" it after a grim, grinding battle with Arctic cold and ice.

Hurtling 126 ships—greatest polar expedition of all time – through waters north of the continent, it moved in men and equipment for Distant Early Warning radar stations of the DEW line.

During this gigantic "icelift," the Navy kept ship propeller troubles to a minimum. This was hard to do because some metals get brittle in the frigid Arctic. Then propellers bend, sometimes fracture, sometimes break, in the crush of hard-packed pack ice.

What the Navy did was to put Nickel-aluminum bronze propellers into part of the fleet.

With tough, corrosion-resisting Inco Nickel in them, these propellers stood up *(one was damaged, but drove its ship home)*. They didn't lose their toughness in icy Arctic waters. They didn't get brittle. Nickel-aluminum bronze blades didn't break – even when the pack ice was heavy enough to stop a ship's main engines.

With Inco Nickel in them... metals perform better, longer

Your proof from the Arctic is shown above. For further proof, write for "The Romance of Nickel." This 65-page booklet is free. The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 7e, New York 5, N. Y.

ARCTIC SKYWATCHER – Inco Nickel helped the Navy move in men and equipment to build these Distant Early Warning radar stations in the frozen Arctic. ©1956, T.I.N. Co.

Inco Nickel
...Your Unseen Friend
THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC

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FLOOR ABOVE: CORKTONE KENFLEX IN RANDOM DESIGN

Wherever the public is served KenFlex Vinyl Floors give added service

Low Maintenance Costs are just one extra advantage that KenFlex Floors offer modern business. Others are crisp, clear tile-deep colors that can be installed in distinctive "customized" designs ideal for your individual business needs. And KenFlex provides a rugged blend of vinyl and tough asbestos fibers for greaseproof, moisture- and alkali-proof floors. These long-wearing tiles can be installed wherever today's commerce demands... above, below or at ground level... right over concrete in contact with the earth. The smooth surface cleans quickly with remarkable ease... needs waxing only for extra "gleam"... an economy feature no maintenance-wise businessman can overlook.

FLOOR BELOW: ANTIQUE CORAL AND PILGRIM GRAY

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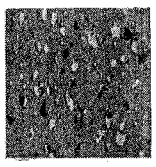
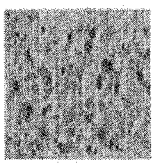
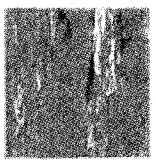


CARNIVAL KENFLEX



CORKTONE KENFLEX



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KENFLEX VINYL ASBESTOS TILE

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Editorials (Continued from Page 10)

terrible. Congress, they insisted, should pass laws according to the "will of the people," without being overruled by "nine old men." But the "liberals" of 1955 are not horrified by threats of "judicial dictatorship." What worries them seems to be the possibility that Congress will decide to continue its legislative duties, despite occasional efforts of the high court to explain to Congress what it really meant to accomplish. The most recent example is the Phillips decision, in which the court explained that Congress wanted natural-gas production regulated although the legislators had exhausted legal language to explain that they didn't. Needless to add, liberals, who can seldom see a principle beyond the immediate interest they are shouting for, have not complained.

Criticism of the Supreme Court for invading the legislative function has often been made by members of the court itself. The late Chief Justice Taft declared that it was "not a function of this court to hold congressional acts invalid simply because they are passed to carry out economic views which the court believes to be unwise or unsound." The late Justice Jackson often expressed the fear that the Court was deciding matters beyond its competence, and Justice Douglas, in the natural-gas case, declared that the problem belonged to Congress rather than the court. This is the way liberals used to feel. What's eating them now?

Soil-Bank Plan Gives Hope to Game Conservationists

By HAROLD TITUS

No group in the country received President Eisenhower's soil-bank proposal with more enthusiasm than did state game officials. If 25,000,000 acres now in agricultural crops can be devoted to fertility-restoring grasses, shrubs and trees, it will mean an increase in game birds and animals such as has not been even hoped for since wildlife shortages first became evident.

Last autumn 15,000,000 hunters roamed the land. Next fall they will be joined by nearly another 1,000,000 if precedent prevails. The great majority will pursue game types that are found only in farming territory. Cottontail rabbits, quail and pheasants will command most attention; a few million will shoot mourning doves, and a handful will have a long chance at prairie chickens in no more than three states. The average Nimrod will spend long hours afield for every ounce of trophy finally carried home.

The greatest deterrent to propagation of these species is not the gun, but modern agriculture. It wipes out nesting and loafing places, eliminates cover that protects the animals from enemies and weather, and reduces food supplies. Today's limit on pheasants which may be taken out of South Dakota is less than a third of what it was a decade ago, all because several million acres formerly producing volunteer and unharvested grasses were planted to annual grain crops. Only yesterday Missourians legally shot rabbits the year round, and thousands of dozens were trapped and exported to restock other states where clean cultivation had all but extirpated them.

Then clean cultivation came to Missouri, with a consequent reduction in grassland. The bunny population sagged, and protective regulations were invoked to preserve a shootable supply. Close pasture grazing as the Southeast went into the beef business cut down the wintering grounds of mourning doves—the only migrant among the farm-game species—and reduced their numbers alarmingly. The prairie chicken is today so far gone before the plow that conservationists in a dozen states are rallied in a desperate effort to acquire a sizable grassland area where a remnant may be preserved.

How to maintain supplies in the face of mounting demand and shrinking habitat has had game officials in a dither. Nearly one half the money available under the Federal Aid to Wildlife Restoration Act is being spent by thirty-seven states in improving game cover on privately owned farm lands. Last year, this total approached $10,000,000. Nesting sites have been preserved or created, and food and shelter provided in swales and unused corners. Most of these projects were tiny—frequently only a fraction of an acre—and though the attempt was a step in the right direction, results were but a drop in the bucket.

Now comes a plan which would give similar treatment to millions of acres and leave them undisturbed for a period of years. Furthermore, the retired croplands would be in sizable blocks and as well distributed across the map as are the country's farms. Birds and beasts are quick to find such sanctuaries from man's slicking-up propensities. They move in readily, proceed to multiply and then venture abroad from the new homesite. If Mr. Eisenhower's soil bank materializes and each acre under it could produce only one or two varieties of game not produced there previously—a not unreasonable expectation—it would mean not only relief for harassed game officials but happier hunting for the ever-growing legion of sportsmen.

Editors' Note: Mr. Titus served for twenty years as a member of the Michigan Conservation Commission, and is now Conservation Editor of Field and Stream.

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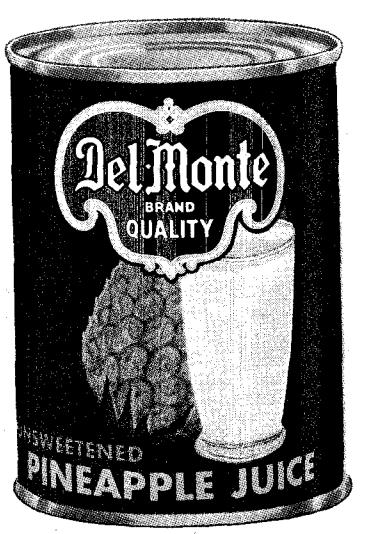
Open invitation to real tropic flavor



PICK up a can of DEL MONTE Brand Pineapple Juice from your grocer. It has tropic flavor from the very best pineapple families—our own selected, pedigreed fruit picked only when natural tartness and sweetness balance perfectly.

You'll come back again and again for true-to-the-fruit flavor like this—never too tart, never too sweet.

So don't wait to be asked. Enjoy DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice often.

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Mrs. Kennedy's Five Pounds of Sugar

–and why she can't always have it shipped by the most efficient form of transportation

Ding-ding-ding! The cash register at the checkout counter is busy ringing up Mrs. Kennedy's groceries. A sack of flour – three cans of peaches – five pounds of sugar –

There's more than food included in every price the cash register rings up. There are distributing costs – *including freight transportation.* Everything Mrs. Kennedy buys – whether it's sugar or a new suite of furniture – must be shipped to her home town by freight. So it's Mrs. Kennedy who pays the freight bill when the cash register rings.

It is to keep Mrs. Kennedy's freight bill – and *yours*–as low as possible that a Cabinet Committee appointed by the President recommended that our national transportation policy be revised. If the whole business seems remote to you, maybe it will become more meaningful if we tell you the story of Mrs. Kennedy's five pounds of sugar.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Let's say that Mrs. Kennedy lives in St. Louis. A good deal of the sugar sold in St. Louis comes from New Orleans, where it is refined. Between New Orleans and St. Louis, there are three ways of shipping that sugar – by truck, by barge on the Mississippi River, and by railroad.

Let us assume further that the railroads between New Orleans and St. Louis find that, due to increased operating efficiencies they can reduce their freight rates on sugar and still make a profit. Obviously, the reduced rate on sugar should benefit everyone involved – the sugar producers, the grocery stores, and finally, the hundreds of thousands of consumers in the St. Louis area like Mrs. Kennedy.

But the proposed rate reduction is never put through. In this imaginary but representative case, the application for the reduced rate may be held up for months and then finally denied by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The railroads are forced to charge a higher rate than would otherwise be necessary. The reason, taken from many ICC decisions, is that the reduced railroad rate would "adversely affect" the competing forms of transportation.

In short, in cases of this kind, government regulation shields the other forms of transportation from railroad competition – *at the expense of Mrs. Kennedy.*

It is precisely this kind of situation which is at the heart of the Cabinet Committee's recommendations for revision of our national transportation policy.

The Cabinet Committee was appointed by the President of the United States to make a "comprehensive review of over-all Federal transportation policies . . . and submit recommendations." The Committee consisted of five members of the President's Cabinet and two other high government officials – men of such outstanding national stature that any suggestion that they would consider only one side of a case is absurd.

The report of the Cabinet Committee was unanimously approved by its members after intensive study, during which the views of all forms of transportation were given full consideration. Among its key findings and recommendations are:

- That government regulation of rates, as presently applied, frequently denies the public the benefits of the most efficient form of transportation – with consequent heavy financial loss to the entire nation.
- That, in the public interest, no freight rate should be kept higher than would otherwise be necessary, merely to shield some other form of transportation from the effects of fair competition.

The Cabinet Committee recommendations would apply with equal force to every form of transportation, and would give no preferential treatment either to railroads or their competitors.

The Cabinet Committee recommendations, if enacted, would by no means end rate regulation. The Interstate Commerce Commission would still have power to deny proposed rates which would be

above a reasonable maximum or below a reas
ble minimum, or below cost, or unjustly discrim
tory. Shippers and the public would continu
be fully protected by the ICC against abuses of
kind – including any possibility of a retur
transportation "rate wars."

*Each and every kind of freight would continu
"pay its way" on the railroads,* which would
be permitted to carry some freight at a loss

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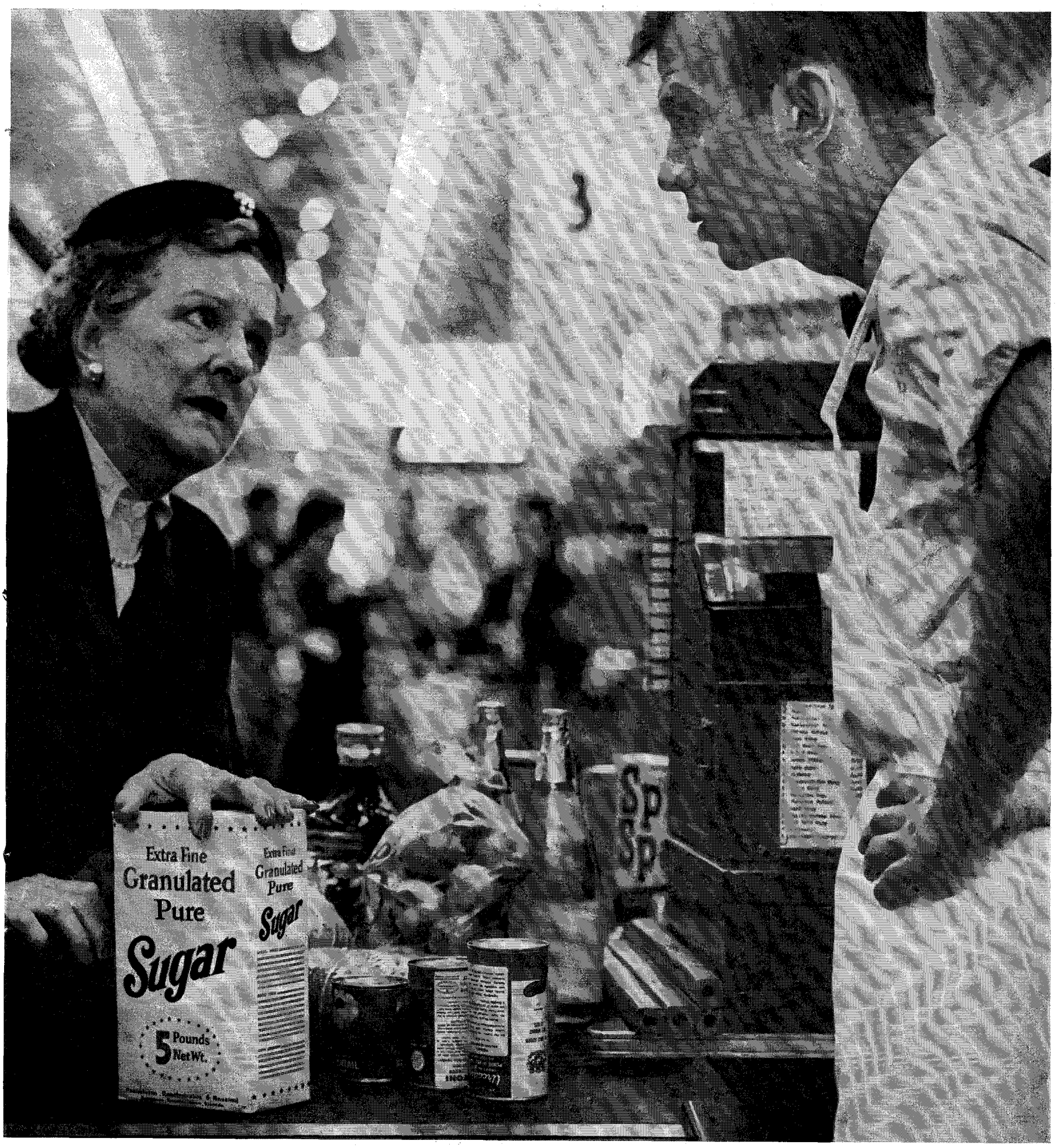

would have to be made up on other traffic. Such a practice would be contrary to the laws of economics, of common sense, and of the United States government.

There would be the widest opportunity for all forms of transportation to grow and prosper. Each form of transportation has its own natural market — because each has certain definite advantages over the others. Cabinet Committee recommendations would allow *transportation management* the right to offer the most efficient service possible — and *shippers and the public* the right to choose. Thus, the principal factor in determining the "fair share" of traffic for each type of carrier would be competition, rather than regulation.

The growing public support for the principles embodied in the Committee's report results from the recognition that they concern not transportation alone, but the vital interests of every one of us. In short, Mrs. Kennedy's five pounds of sugar are *your* five pounds of sugar — and they represent everything else you buy as well.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

For additional information on the Cabinet Committee report and how it affects the American consumer, write for the booklet, "Why Not Let Competition Work?"

Association of American Railroads 941 TRANSPORTATION BUILDING, WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

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U.S. Royal

the new safety age **U. S. ROYAL MASTER**

also ushers in a new age of beauty in tires—only the Master has the new "Star Streak" styling with its distinctive advanced sidewall to make any car look lower, longer . . . and only the Master comes in colors to complement the beauty of your new car. Bronze, Blue, Green and classic Black and White.

See your U. S. Royal Dealer . . . If you are buying a new car, ask your new car dealer.

NEVER HAS SO MUCH SAFETY COST SO LITTLE!

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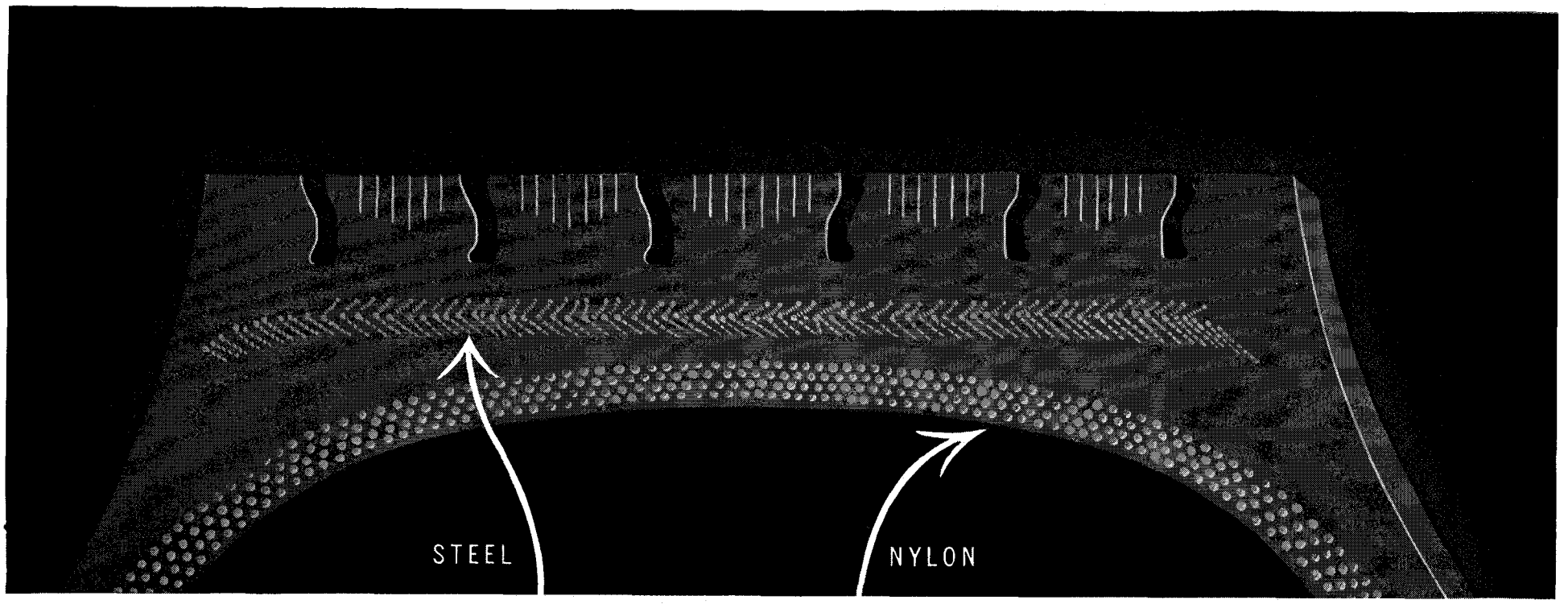
now combines Steel with Nylon to produce the most indestructible of tires



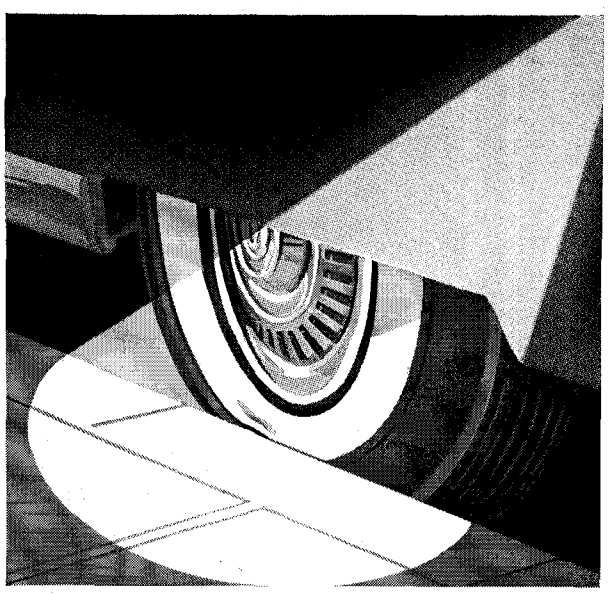
Now, at last, "U. S." has found a way of using that most indestructible of materials—steel, to form an almost impregnable barrier to ruptures, punctures and blowouts.

With this exclusive Safety Steel Crown, consisting of thousands of flexible steel threads (floating in soft rubber between the tough extra-deep tread and the nylon cord body) the new U. S. Royal Master Tire is virtually indestructible in the vital tread area. And because the nylon flexing in the sidewall remains free and smooth, this superb tire delivers a wonderfully comfortable ride!

The unique De-skidded tread is made up of thousands of gripping surfaces—stops you car lengths faster than other tires. A moving, working safety device that gives unequalled protection against *both* forward and side skids.

•

Now you have your choice of Star Streak sidewalls (opposite page) or conventional whitewalls (right)...all protected for life from scuff or abrasion by the exclusive Curb Guard®.



These developments have made the new Safety Age U. S. Royal Master the strongest and safest tire ever built. There is no other tire like it, none that meets so completely the need for safer, more comfortable driving at today's advanced speeds with today's high-powered cars.

US RUBBER United States Rubber

IN CANADA: DOMINION RUBBER COMPANY, LTD.

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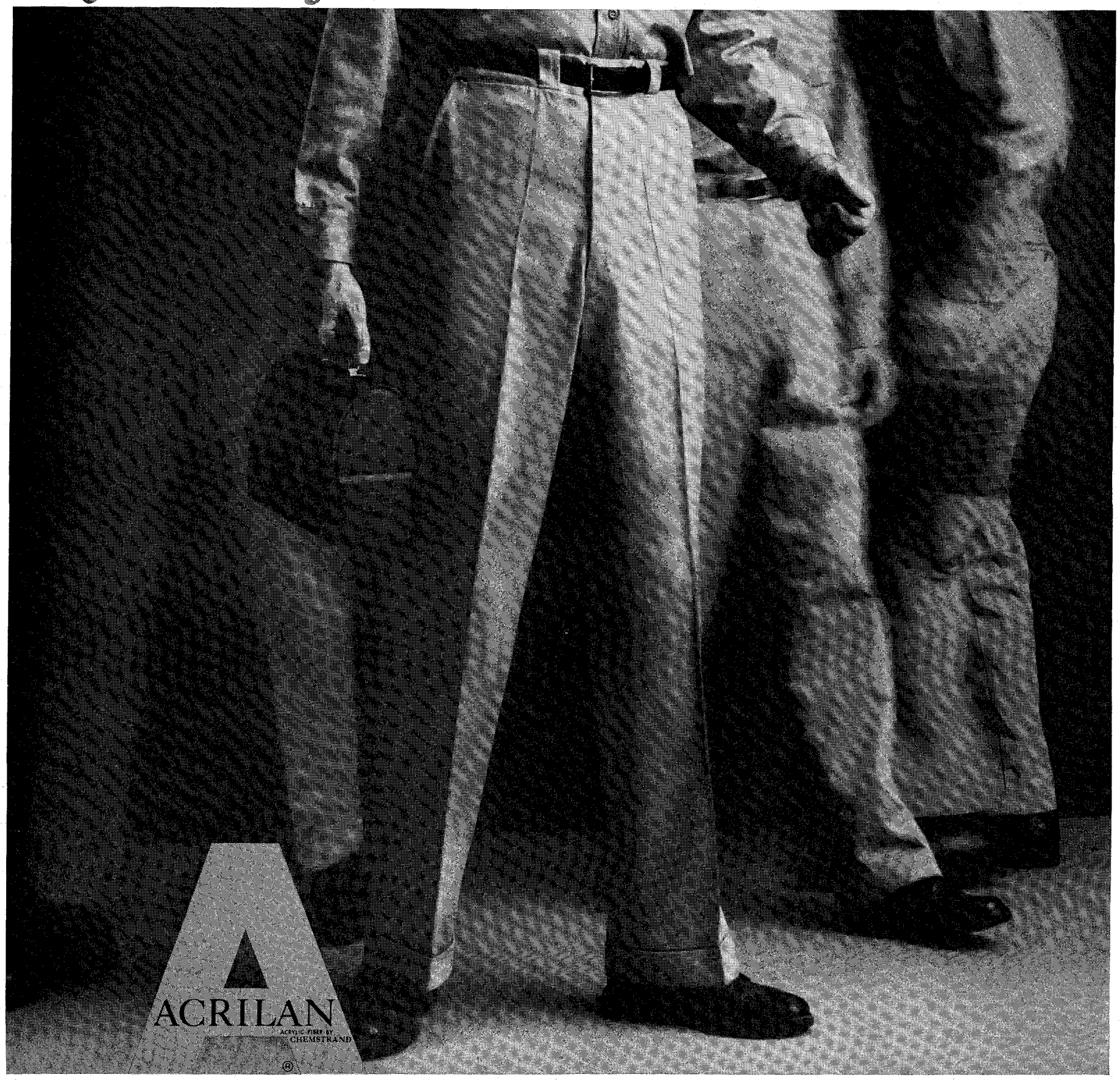
if you buy work clothes, read this:



After a day on the job—the only pants that look good enough to go home in are made with Acrilan

This picture was taken just after quitting time, but you'd never know it to look at these remarkable work pants made with Acrilan. After seven and a half hours on the assembly line they're almost as fresh as when they started out. What makes these new work pants hold their press long after others have rumpled? Acrilan acrylic fiber!

Acrilan makes work clothes that are different from any you've ever known. Keeps them in good shape when others have worn thin at the knees and seat. Even acids won't eat holes in Acrilan. And it won't shrink; dries overnight, needs little if any ironing. These newest work clothes are rugged enough to stand up to the toughest jobs, but they feel soft on the skin. Never stiff or scratchy. Take home a set. Give them a good workout—on and *off* the job. You'll be amazed at how long they keep their good looks.

FOR SWATCHED BOOKLET GIVING MORE DETAILED INFORMATION, WRITE: BOX SEP-2, THE CHEMSTRAND CORPORATION, 350 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 1

THE CHEMSTRAND CORPORATION, 350 Fifth Ave., New York 1 • PLANTS: ACRILAN® ACRYLIC FIBER—Decatur, Ala. • CHEMSTRAND® NYLON—Pensacola, Fla.

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WIN THIS RACE HORSE plus $1000.00

Kentucky Club Annual Derby Day Contest

JUST NAME HIM AND HE'S YOURS

TED ATKINSON

Ted Atkinson, famous jockey, and L. K. Haggin, well-known Kentucky trainer, selected this prize colt

CHESTNUT THOROUGHBRED COLT—First Prize in 1956 Kentucky Club Annual Derby Day Contest. Sired by Devil Diver, son of St. Germans—Dabchick, by Royal Minstrel. Dam: Sickleup, daughter of Sickle—Look Up, by Ultimus.

FIRST PRIZE GIVES YOU ALL THIS

1. Chestnut Thoroughbred colt bred and raised by Larry MacPhail's famous Glenangus Farms, Bel Air, Md.
2. All expenses for board and training your prize colt by the experienced trainer, L. K. Haggin, at War Horse Place, Lexington, Ky., to July 1, 1956 are paid by Kentucky Club. You don't have to spend a dime.
3. Two choice seats for 1956 Kentucky Derby—plus hotel room for four days—plus $1,000.00 for expenses and to shoot the works at the races.

Imagine the thrill of owning a Thoroughbred race horse—of having your own racing colors! The Kentucky Club Annual Derby Day Contest brings you an easy way to win the race horse of your dreams—a beautiful chestnut colt—a son of famous Devil Diver. Devil Diver won over $260,000.00! This prize son may be a big winner, too.

Just name this colt and he's yours—plus choice seats to Kentucky Derby on May 5—plus $1,000.00 for expenses and to shoot the works at the races.

Don't worry about how you would take care of a race horse—even if you live in an apartment. Kentucky Club pays the bills for board and training to July 1, 1956. You get all the fun and thrills of owning a race horse without spending a dime. Later, you can race your prize colt or sell him, as you wish. We hope he will bring you a fortune.

Here's more exciting news! It is planned to have this prize colt make his first start in one of the races during Kentucky Derby Day week. Kentucky Club takes care of the jockey, entry fees, etc., for this race. Whatever he wins is *yours!*

Yes—women can enter this exciting contest. It's easy to win. Awards will be made for the best names for this son of Devil Diver. Send in as many entries as you like. Be sure each name does not contain more than 14 letters. For example, a name might be *Smokey Boy*. Don't send in this name. Think of better ones. Buy Kentucky Club and start now.

LAST YEAR'S PRIZE RACE HORSE

Awarded to Walter Mills, Jr. Cincinnati, Ohio, for prize-winning name "Delphidessa." Winner at Belmont, River Downs. Placed at Saratoga.

SMOKE KENTUCKY CLUB

Kenseal Pouch Keeps Tobacco Fresh to Last Pipeful

2 GREAT BLENDS

You get *Guaranteed Fresh* smoking tobacco when you buy Kentucky Club. Zip open the outer "discard" package and there's your Kenseal Pouch—filled at the factory with fresh Kentucky Club and ready to use. No other pouch is so smart-looking and durable—fits your pocket so comfortably—keeps your tobacco so fresh.

Kentucky Club Regular—Choice White Burley, famous for its smooth, mild flavor and grand aroma.

Kentucky Club Aromatic Mixture—Blended from 6 top-quality imported and domestic tobaccos. Refreshingly aromatic.

CONTEST RULES

1. In not over 14 letters nor more than three words, write a name for the Kentucky Club Thoroughbred colt. Count punctuation or space between words as letters. For example, *Smokey Boy* counts as 10 letters. Use ordinary paper or entry blank. Print your name and address.

2. Send as many entries as you wish to "Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest," P. O. Box 4-C, Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Each entry must be accompanied by a picture of the red-coated rider cut from a package of Kentucky Club tobacco—or by front of outer wrapper from any of these other quality brands of pipe tobacco: Brush Creek, Christian Peper's Pouch Mixture, Crosby Square, Donniford, London Dock, Whitehall, Willoughby Taylor. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, April 9, 1956. No entries returned. All become the property of Mail Pouch Tobacco Company.

3. Prizes will be awarded as listed elsewhere on this page. Entries will be judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, aptness of thought and sincerity. Judges' decision final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All members of a family may compete, but only one prize to a family.

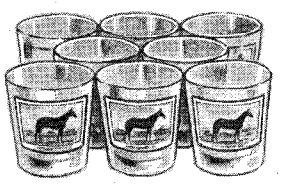
4. Everyone in United States or Canada or the armed forces of these countries may enter the contest except employees of the manufacturers of Kentucky Club Tobacco, its advertising agencies and members of their families. Entries must be the original work of contestant. Contest subject to Federal, State and local regulations.

5. Top winner will be notified in ample time to attend the Derby; other winners will be notified by mail approximately six weeks after close of contest. Prize colt will be presented to winner at Churchill Downs during Derby Day week. If, because of accident or other reason, it is necessary to withdraw the colt described above, another Thoroughbred of comparable value will be awarded. List of winning persons available to those requesting same and enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

TOTAL OF 500 GREAT PRIZES

2nd to 10th Prizes

Famous MONODATE *Universal Genève* automatic wrist watch. Tells the date and correct time *automatically*. Winds itself with every flick of the wrist. 17-jewel Universal movement protected against normal moisture, dust and shock. Concealed radium dial. 14 kt. gold-filled case beautifully engraved with your name.



11th to 500th Prizes

Eight English highball glasses especially created for this contest. Perfect for all occasions. Each glass beautifully decorated with color picture of 1956 prize colt and appropriately inscribed for contest winners.

ENTRY BLANK

Just write name for Kentucky Club prize colt in not over 14 letters and not over three words. Count punctuation or space between words as letters.

. . . . . .

NAME FOR HORSE

Mail to "Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest," P. O. Box 4-C, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Dept. SE-3.

Send with each entry a picture of the red-coated rider cut from a package of Kentucky Club tobacco—OR front of outer wrapper from any of these other quality brands of pipe tobacco: Brush Creek, Christian Peper's Pouch Mixture, Crosby Square, Donniford, London Dock, Whitehall, Willoughby Taylor. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, April 9, 1956.

. . . . . .

PRINT YOUR NAME

. . . . . .

STREET

. . . . . .

CITY ZONE STATE

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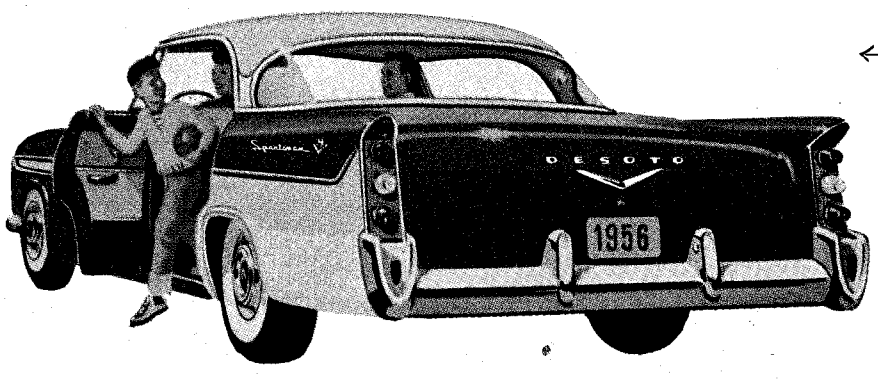
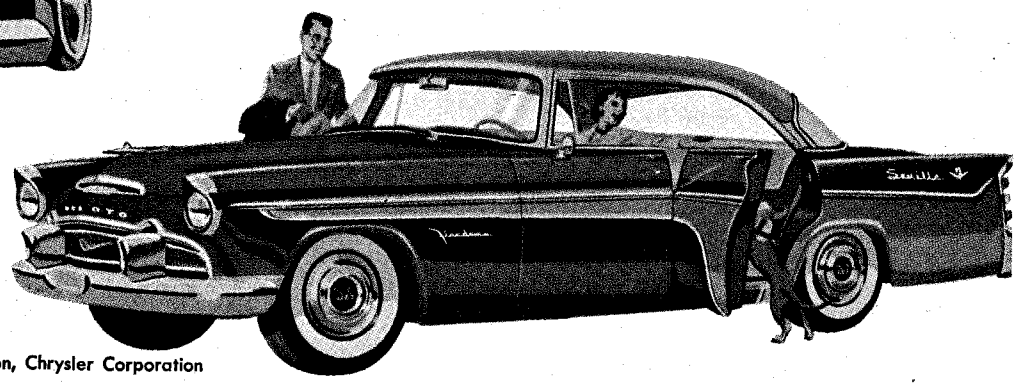
De Soto dealers present **Groucho Marx** in "You Bet Your Life" on NBC radio and TV

1. The Fireflite 4-Door Sportsman

2. The Firedome 4-Door Sportsman

3. The Firedome 4-Door Seville





DE SOTO—OFFICIAL PACE CAR 1956 INDIANAPOLIS 500-MILE RACE **De Soto Division, Chrysler Corporation**

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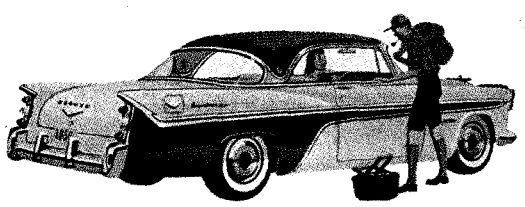
hree smart 4-door hardtops

Fireflite 4-door Sportsman in light aqua with contrasting iridescent green emphasizes the beauty of De Soto Flight Sweep styling.

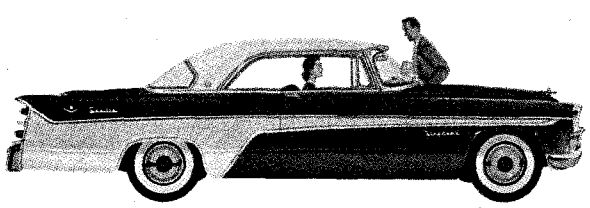
Drive a De Soto before you decide! Smart, low and lovely, De Soto 4-door hardtops have as much rear-seat leg room as a big sedan! And what a take-off! The new '56 De Soto with its mighty 255 hp V8 engine will give you a thrilling new experience in "green-light" getaway! Your choice of six smart hardtop models . . . wide range of prices . . . 85 color combinations. Before *you* decide, drive the **1956 DE SOTO—for the super-highway age!**

Push-button drive control *is at your fingertips to the left.* Positive mechanical control. So easy, so natural. Try it today.

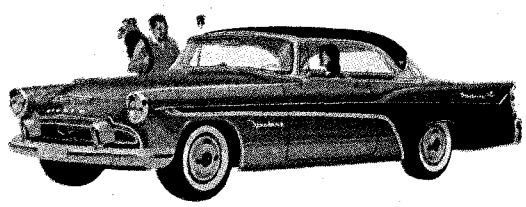
. . . plus these smart De Soto two-door hardtops



FIREFLITE 2-DOOR SPORTSMAN



FIREDOME 2-DOOR SEVILLE



FIREDOME 2-DOOR SPORTSMAN

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Here's why so many people use

ONLY GLEEM...*the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*

JUST ONE BRUSHING destroys decay- and odor-causing bacteria

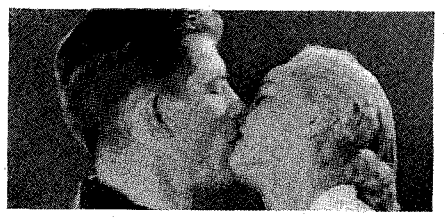
MOUTH BACTERIA BEFORE BRUSHING—THESE ARE THE CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY.

AFTER ONE GLEEM BRUSHING, UP TO 90% OF BACTERIA ARE DESTROYED.

If you could brush after every meal, any good toothpaste would do . . . but if you can't always brush, even though it's best, then you should use Gleem. One Gleem brushing destroys most bacteria—gives added resistance to decay.

Kids love Gleem's taste—proved by flavor tests. So it's easy to get them to use Procter & Gamble's Gleem regularly. And regular after-meal brushing is a *proven* way for children to reduce tooth decay.

Mouth odor stopped all day with *one* Gleem brushing. Scientific tests prove *just brushing with Gleem* before breakfast gives most people *all-day* protection against mouth odor.



I can't brush after every meal,
so ***I DEPEND ON GLEEM!***

ONLY GLEEM has GL-70 to fight decay!

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Pete's feet were roped together and his arms were tied over his head. Blood ran down the adhesive tape in his mouth.

Treasure at Tandem Key

He claimed to have the clue to an authentic treasure. Crunch and Des didn't believe it . . . until they saw what others would do to get it.

Beginning an exciting new serial by PHILIP WYLIE

Seldom was a sunset gaudier; never had the two men who gazed upon it been gloomier. They watched the diminishing speck of an airplane which bore their "customer," a Mr. Bailey, of Philadelphia. They had been chartered for three months of angling in Bahamas waters. A few days after their arrival in Tandem Key, however, Mr. Bailey had been taken ill. Now he was en route to Miami and emergency surgery, accompanied by a specialist. The boatmen were thus unexpectedly at liberty, early in January—without prospects and amidst disastrous circumstances.

One of the pair, slightly taller, readjusted his yachting cap and said, "Pretty night."

The other, grizzled at the temples, broad-faced, his eyes in narrow frames of tension, took the attempt at cheerfulness with poor grace. A man who rarely spoke at length, he now delivered himself of assorted recollections, with rising bitterness, "Two years of it, Crunch! First, my uncle needs dough to keep from losing his Minnesota farm. So we sell out our share of the fishing camp. And he still loses the farm. Then Sari spends months in the hospital—special nurses, slews of doctors—so we mortgage the house ——"

The man called Crunch thought of his near-unbearable worry during that crisis in the life of his beautiful wife. He said mildly, "Sari couldn't help it, Des."

"Des" was his mate; his nickname stood for the hidden desperation he experienced under duress. He had the self-control of many Scandinavians, but it seemed, now, to serve him badly. He went on in words that pounded like the pistons of an overburdened engine:

"Then that fool kid had to run out in the street! I had to chase her and bust a leg! So I slapped a lien on the boat! But it was going to come out fine! Chartered for a solid winter! Board and room in hotels ashore, all costs met, and a hundred a day for the bank! And there it goes ——"

Crunch Adams, skipper of the Poseidon, the "boat" in question, nodded a little, smiled not at all and did not make further mention of the sunset. He felt, for the first time in his life, a personal meaning in the word "old"—not a failure of muscle to perform a familiar heavy task or a sudden, scary racing of the heart, but

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a more grievous sensation—a doubt, sharp and shocking, of the inner strength to face a deteriorated future.

The men stood on a dock of haphazard planking. Behind and to their right lay the north bulge of Tandem Key and the sun-rouged cabins of its native village set about the sun-gilded clapboards of a church, a hotel and the residence of the British commissioner. Behind them, too, stretched the sandy isthmus which connected the north island with its southern twin. To their left was the uninhabited south island, its jungle a dark and glaring green. Now the sun, stretched by miraging layers of air, melted egg-shaped toward the horizon. Through the jungle a pond of fresh water gleamed palely. On the nearby beach a Ward's heron abandoned its sentry stance and flapped toward sanctuary in the far mangroves.

The men turned in wordless unison and walked toward the shore, casting automatic glances at their boat and a casual look at a second cruiser, named Buddyboy, which was larger than the Poseidon, but less immaculately kept.

"We could run all night," the mate said morosely, "and get in before dawn. Not very much over a hundred miles. We might pick up a day's charter at the dock in the morning."

The skipper plodded under coconut palms that shaded the island's only street. Presently he said, "It's worse, Des, even than you know. We're not going back to the Gulf Stream Dock."

Des stopped. His voice was no more than whispering. "What—d'ya mean, not going to the Dock? We gotta! How else can we eat—and Sari and your Bill? How else can we meet the payments on the boat—let alone the house?"

"I've sold you real short," Crunch replied sadly. He looked up at the sky where the sun had left, in gold and scarlet, a giant memorandum of its descent.

Des asked anguishedly of his skipper, "What did you do, Crunch?"

The captain spoke lamely—a way of talking so uncharacteristic it brought a sickness to his mate. "We needed that new tackle—the marlin gear ——"

"I thought Al sold it to us on credit?"

"I know. That's what I told you. But Al wouldn't extend any credit, Des. He knew how seriously we were in hock. So I talked to Mr. Williams and he allowed me to sublet the Poseidon's berth at the Gulf Stream Dock. It paid for the tackle. But we aren't going to have a place to moor where we can solicit business—until mid-April."

It was too great a catastrophe for Des to absorb at once. They'd needed the best tackle for their long charter. Crunch had done no wrong. It was just that one disaster after another had settled them deeper in debt. This last had sunk them.

"Might as well change and eat." Crunch spoke with a tightened throat. "Food's at least paid for. After dinner I'll phone Sari and—tell her. She doesn't know I rented out our Dock space either."

They were walking again, hardly knowing it.

"Look," Des began, abruptly. "This is about going to —— Well, it'll be hard on old Sari. You tell her, will ya, that I was the one rented our berth? That way she maybe won't feel quite so bad."

Crunch cuffed his mate gently. "Old Des!" It was all he could say at the moment.

The street—a broad path of pounded shell—led up a rise toward Ye Izaak Walton Inne—a shambling two-story structure with a broad, double-decked veranda, shaded by poincianas, half engulfed in bougainvillaea, frangipani and poinsettias.

They started up its broad wooden steps—and halted. Both men had seen, in the glass-clear water beyond the isthmus, a white churning and the black emergence of what looked like a fin—a big dorsal. The water churned again; two such fins showed briefly; then the surface was merely roiled where something struggled beneath it. "That Texas bird!" Crunch exclaimed. "Let's go!"

He raced the length of the veranda, followed it around the barroom, where Angelo

Illustrated by Al Buell

Crunch and Des guided him to shore and led him, shuddering with pain, toward the hotel.

was busy lighting ships' lanterns and rushed down the back steps. Des pounded behind him. In seconds they had crossed the back garden and cut into the path to the beach. As they went, they stripped off their shirts, and when they hit the sand they kicked off their trousers and shoes. Side by side, they geysered into the sea, dived flat, and swam furiously.

The man they reached was floundering and clawing at himself. In the diminishing light, Crunch and Des still could see the thin filaments that crossed his face and naked chest, and the azure balloons that bobbed nearby. They had almost instantly diagnosed the predicament of the goggle fisherman. If he had been under attack by a shark or 'cuda, they would have seen the fish itself in the limpid sea.

"Somebody there?" the man gasped.

"Yo!" Crunch called, reaching out and pulling away a number of slippery, almost intangible tentacles. "Just float, if you can. We'll clean you up and tow you in."

There were welts on the man's back and chest, crisscrosses of inflamed red on his face. "I can't see!" he gasped.

Crunch and Des could feel the hot filaments on their own arms as they swam around the man, who, obediently, floated on his back, paddling to support himself with the rubber flippers on his feet, which had resembled shark fins.

They towed the victim into clear water, away from the innocent-looking blue "floats." They stripped from him the last tenuous threads—stinging cells. The agonized man followed their directions with a courage Crunch admired. When he had somewhat recovered his wind, they advised him to roll and wash as much as possible in the deep water. Afterward, they guided him to shore. He still could not see. They led him, shuddering with pain, toward the hotel.

Crunch presently ran ahead, bellowing, "Hatsie! Hatsie!"

A thin saffron-skinned man with a sour face peered from the kitchen building. "Somebody want me?"

"Your Texas customer ran into a few Portuguese men-of-war! Need some ammonia!"

A minute later, when the much-diluted household ammonia hit the comparatively minor welts on his own arms, Crunch had some notion of what was happening to the Texan. But the young man took it stoically.

They had not formally met him. He had been at the Inne when they had arrived with Mr. Bailey—a solitary person, tall, loose-jointed, redheaded, who spent his days goggle-fishing from shore and read thick books at mealtimes. "Hatsie" Hatson, the Inne's proprietor, had said he was a Texan, but the man had not troubled to introduce himself or to boast about the Lone Star State, as so many Texans do.

He stood now, in the deepening twilight, trembling and silent. He breathed hard; his fists were clenched. Ropy muscle showed all over him. The microscopic stingers of a man-of-war burn like the bites of fire ants. Some people are immune to contact with the sea pest; most react with acute agony; a few sensitive individuals have been killed.

Crunch said encouragingly, "After the first shock it ought to begin to calm down."

The Texan nodded. "I—I think it's—a little better, already."

Des murmured, "I'll go back for the clothes. And this poor guy's flippers and mask."

They saw the Texan's lips move in a taut, imperfect attempt at a grin. "Poor guy, hell! Damn fool! I've read about these beggars. But I didn't recognize what they were when I swam into 'em! For a second I didn't feel anything. Then plenty!"

Des trotted through the garden toward the beach.

"My name's Shade," the Texan said, after a deep inhalation. He held out his hand. "You're Crunch Adams, skipper of the Poseidon, from Miami. Mr. Hatson told me."

Crunch shook the hand. "And my mate's name is Des. Des Smith."

"Sure was mighty handy to have you around! Even if I'd got clear of those—siphonophores, hunh?—I wouldn't have known which way to head for shore. Beginning to see again now. I'll go up and take a shower. O.K.?"

Crunch examined the welts, which still looked like whip marks. But they were receding. "O.K. You may feel a little rocky this evening."

The Texan opened one eye and suddenly said, "Hey! Looks as if you picked up your share!"

(Continued on Page 120)

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You've been swimming a lot around shore here, Mr. Shade," said Hatsie. "Maybe you've seen something that fits in this poem?"

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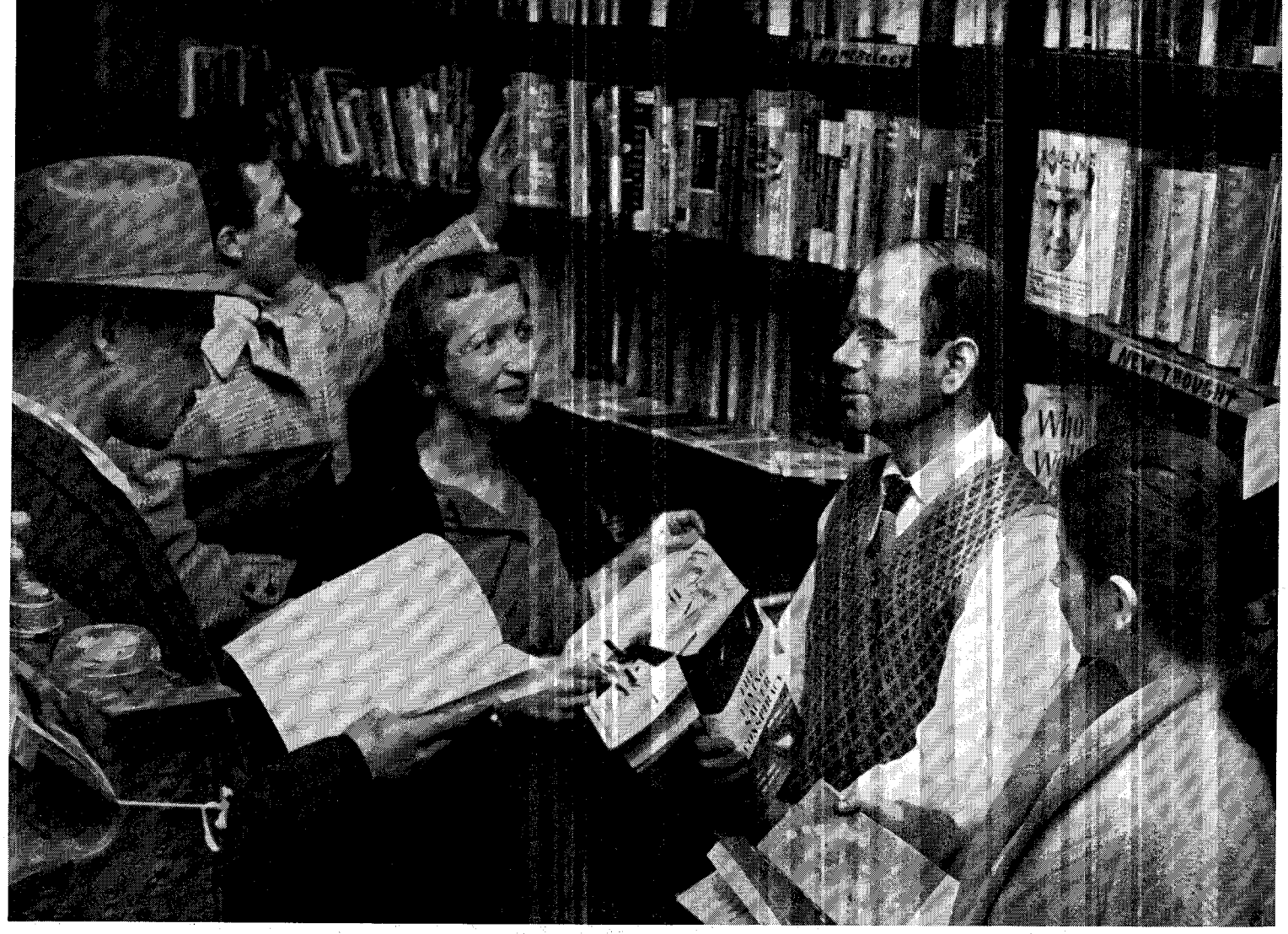

Rigberg (glasses) collects interplanetary intelligence and sells up to 10,000 space books a year in his Third Avenue shop in New York.

He Runs Flying-Saucer Headquarters

Outer space is just a big back yard to James Rigberg, the man who collects "eyewitness reports" from travelers to Venus and other cosmic whistle stops.

By John Kobler

If a creature from outer space ever alights in New York City—and some people insist that such visitations have already occurred—he or she or it should proceed straightaway to a tiny bookstore at 1597 Third Avenue, and pay respects to the owner, one James Sylvester Rigberg. Nobody has striven harder than Rigberg to foster belief in the reality of space men and space ships.

A small, mild, balding man of forty-two, with pronounced psychic leanings, Rigberg operates his store six days a week, from eight A.M. to ten P.M., chiefly as a clearinghouse for interplanetary intelligence. Assisted by his wife, he keeps a file of reports on unearthly goings-on, as telephoned in or written to him by sky watchers the country over—he gets some 200 reports a week. Rigberg sells books and periodicals on the subject, and exhibits paintings and photographs; one shows two Californians strolling companionably with a Martian what-is-it two feet high. He also delivers lectures, heads the Flying Saucer News Club and publishes a monthly magazine, the Flying Saucer News.

"What are Flying Saucers?" asks a sign in Rigberg's show window. "Are they from outer space? How do they fly? Are they friend or foe? Have they been contacted? If so, by whom? Why are there so many Flying Saucer Clubs? Why does the Air Force consider them top secret? Find the answers to these questions and many more. Visit the J. S. Rigberg bookstore." He has distributed copies of this sign throughout the city.

Rigberg is in no wise discouraged by the skepticism of earth men like Air Secretary Donald A. Quarles, who recently announced that an eight-year investigation of flying-saucer reports had yielded no evidence whatever that such things exist.

"The week the statement comes out," says Rigberg, "my sales went up forty, fifty per cent."

Rigberg's magazine is a sixteen-page offset production selling at twenty-five cents, circulation about 1000. It abounds in fascinating sightings: "The J. C. Sutton family, of Kelly, Kentucky, (to cite a recent example) reported to Police Chief Russell Greenwell that they saw 15 odd-shaped men step down the gangplank of a space-ship that had landed on their farm. It was shaped like a bathtub and glowed like a fireball, the family informed the police."

New space books are reviewed in Flying Saucer News: "My Flight to Venus, by Mrs. Dana Howard, represents the most fantastic experience ever experienced by mankind. It is

From the roof above his store, Rigberg watches for unearthly objects. He says he once saw a space ship.

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Such objects as these stir up flying-saucer reports. At left is an experimental Navy plane, the Flying Flapjack. At right are odd-shaped cloud formations over Marseilles, France.

At a meeting in El Monte, Cal.—Daniel Fry (kneeling) is one who hopes to establish radio contact with "extra-terrestrial friends."

a story of life and love on Venus as the author lived it." Announcements and minutes of saucer club meetings are published: "Paradise Space-Craft Research Group is getting started on its way to becoming a very nice center. Present meetings are held at the home of Mrs. Evah Edwards, 307 Pearson Rd., Paradise, California, Wed. evening at 7:30 P.M."

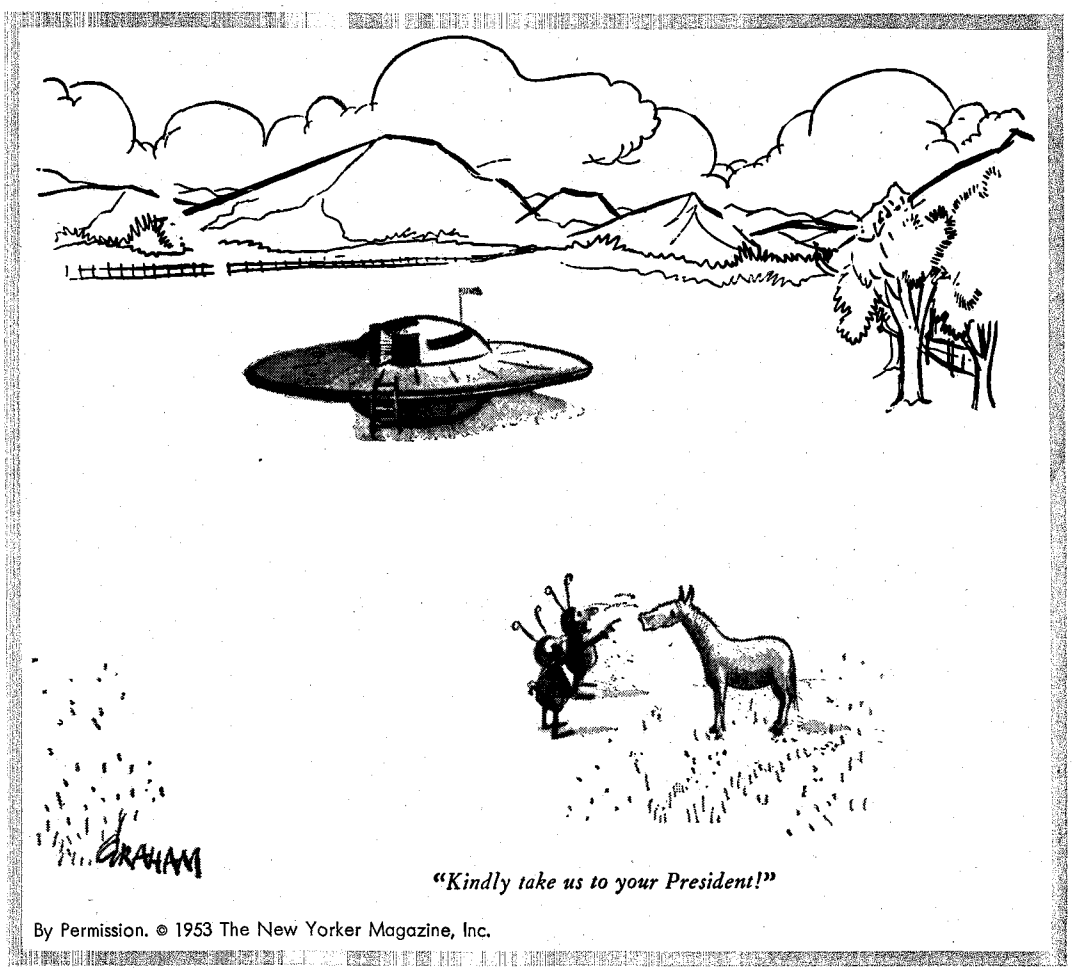
A leading feature of each issue is an interpretation of space phenomena by some specialist in the field, such as Mrs. John Storm, a professional New York occultist, who practices under the name of Nianda Lynnabeth Hayden. According to Mrs. Storm, "It was approximately twenty-one million years ago that the human race on this planet Earth individualized into male and female beings, and it was at that time that Sanat Kumara and his group of assistants came here from Venus to guide the evolution of mankind. The great Venusian adept is still here." Mrs. Storm, however, declines to disclose his address.

To encourage earthbound travel by visitors from other planets, Rigberg maintains a standing offer of a free one-year subscription to Flying Saucer News to any of them who will claim it in person. This generosity has been eclipsed by the president of a Midwestern baking-products company, who authorized Rigberg to publish the following proclamation: "To the first planetary visitor, a cottage rent-free for one year, $1000 worth of biscuits, breads and flour, and, if sales perk up as a result of the publicity, a salary of $1000 a week."

The bulk of Rigberg's business is in space books. He has stocked at one time or other more than fifty different titles, selling 5000 to 10,000 copies a year. Among his best-selling authors is "Professor" George Adamski, of Palomar Gardens, California, born sixty-five years ago in Poland. Adamski formerly headed a mystical cult known as the Royal Order of Tibet, and has tried his hand at science fiction. His first purportedly nonfiction work, written in collaboration with an Englishman, Desmond Leslie, recounted how he saw a "Venusian scout ship" land in the remoteness of the California desert on November 20, 1952, and conversed in sign language with a member of the crew.

The Venusian's appearance, as Adamski described it, did not differ radically from that of earth inhabitants, except that he was much handsomer. He conveyed a warning that atomic-test explosions might endanger life on his native planet,

(Continued on Page 69)



"Kindly take us to your President!"

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Little men from other planets may be a laughing matter to cartoonists and other skeptics. But Rigberg offers a free Flying Saucer News subscription to any outer-space creature who will claim it.

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My Adventures in Eating

By JOSEPH ALSOP

Americans are deplorably timid about eating anything except steak. As for himself, the author puts in a word for fried bees, saddle of hare, and a certain restaurant he discovered in Tokyo.

Newborn jungle rats look like very tiny, very pink shrimps, and taste like nothing on earth. In ragout of elephant's trunk, the meat resembles bits of old rubber tire, but the dish is redeemed by its rich sauce. The flavor of sautéed silkworms makes you think of cashew nuts. And fried young bees achieve a happy medium, halfway between pork cracklings and wild honey.

Such trifles of odd gustatory knowledge are the reward, or at least the result, of being an adventurous eater. The baby rats were the proudest luxury of a tribal feast in Sikang, near Tibet's eastern border. The elephant's trunk appeared at a Kunming dinner given by a successful Burma Road speculator, who also offered us bear's paw, sea slugs, deer tendons and one

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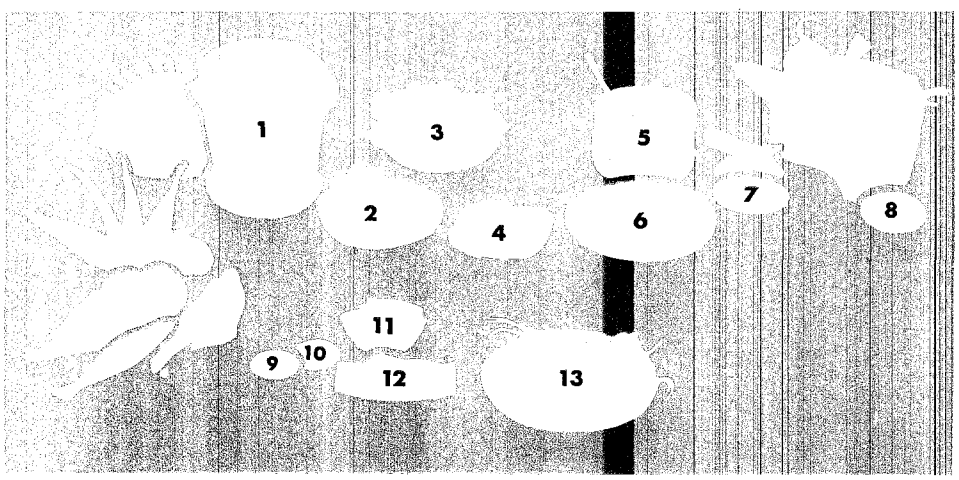
Photograph by George Lazarnick



Akahane game dinner, especially prepared in New York for this photograph: **1.** Wild duck braised over a *hibachi* (stove); **2.** Marinated duck flesh, ready to be cooked; **3.** Chrysanthemum leaves and mountain mushrooms; **4.** Duck, falconry-style; **5.** Rice; **6.** Fried Korean pheasant; **7.** Hors d'oeuvres of fishcakes and fresh, wild vegetables; **8.** *Misishiru* (bean-paste soup); **9.** Soy sauce; **10.** *Miso* paste; **11.** Hors d'oeuvres; **12.** *Sashimi* (slices of raw fish); and **13.** *Teriyaki*-style quail.

or two more of the class of dishes the Chinese call "precious"—and pay fortunes for—because they are supposed to invigorate the human male. The silkworms were an entrée at a party I gave myself, to cheer a rather lonely New Year's eve in a village in Northeast Siam.

As for the fried bees, they are a bit more normally accessible, being a customary appetizer at Akahane, the Tokyo restaurant which is, so to speak, the text of this particular sermon. Despite the eccentricity of its hors d'oeuvres, Akahane is an exceptionally rewarding eating place. Anyone who visits Tokyo will do well to go there, and I think Akahane's story will also interest armchair voyagers and stay-at-home gourmets. But before I get to my text, I had better explain what my sermon is about.

I am inspired to preach by long and melancholy observation of the eating habits of my countrymen overseas. Maybe the trouble starts with our Army doctors, who darkly warn their victims that nothing but canned luncheon meat is (Continued on Page 96)

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I'LL WAIT FOR YOU

By WILL F. JENKINS

Should she keep her promise? Should she marry an ex-convict?

Joe was still a good twenty miles from home—at least, from where Pop and Mom Santorelli lived—and he was limping when the sheriff picked him up in his car. It was the hottest part of the afternoon and Joe was hungry and thirsty and footsore. He'd trudged on, thinking thick thoughts of hate as an anodyne for everything that hurt, from the blisters that had formed and burst on his feet to his parched and thirsty throat. But even more for the hurts that were permanent. Up at the penitentiary he'd learned that the way to stand anything is to hate the people who caused it. So Joe hated fiercely as he headed home. He closed his ears to bird chirpings and insect cries and the sound of wind blowing over a cornfield to his right. Naturally, he didn't hear the car.

There was a squealing of brakes. The car had come up from behind. It stopped beside him. The sheriff sat in the driver's seat. He blinked at Joe. "Hi, Joe," he said. "You're out. Going home?"

"To the Santorellis', where I used to live, yes," said Joe between his teeth. "To get some stuff I left. Then I'm leaving again."

He didn't cringe. He didn't snarl. But he was going back to people who'd betrayed him and lied to him and caused what he'd been through this past couple of years. And nobody heading back to what he'd thought was his home, and people he'd been fool enough to think cared for him—nobody would be happy or sentimental about it.

So Joe just stood there, staring defiantly at the sheriff, and his eyes were hot. But that was all.

"I'm going your way," said the sheriff. "Give you a lift." (Continued on Page 82)

"Hi, Joe," she said unsteadily. Joe went hungrily toward her.

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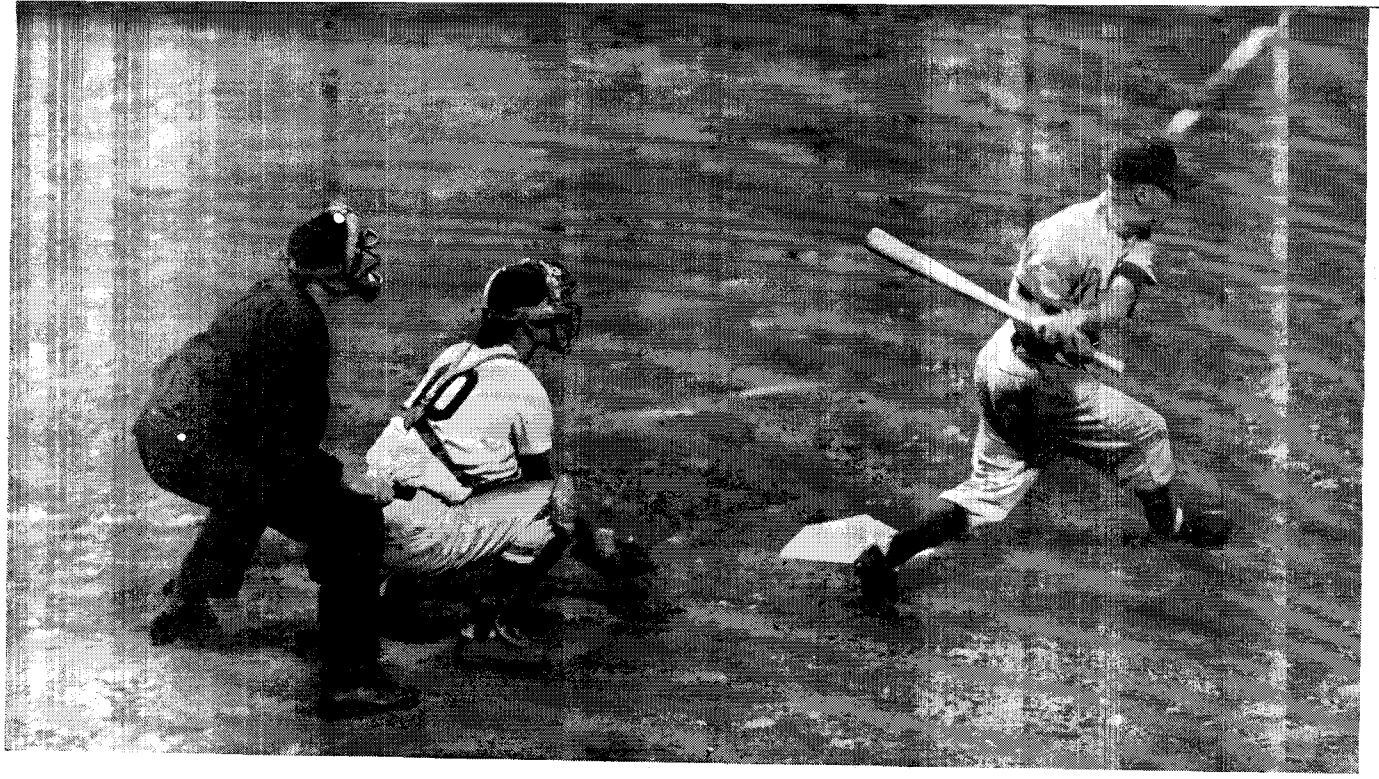
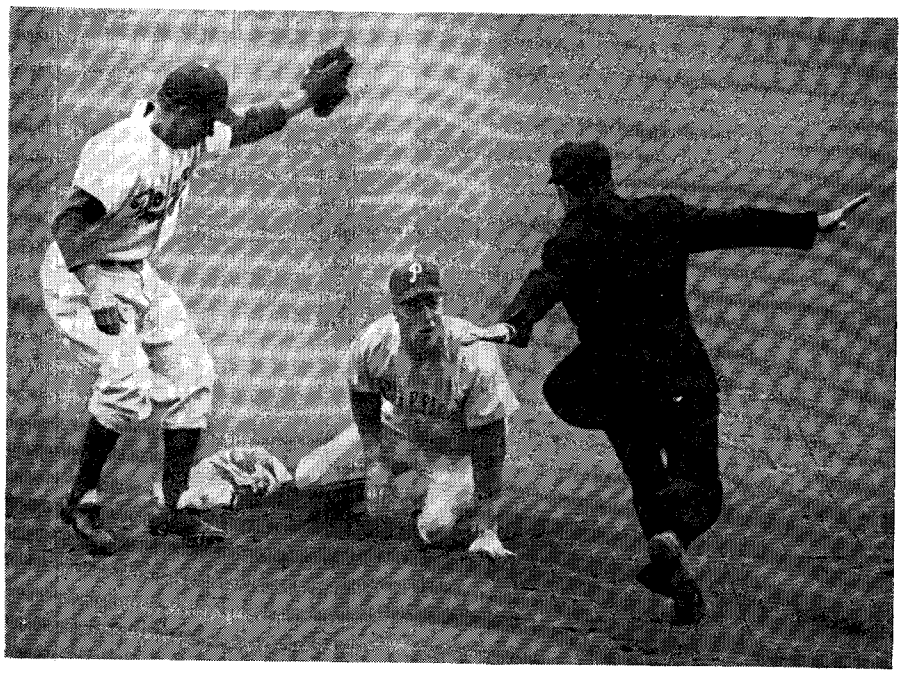


Hands characteristically choked up on his bat, Richie Ashburn bangs out a single against the Dodgers. The Phillies' star averages 185 hits per season, but only two are homers.

NUMBER ONE IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE

BY HARRY T. PAXTON



The blond center fielder beats Brooklyn shortstop Peewee Reese's tag and is declared safe at second. His first season in the majors, Richie stole 32 bases.

Richie Ashburn leads his league in batting. He's also the champ at throwing out runners and he consistently gets on base more often than any other player.

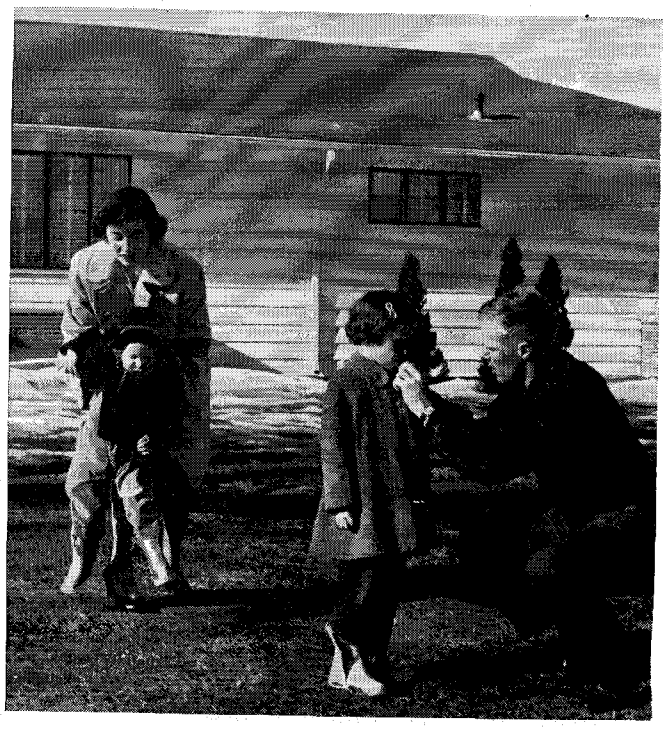
Here is a question with which you could stump a lot of baseball fans. Which of the following players has the highest lifetime batting average—Duke Snider, Willie Mays, Jackie Robinson, Richie Ashburn, Yogi Berra, Minnie Minoso, Al Kaline?

The top man happens to be Richie Ashburn, with a career mark of .315. Throw in other big names like Ted Kluszewski, Roy Campanella, Mickey Mantle or George Kell, and the answer still will be Ashburn. The towheaded center fielder of the Philadelphia Phillies is ahead of every regular in the majors today, except for the two ranking superstars, Ted Williams (.348) and Stan Musial (.342).

For eight seasons now Ashburn has been delivering base hits in remarkable quantity. He covers as much ground in the outfield as any of the more glamorized fly chasers. He is one of the faster men on the bases. Yet it wasn't until last year, when he won the National League batting championship, that many people began to appreciate just how good he is.

It isn't surprising that the baseball public has been slow to accept Ashburn as a standout, because he doesn't look imposing at the plate. His measured swing lacks power or grace. Opposing infielders and outfielders play disdainfully close in on him. But he keeps coming up with a hit or two here, and a base on balls there. By the end of the year he has more hits than most of the sluggers—and more walks too. During the (Continued on Page 106)

The Ashburns—Herberta, Jan, going on two, Jean, four, and Richie—at their home in Tilden, Neb., the small town where Richie was born and reared.



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Diplomat-scholar Snowden in Rome with daughter Jane, son Frank and wife Elaine (right). Snowden is a former professor and an expert on Greek and Roman culture.

They Always Ask Me About Negroes

A State Department attaché tells how he was received abroad, and why, for a diplomat, it's sometimes an advantage to be colored.

With his boss, Ambassador Clare Boothe Luce. Snowden's presence here, wrote one Italian, is more valuable to the U.S. than "10,000 press releases about improved race relations."

By FRANK M. SNOWDEN
as told to Leigh White

ROME.

My life in Italy has been completely normal in every respect except one. The fact that I am the first Negro to act as an American cultural attaché in Italy or anywhere else is news. Over and over again, I have been written up in the Italian press as I would never have been if it were not for my African ancestry. A college professor trying to be a diplomat is simply not very newsworthy—unless he happens to be a Negro, and then, I have found out, he has to keep trying pretty hard not to think he is a celebrity.

The Italian man in the street, however, is refreshingly unaware of what it means in some countries to have a skin as dark as mine. The color of my skin is so unimportant to most Italians that instead of politely avoiding the subject, as do many Americans, they occasionally call attention to it as they would to the weather or any other natural phenomenon.

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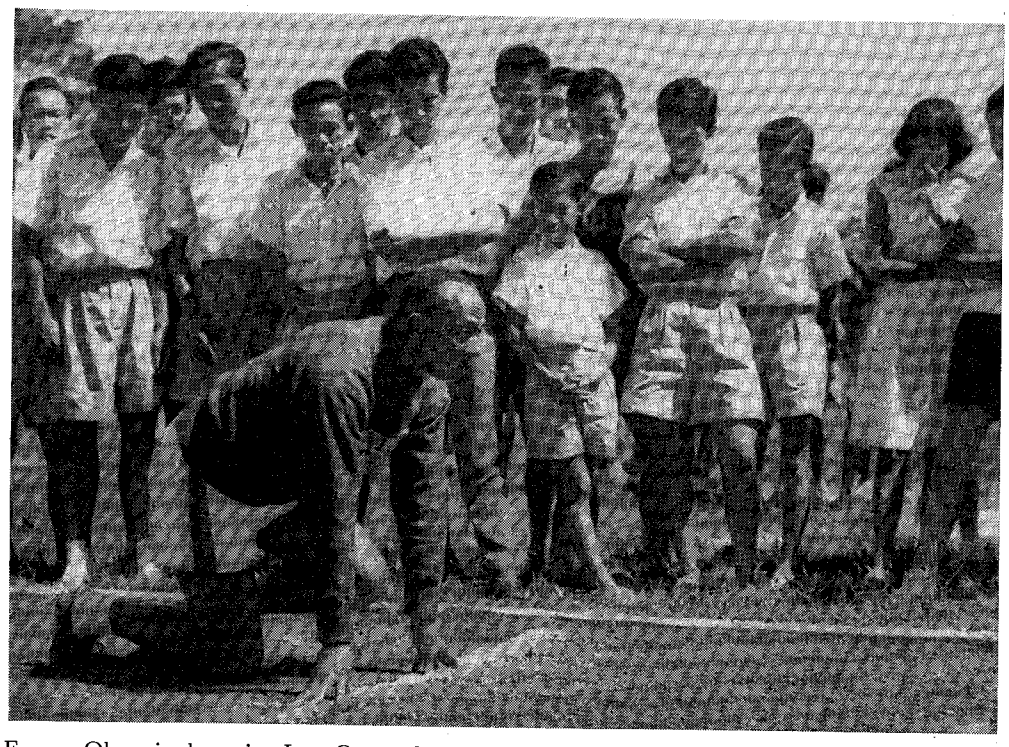
Mayor Kim Tae Sun of Seoul welcomes contralto Marian Anderson, during 1953 tour of South Korea.

AMERICAN NEGROES DRAW BIG CROWDS WHEREVER THEY GO OVERSEAS. . . .



Former Olympic champion Jesse Owens demonstrates his sprinting technique to Singapore students while on his good-will junket in the Far East last year.

In the summertime, like most Negroes who are not entirely black, I acquire a noticeable tan. Last summer, when my family and I returned to Rome from a seaside vacation in Sicily, our maid was surprised to see how dark my skin had become.

"If you get much darker, *professore*," she remarked to me, "people will think you are a Negro."

I don't think it has yet occurred to her that the people for whom she is working are Negroes or, if it has, that it makes any difference to her. Like all the Italians with whom we have had personal dealings, our maid treats us simply as Americans. My daughter, who has been quick to learn the Italian language, was once asked by her teacher, a native Italian, if her parents were Italo-Americans. Even I was once asked by my dentist, another native Italian, if I was of Italian origin.

A few years ago, in the course of a lecture tour for the State Department, I spoke to some college students in the Gold Coast, a British colony in West Africa. At the end of my talk, a young man arose to ask a question. "As you can see," he said, "I am a mulatto. In England I am considered an African. In Africa I am considered an Englishman. What would I be considered in the United States?"

I began my answer by telling him that in Italy he might be taken for an Egyptian. I myself have been taken for an Egyptian in Italy. I have also been taken for an Ethiopian, a Chinese, a Brazilian and, sometimes, for an Italian. I am so seldom taken for what I really am that I no longer try very hard to establish my identity.

On an airplane in Greece I had an odd experience. The stewardess, like a character out of Homer, asked me who I was, where I came from, where I was going, and why. After I had answered all her questions, she began a little speech about the cultural inferiority of Americans. If she had noticed that I was a Negro, she gave no sign of having done so.

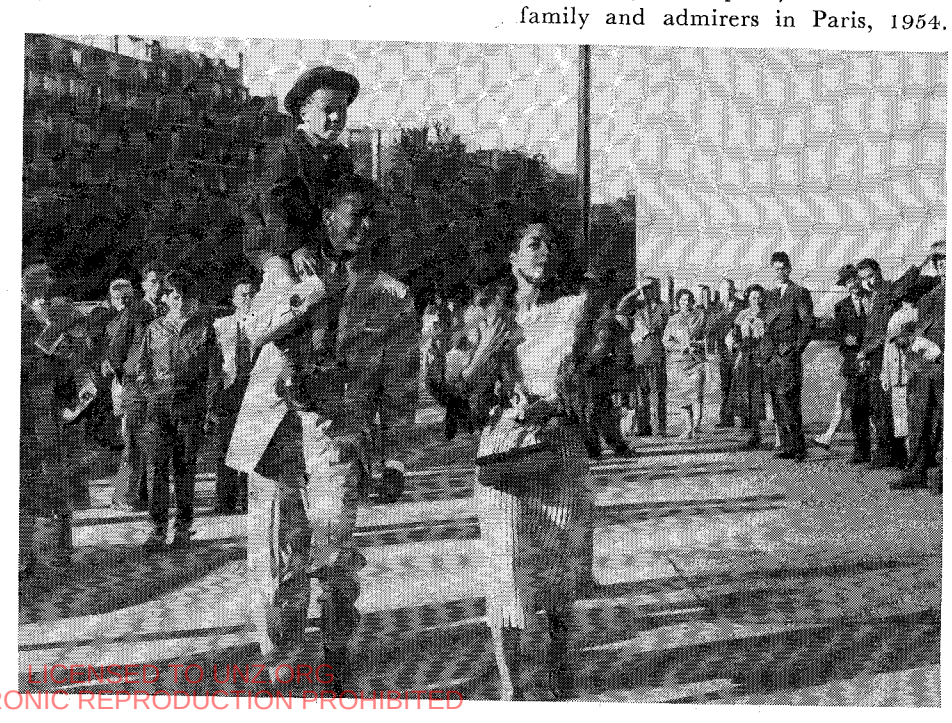
"It's too bad you Americans are so uneducated," she said. "You have no culture comparable to that of the British. Oh, I know you can produce hydrogen bombs, but can you produce literature? The only American books I've seen lately are comic books. You even want Greek children to read them, and the pity of it is, they do."

One of the reasons we have cultural attachés these days is that so many foreigners share the opinions of the Greek stewardess. We who are perhaps the most educated people on earth are often regarded as lacking in culture. This is why, in my lectures on American education, I like to talk about our public high schools. It is a revelation to Italians, for example, to learn that three out of every four Americans aged sixteen are full-time high-school students. In Europe the corresponding figure is only one out of seven.

(Continued on Page 105)

Louis Armstrong, who once played for King George VI, toots for Paris firemen and police.

Middleweight champ Ray Robinson with family and admirers in Paris, 1954.



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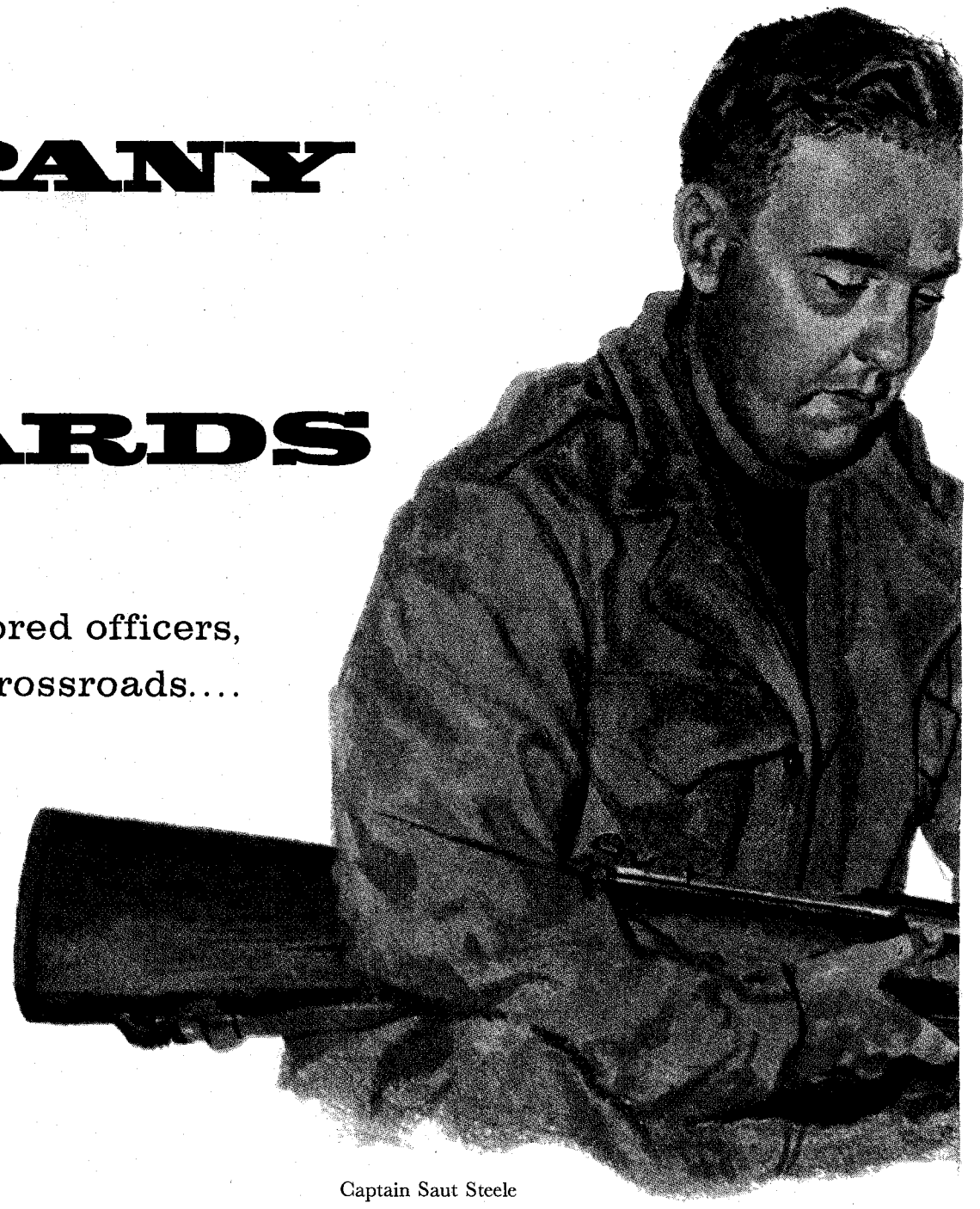
THE COMPANY OF COWARDS



Captain Saut Steele

They were a band of dishonored officers, and they came to trial at the crossroads....

By WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

Martin Jepson came to Camp Traveler late on a gray day in December. Snow was on the ground and leaden skies threatened more snow to come as the cold wind whipped across the little hollow where the cheerless camp lay. Not a big camp. Just a few tents huddled beneath the somber ridge.

Somewhere to the east, at daybreak this morning, von Rundstedt had sent his *panzer* divisions spilling viciously through the Ardennes, but Martin Jepson didn't know that. Didn't know, either, that beyond that dark ridge there was an unnamed crossroads where he and the rest of Company Q—that lost legion of dishonored officers now billeted unhappily here in the snow at Camp Traveler—would make their good fight. Three endless days and nights of it.

At the moment, Capt. Martin Jepson didn't care what was happening to the east. His mind was still numb with the thing that had happened to him. Numb from the slogging fury that had been the fight in Hürtgen Forest; numb from the nightmare days and the spectral nights up there; and numb from the bitter, searing words of the officer who had summarily relieved him of command of his company and sent him here to this dreary camp of forgotten men behind the Ardennes.

The driver of the truck on which Jepson had thumbed a ride said, "There it is," and watched, his eyes curious, as Jepson kicked out his roll and climbed down into the snow.

Only one kind of people came here, the driver knew. Officers who had been relieved in battle. Cowardice, maybe; inefficiency, maybe. A dozen other reasons. They drifted here to this temporary camp while somebody decided what to do with them. And now, with the battle blazing up in full-mouthed fury again, nobody cared about the people at Camp Traveler. They were the culls that nobody wanted.

The driver said then, "Well, so long—captain," and shifted gears and rolled on south. For a moment Jepson stood in the snow, fingering the planes of his thin, sensitive face as he looked at the huddled shelters. Then he picked up his slender roll and went on.

There was a tent with a sign COMMANDING OFFICER, and Jepson halted uncertainly in front of it.

A harsh voice called angrily, "Don't stand there gawking like an idiot! Come on in here!"

It was Spartanlike inside, Jepson saw. A rickety table, a bedroll in a corner, a few articles of gear hanging from nails. A lantern, already lighted against the gloom of the afternoon, limned the hard features of the man sitting motionless behind the table.

"Captain Jepson reporting ——" Martin began, and then stopped beneath the baleful stare that the other laid on him.

A thin man of less than average height, Jepson saw; perhaps twice his own age, and wearing the bars of a captain. A man with a ruddy, hatcheted face and hard eyes and a thin slash of mouth and the brittle armor of a noncom of the old Army on him. Once sergeant major, now Capt. Saut Steele. Wounded and invalided to command this forgotten camp, and hating that with a bitter hatred.

"The latest recruit to Company Q, eh?" Capt. Saut Steele said softly. "Don't think that you are welcome here. You're not!"

It was the first time that Jepson had heard that name—Company Q. Damn it, there were no Company Q's in the Army.

Capt. Saut Steele was sitting there watching with his basilisk eyes and, in spite of himself, Jepson felt a little surge of anger run through him.

"I didn't ask to come here," he said shortly. "If you'll just tell me where I can put my roll, captain——"

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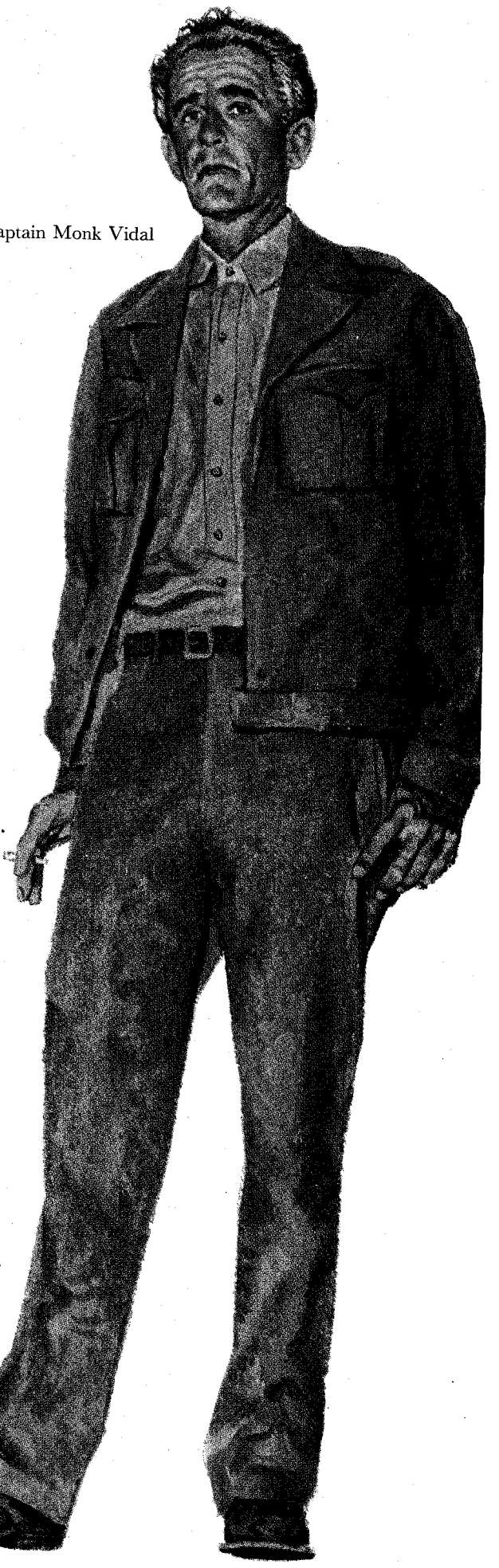
Captain Martin Jepson



Captain Monk Vidal

Lieutenant Moseby

Illustrated by Robert Moore

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With wife Nona. "There are those higher in Government who play better golf," he says.

Daughter Elizabeth, one of Quarles' three children, is the wife of an Air Force officer.

Boss of the Birdmen

A revealing report on Donald Quarles,
the onetime Arkansas schoolteacher
who now heads the Department of the Air Force.

By PAUL F. HEALY

When Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson began looking around for a new Secretary of the Air Force after the forced resignation of Harold Talbott, he sighed and quipped that he wanted "a man who sits next to God, has mechanical and financial experience, and can be confirmed by the Senate."

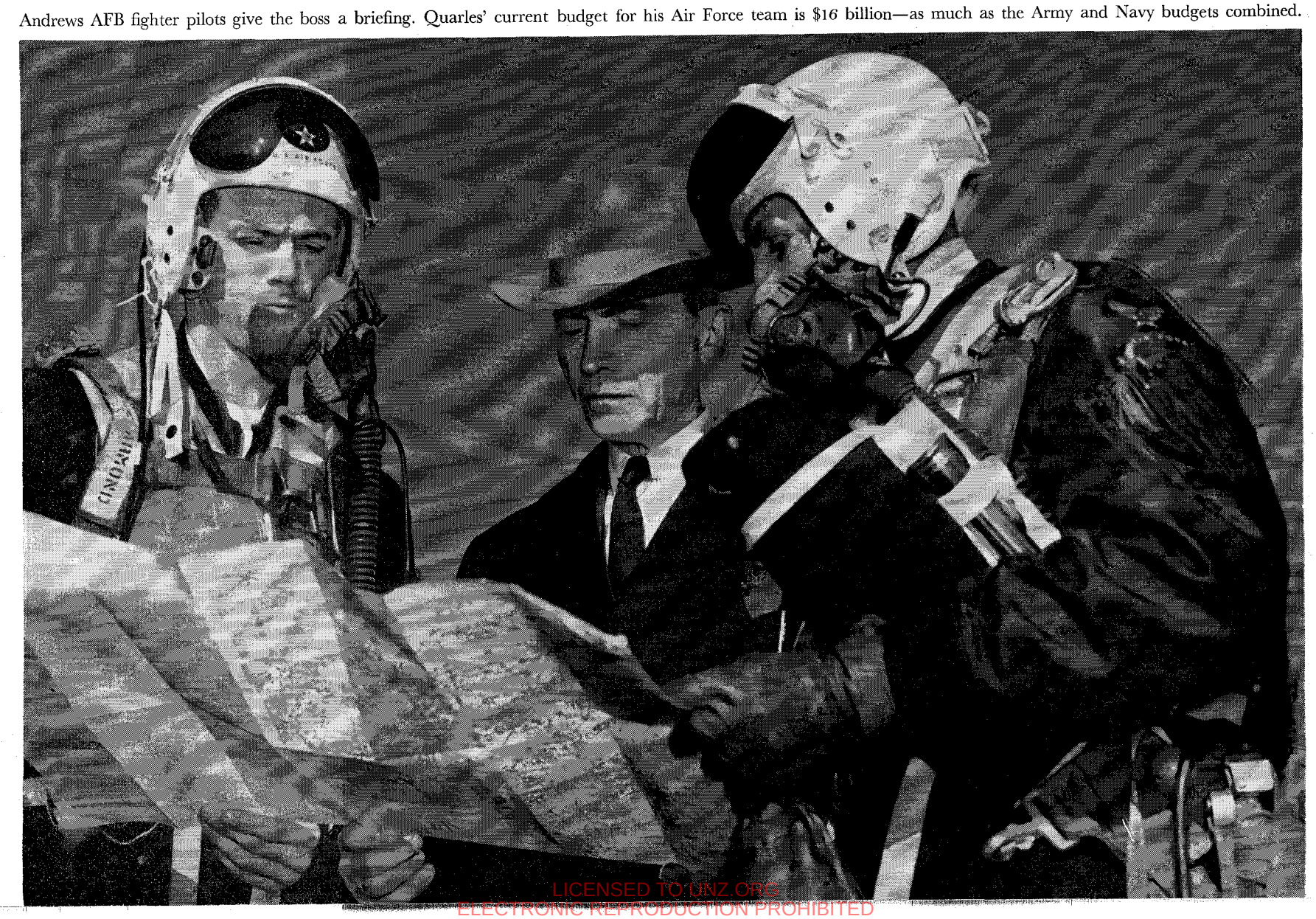
Wilson soon chose Donald Aubrey Quarles, who had been relatively anonymous as Assistant Secretary of Defense in charge of the cloistered area of Research and Development. It could be demonstrated that Quarles had mechanical and financial experience, and as Assistant Secretary he had already been confirmed by the Senate once. Only the first of the qualifications listed by Wilson must indefinitely await confirmation—by an Authority even higher than the Senate.

Actually, as Wilson well knew, he was getting much more than he asked for. Quarles is a new kind of top man in the Pentagon. For one thing, he is the first person to rise through scientific laboratories and head up one of the three armed services. From this viewpoint, his selection was logical, now that the Air Force is entering an age of fantastic push-button technology.

But Quarles' other qualities were equally important in his selection. In personality and background, he is quite unlike the Air Secretaries who preceded him—the handsome and ingratiating W. Stuart Symington, now a United States senator; the corporation lawyer and geopolitical dreamer, Thomas K. Finletter; and the bull-voiced, table-pounding Talbott. In its eight years of existence, the Air Force had been happy to have its Secretary functioning primarily as a political and public-relations operator. But today there is a feeling in the Pentagon—shared by many in the Air Force itself—that our newest military arm is past the stage where it needs to be ballyhooed.

Seeking a new Secretary, Wilson first considered a list (Continued on Page 136)

Andrews AFB fighter pilots give the boss a briefing. Quarles' current budget for his Air Force team is $16 billion—as much as the Army and Navy budgets combined.



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Cory nodded, and the tears started again.
"Please don't do that," said Neal.

Remember Me, Your Wife?

Sometimes Cory's husband didn't seem to know she existed. He had other things on his mind.

By NANCY POPE MAYORGA

Socrates was a great philosopher and teacher. He was well-known in Athens, where he lived, and well-loved by most people, especially the youth. When he was overtaken by thought on some street corner, as frequently happened, and stood, head bent, gazing at the sidewalk for hours, the passing Athenians would smile fondly, nudge each other, and say, "That's our Socrates! He's thinking!" But one noon when he was standing, lost in thought, under the window of his own house, his wife, Xanthippe, made history by opening the window and emptying the slop bucket on his head. Her explanation was that two hours ago she had sent him for a loaf of bread, and that there he was! Still standing! Everything is in the point of view.

When Cory came to Marathon College as Mrs. Neal Shepard, bride of three weeks, you could not have made much of a case with her for Xanthippe. She, too, had married a philosopher and teacher, well-loved by young and old alike at the college, respected and admired besides. Cory herself was an intellectual—small, pretty, brown-eyed and analytical. It is pleasant to note that, although she had taken her master's degree in psychology at the University of Southern California, she was swept off her feet by love as delightfully and completely as any little nitwit who had got all her education in the front seat of a parked car.

Cory was clever. She was able to put into practice in her own life what she had learned in the classroom. She knew when she married Neal Shepard that he was, for all his important position and brilliant learning, what is known as a character. When he was not with her, she used to think a great deal about him in a psychological way, and she came up with a shrewd conclusion—that what made Neal different was not the conventional absent-mindedness of the absent-minded professor, but other-mindedness. He had long since decided what were for him the important aspects of life, and he simply brushed aside such nonessentials as time, public opinion, social amenities and food.

Well, all right. He was a great man, with distinguished good looks and overwhelming personal charm, and thirty-five when she married him. She never entertained any foolish idea that she could make him over. As his wife, her job would be to see that he was fed, that he kept his appointments and that he should never appear on the streets without his trousers.

(Continued on Page 73)

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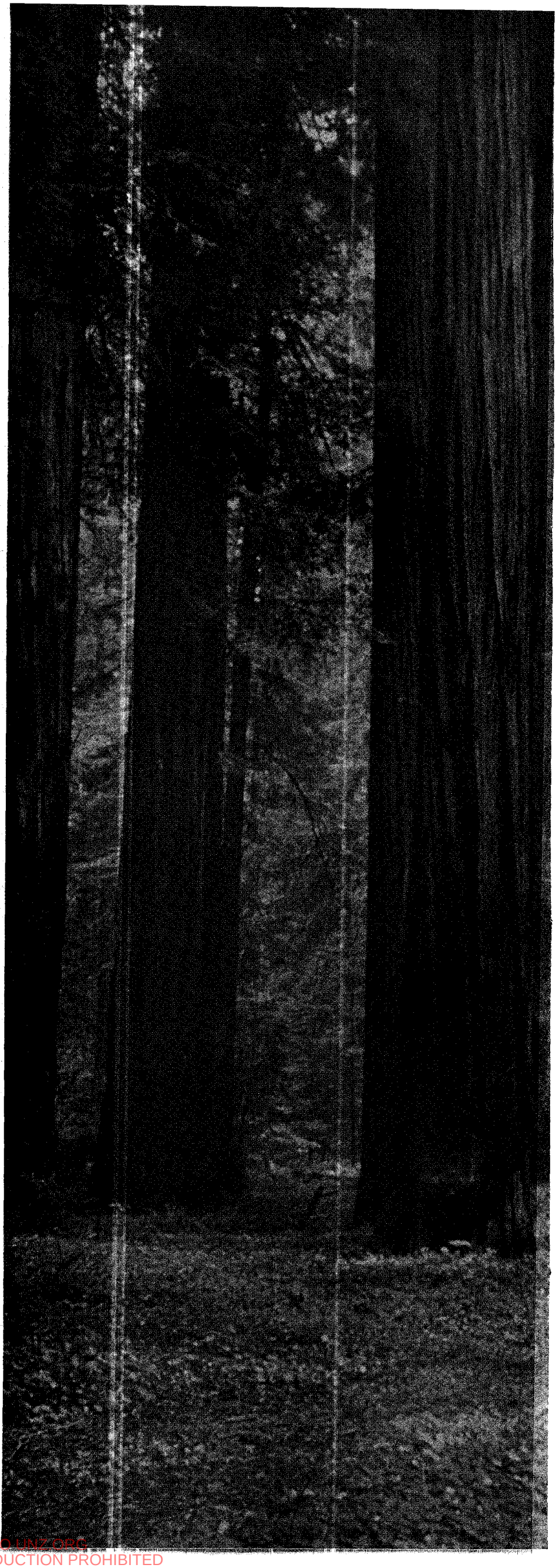
The Face of AMERICA

In Silent Majesty

When these trees were young, a Pharaoh sat on the throne of Thebes, and the druids practiced their barbarous rites in what was to become Shakespeare's Forest of Arden. Northern California's redwoods are among the oldest and largest living things, some of them well over 300 feet tall. In age and weight, they yield only to their brothers the Bigtrees—*Sequoia gigantea.* Botanists call the redwoods *sempervirens*—ever-living. Their recuperative powers are astonishing, as attested by black scars on their trunks . . . scars left by forest fires that burned unchecked long before Columbus discovered America. Once the redwoods were plundered for lumber. But foresighted Californians appealed to Caesar to spare the ancient gladiators. Since 1890, many stands have been set aside in national parks and forests. The trees shown are in the Humboldt tract along the Redwood Highway, where any citizen may picnic in a cathedrallike grove. The trees survived nature's worst, and have a good chance of escaping man's. None has yet been known to die of old age. ● Photograph by Preston Duncan



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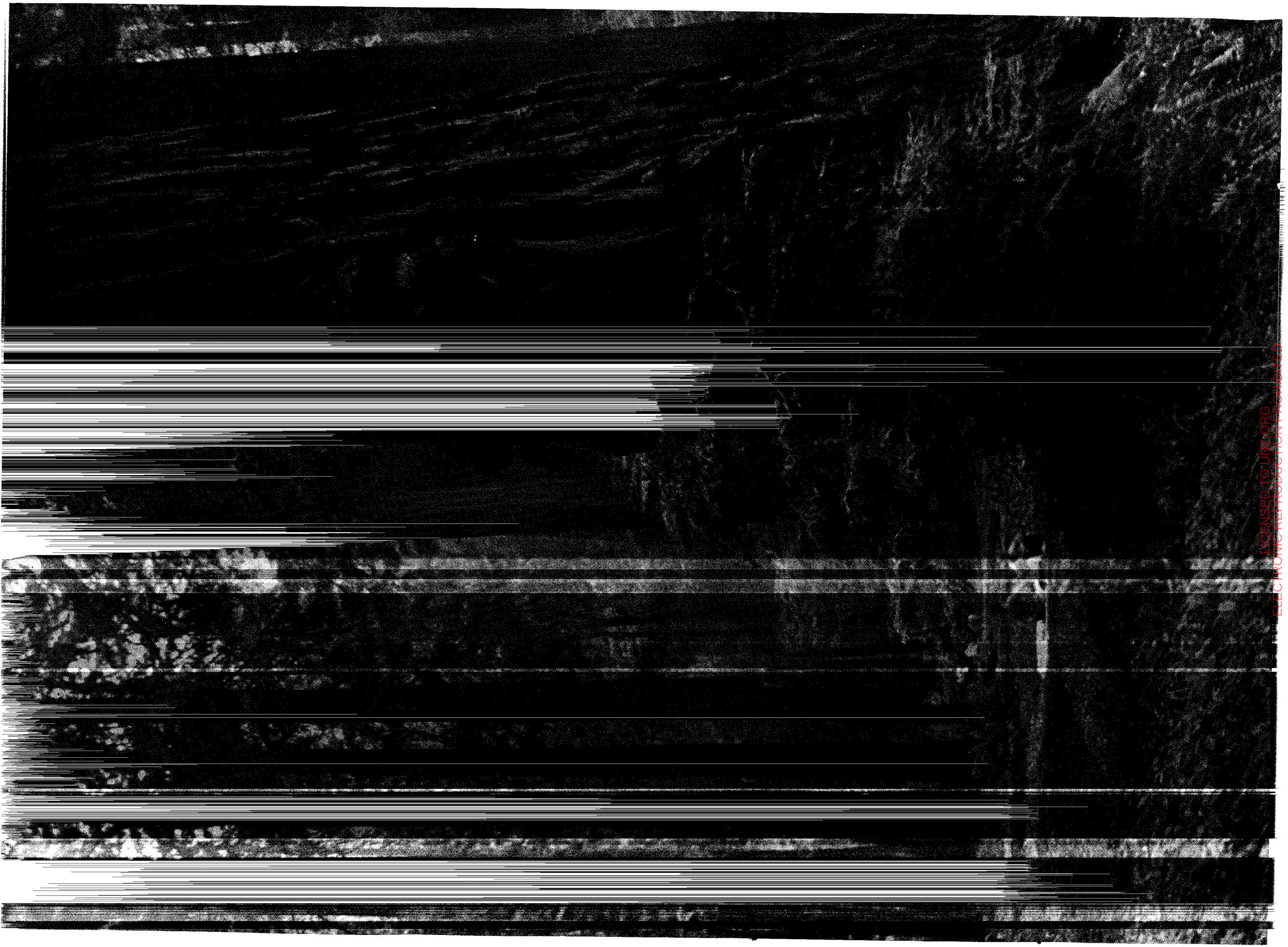

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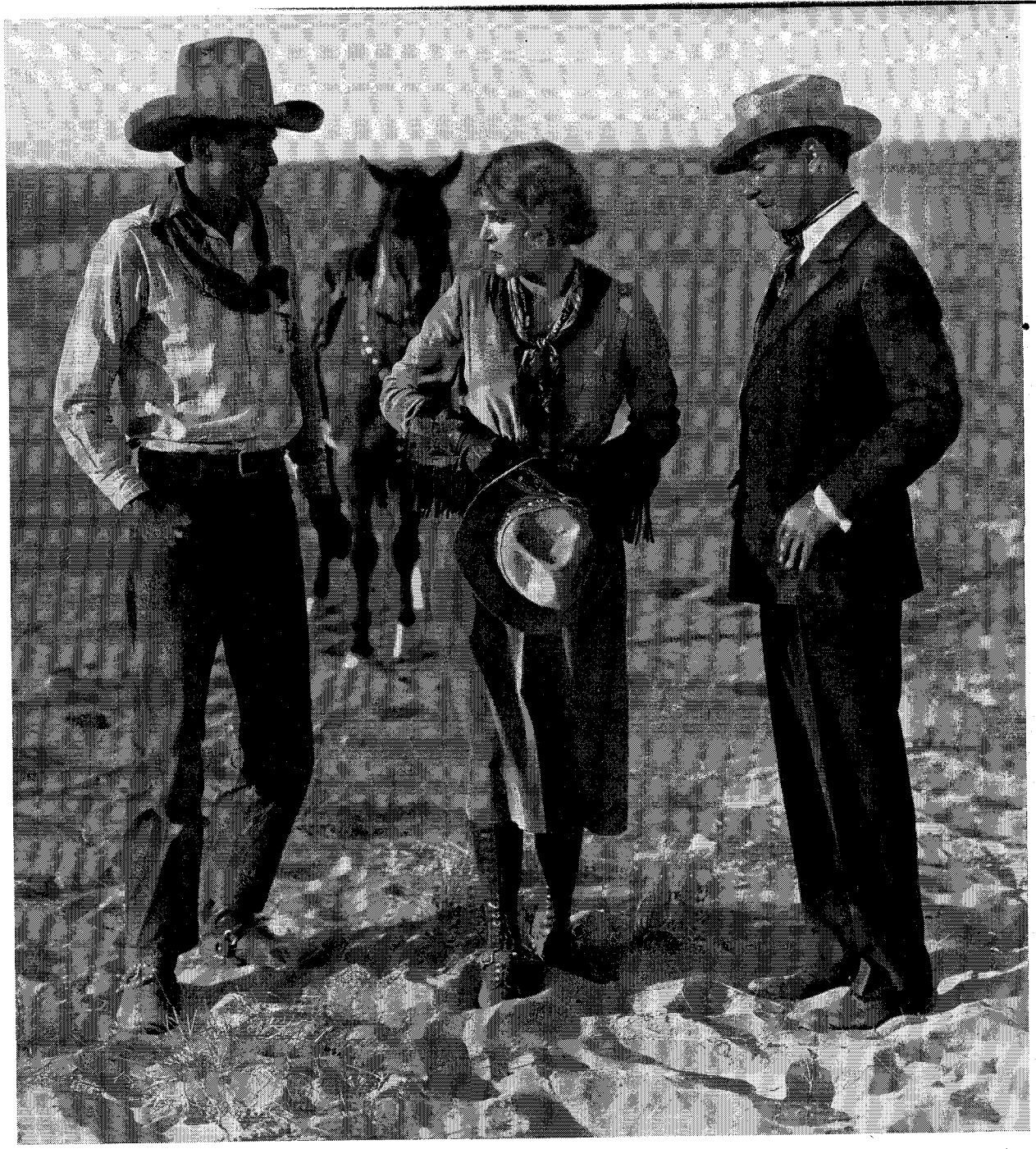


1926: The Winning of Barbara Worth, starring Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. As a dispatch rider, Cooper the bit-actor (left) learned to stagger and fall on his face.

As the fall guy in poverty-row Westerns, Cooper seemed headed for oblivion, but then he "died"– and became famous overnight.

Well, It Was This Way

By GARY COOPER

as told to George Scullin

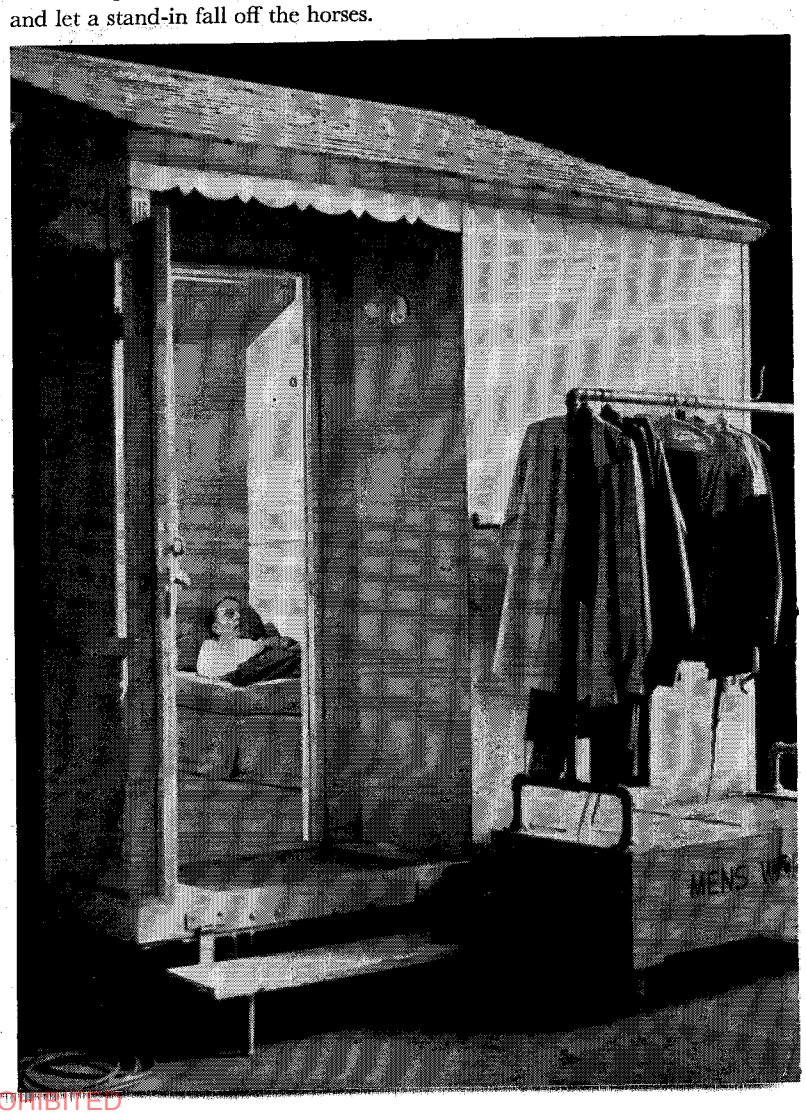
Copyright 1956 by Gary Cooper.

PART FOUR

Up to that December morning in 1924 when I made my debut as a movie actor, I had seen fewer than fifty movies in my life. I doubt that I had ever read a movie review, a fan magazine, a trade paper or anything else more informative than the caption under a bathing-beauty picture. I qualified for the job only because I was a ranch boy who could ride.

There were about twenty of us out on location that morning, meaning that we were out on that much-photographed Western prairie where a good part of Burbank now stands. In front of us, for an arroyo, we had the dry bed of the Los Angeles River. Seeing it today, walled in by concrete banks and flanked by rich homes, I find it hard to realize that at one time more stagecoaches were dumped into its floods, more bandits bushwhacked in its shallows and more Indians killed in its parched, dry bed than in all the other streams of America combined.

1956: Cooper the star can rest in his dressing room and let a stand-in fall off the horses.



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On this occasion, the twenty of us represented the United States Cavalry. I think there were nineteen officers and Private Cooper. As one detachment, we would ride through an oak grove. As another, we would sweep across the prairie; and as still another, we would skulk on foot up the dry river bed.

"It's been a long, tough campaign," the unit director informed us. "You've been chasing these Indians for hundreds of miles, but now we've got them surrounded."

Since he saw nothing unusual in the twenty of us surrounding a thousand Indians, I let it go. Anyway, my dusty costume was affecting me. Without knowing it, I was "getting into character."

The first take was the charge across the prairie.

"Spread out a hundred yards and when I fire this pistol, head for that pepper tree over yonder. A dollar extra to the guy who wins," he said.

That sounded reasonable. I passed a couple of generals on the way, but a colonel had a horse that outranked mine. I lost, but I could see where acting might not be such a bad business after all.

My second lesson in the dramatic arts was rougher.

"I want you to charge into that oak grove like there was an Indian behind every tree," said our director. "Got it?"

I was about to point out that no one could ride a horse through those trees, but I shut my mouth. If the officers couldn't see an elementary fact, it was not up to Private Cooper to volunteer the information. We charged the trees.

It was a real mess. The branches whipped into my face so hard I never did see the limb that swept me off in a backflip. A couple of guys were knocked cold, and some had broken ribs and arms. I figured the scene was ruined, but the director took it like a good sport.

"It looked like the Indians mowed you down that time," he said cheerfully. He was all for planting some fake arrows in the guys knocked cold to get "a realistic, corpselike effect," but our unit doctor, being new to the movies, insisted on reviving them first. This annoyed the director, but at the sight of us remaining wrecks he felt better.

"Don't stop the blood," he told some of us who were dabbing at our wounds. "Let's get over in the river bed for the arroyo shot." He studied us with growing satisfaction. "Yeah," he said, "real blood looks even more realistic than they can do in make-up. Let's hurry before it dries."

By the time we had skulked from rock to rock, dragging our aching bones over a quarter of a mile of river bed to the director's final satisfaction, I was beginning to suspect the director of caring more for his picture than for his actors. I knew the thought was treasonable, but I even began to suspect him of wanting us knocked cold. Preferably late in the day, after we had earned our pay.

After a free lunch in the commissary tent, the director called me to one side.

"The casting department tells me you are the best trick rider ever turned out by the state of Montana," he said in a nasty, challenging sort of way. I knew whatever was coming up was not going to be good, and mentally I began kicking around Slim Talbot, Jimmy Galen and Jimmy Calloway for the extravagant build-up they had given me. Still, they were Montana chums of mine, and I couldn't let them down.

"Yup," I said. "That's about right."

"Then I'm sure you won't mind doing a little fall for me this afternoon," the director went on, still in that nasty voice. "A simple, easy little fall from a galloping horse. You don't even have to take the horse down with you. Just fall off his back. O.K.?"

"Yup."

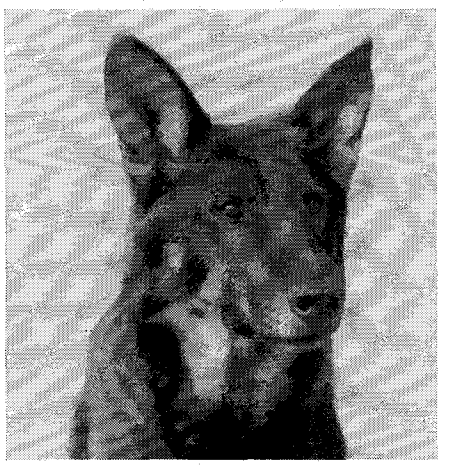
(Continued on Page 91)

NEXT WEEK

Cooper reveals how he learned the difference between sweet-talking a horse and making love to madcap Clara Bow.

John Barrymore's profile (above) was quite like Cooper's, the young extra told producers.

Watching Rudolph "The Sheik" Valentino in action reminded Cooper how miserable he was at Hollywood lovemaking technique.



The late Rin-Tin-Tin, Cowpoke Cooper was allowed a brief scene with the dog's stand-in.

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It was a wonderful game,
which both of them could lose.

Race For Love

By JOSEPH CARTER

Diana Delahaye knew George Watson slightly, because her father handled Watson's insurance and he had been at their place in Carmel a couple of times; but it was not through Watson that she met Guido Romano, though that would have been more logical. She met Romano by accident.

She was driving from San Francisco to Carmel on a sunny Friday in October, in a foreign car her father had given her for her birthday. The gift was almost a total waste of money. Diana knew next to nothing about automobiles, much less about sports cars. Also, this car was something of a prima donna. It was moody about starting, and sixty miles out of San Francisco, this particular afternoon, it stopped.

Diana was not worried. A girl of her age, with clear, tanned skin and tawny blond hair, is not much worried about a car breakdown on a public highway in full daylight. But she was annoyed. When the engine cut, she coasted as far as she could and turned off the highway; then remained behind the steering wheel while she lit a cigarette.

"Damn," she said without emotion.

After she had smoked half the cigarette, enjoying the lovely day, the pleasure of the warm sun on her skin, she got out of the car and raised the hood. This was part of a technique. She hadn't the faintest idea what she was looking at, but it would indicate to male motorists that she was having trouble. That was how she met Romano.

He came along rather faster than he should, and locked the brakes. As he walked back to her, her mind said, *He looks nice.* She was of an age for her mind to think such things, for every juice in her body had known for some while that it was time for her to be married. She had no particular man in mind, but her body knew, and so she looked at men in this way. It was not a bold look, nor an inviting one—nor even speculative.

"There is something wrong with your car?" Romano asked as he came up.

The accent was faint, but there was the way he phrased the question, the slow delivery. He was thinking in one language and translating himself into another. She looked at him quickly and he smiled. He had a nice smile that crinkled the corners of his eyes, and his teeth were startlingly white in his dark tanned face. "I am Italian," he said. "I speak English, but you must talk to me slowly and as if I were a child."

She smiled herself. "All right. There is something wrong with the car."

He looked at her white linen dress.

"That is not just the costume for a sports car," he said, and looked at her again. This time he said nothing. After a moment, he turned to the engine.

"It has fuel?" he asked.

"It has fuel," she said.

"Then you will be kind enough to sit in the driver's place and turn on the ignition and start the motor."

She slid behind the wheel and pressed the starter. He waved his hand. "Wait," he said; "my tools." He walked to his car, and she watched him go and come with his tools.

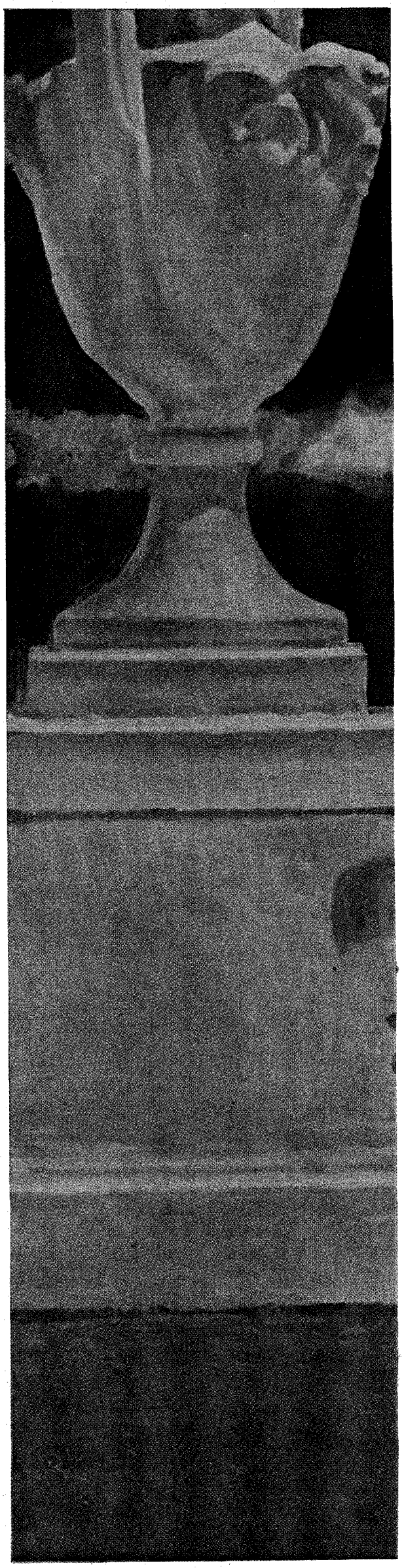
"Again, please," he said. After a moment, he withdrew his head. "Not the ignition," he said; "and if there is anything about a car that does not please me, it is working on carburetors. Let us hope it is something simple. . . . Ignition off, please."

He emerged after a longer interval.

"Your fuel pump leaves something to be desired," he said. "Now try it."

After a moment, the engine coughed, sputtered, then roared into life. He waved his hand.

(Continued on Page 54)



Illustrated by Mortimer Wilson

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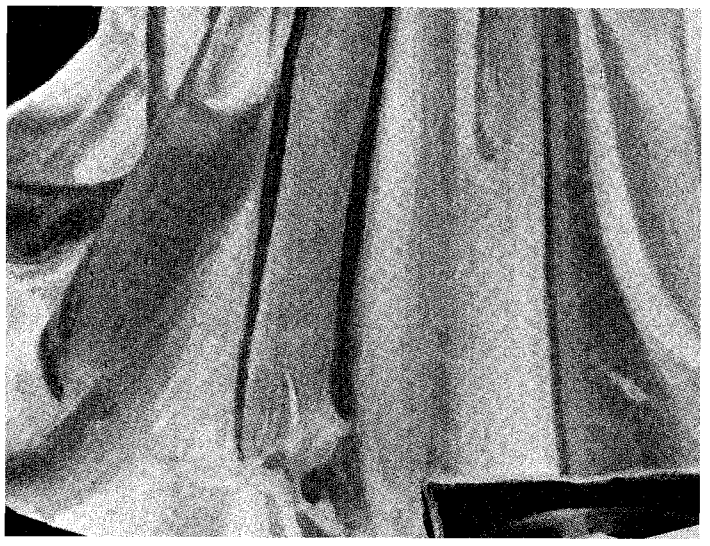

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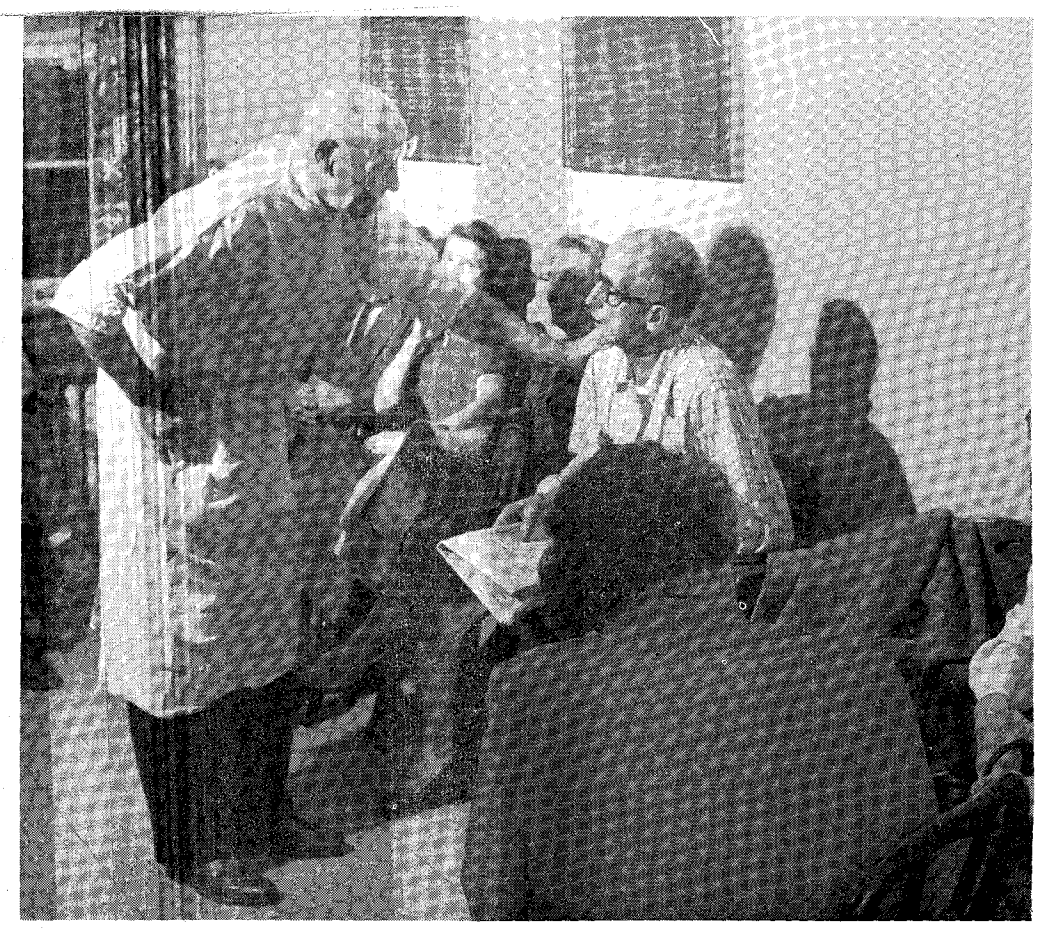

At the busy Hess Urological Clinic in Erie, Pa. "We never put a price on admission to our clinic," Hess declares. "We never argue. We just take care of sick folks."

Doctor Hess thinks his fellow physicians should accept criticism with better grace. ". . . We spend too much time telling each other what great humanitarians we are."

Dr. Elmer Hess, outspoken head of the A.M.A., doesn't believe in reticence about anything, not even his own fees. A portrait of the medical world's mouthpiece.

The Doctor Who Sticks His Neck Out

By GREER WILLIAMS

One of the great medical discoveries of our time has escaped appropriate notice. It is that laymen have intelligence—or insist that doctors treat them as if they did. Some doctors still question this. They look upon the lay mind as an inferior organ, not to be trusted with all the facts. This may be a sound approach in the case of a sick person who might lose faith in his doctor and suffer a setback if he knew how baffling his case was to the physician. However, this attitude fails to make any distinction between the sick and the healthy. The healthy public is the main source of resentment against medicine's so-called "conspiracy of silence" about medical, moral and financial facts. Thanks to their discovery that these days well people want to be well informed, more and more doctors are breaking with the tradition of secrecy.

One doctor who recognizes that it is necessary to confide in the public to win public confidence is Elmer Hess, 1955–56 president of the American Medical Association. That the much-criticized "medical trust" would elect such a spokesman reveals how far it has come in the last twenty-five years. About that long ago its onetime mouthpiece, Dr. Morris Fishbein, denounced voluntary health insurance as "socialism, communism, inciting to revolution," and called Blue Cross hospitalization plans "half-baked schemes." Today, 104,000,000 persons have hospital, and 89,000,000 have medical-surgical, insurance. And the A.M.A. approves, as long as it is voluntary.

A rough, tough, sixty-six-year-old surgical urologist from Erie, Pennsylvania, known as a fine clinician as well as a successful medical politician, Doctor Hess is the public-relations man's dream of a good doctor. Elmer Hess talks freely to everybody. True, some doctors think he talks too much. He is frank about everything, even his fees and how well he does financially.

Hess is Exhibit A to prove that doctors are human, after all. When Pennsylvania doctors put over a stirring campaign in June, 1954, to make him A.M.A. president of the following year, his first official comment was "Gosh!" When friends advised him to conduct himself with greater dignity, becoming the highest office in organized medicine, he snorted, "No one would know me." Doctors everywhere know Elmer Hess for his friendly understanding of the physician as both a spiritual and an economic man, and for remembering, as he says, "Doctors take care of sick folks—period."

Skilled in understanding differing viewpoints and yet generally in accord with the medical profession's conservatism, Hess enlivens dull doctor talk with such expressions as "in my book," "my boys," "see what I mean?", "get my point?" and, of course, the word "period," used as an oral exclamation point. Thus we may hear him hammering a favorite theme in this fashion: "In my book, the biggest curse of medicine is professional jealousy. If patients ask for one of my boys (his two partners), I'm happy. I'd let either one of my boys operate on me—period. See what I mean? Do you get my point?"

"He sees the point and stresses it beyond all recognition," explains a good radiologist friend. "Probably he makes so many enemies because of his ability to talk and the frequency with which he does it," observes his own physician, a quiet-mannered internist who semi-annually finds Hess in good health, and short of breath only when he smokes too much.

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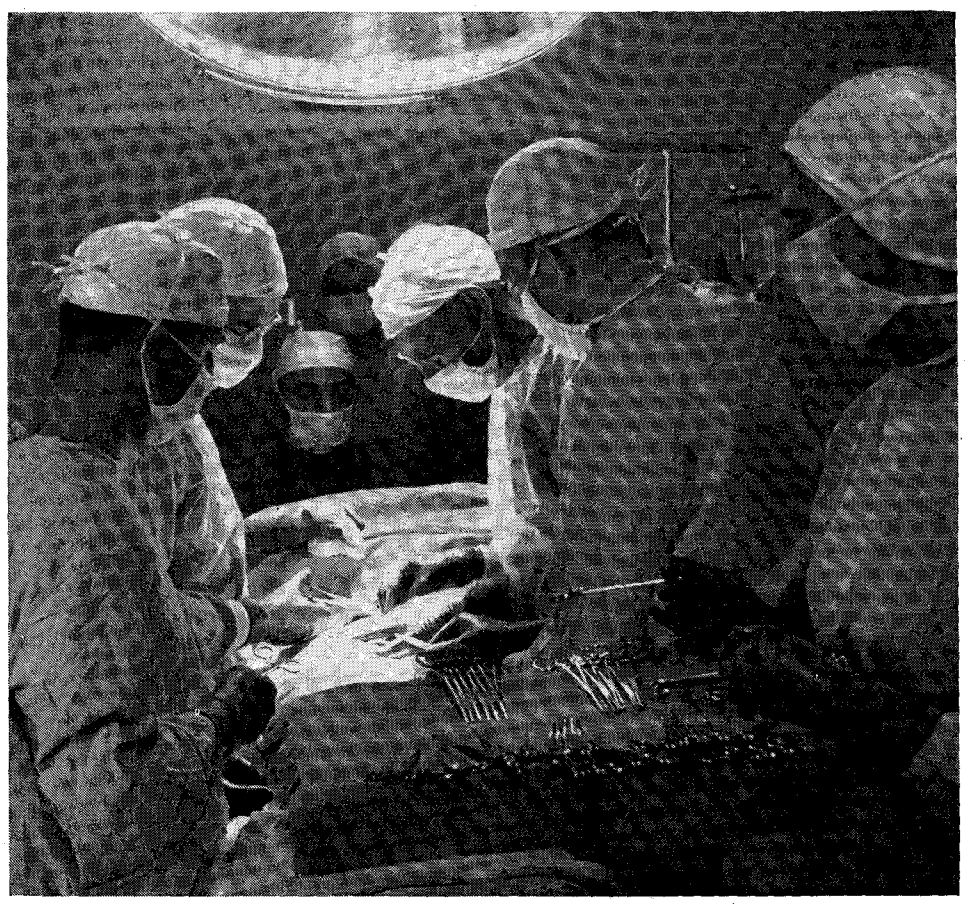

Urologists call themselves "medicine's plumbers." Plumber Hess often performs surgical operations continuously from 9:00 A.M. until midafternoon.

Postoperative bull session: Doctors McLaren, Kaminsky, Hess, Roth and Good. "I've always been a money-maker," Hess says. His income has run as high as $100,000 a year.

Photographs by Larry Keighley

Hess is equally compelling in physical appearance. A six-footer and something of an athlete in his day, he has a bald dome, a large jaw and a rugged moon of a face with nose flared at the tip and flattened at the bridge. His smile is broad, but his blue eyes are hard and appraising. Centered in his forehead are two deep little grooves caused by his habit of wearing his spectacles on his forehead. One family doctor says he likes Hess for the same reason the Erie Daily Times does: "He speaks the language of the people."

Hess, son-in-law John Luther, daughter Hope, dog Ug (which is G.U.—genito-urinary—backwards).

Perhaps there is nothing to the notion that every crisis produces the best man to meet it. Still, the A.M.A. could have done far worse than make Elmer Hess president at this particular time when it is making a determined bid for public favor. A confusing blend of scientific society, trade-union and doctors' lobby, the association seeks to uphold the highest standards of professional conduct and yet be all things to all doctors. This is a good formula for getting spread-eagled, a position in which the A.M.A. sometimes finds itself.

The big difficulty is that doctors often disagree—with one another, with their organization and with the public. This makes it impossible for A.M.A. officials to maintain a serene, uniformly dignified front. So much so that certain officials may be pictured as filled with a deep yearning for unlimited public esteem, plus a dark suspicion that critics are conspiring to discredit the medical profession and drive us all into socialized medicine, a fate far worse than paying the bills of private physicians.

About the time Hess was saying "Gosh," events had produced a press agent's nightmare. This was the period of soul searching, when the American College of Surgeons encouraged the press to take a long hard look at certain rips in the seams of medical ethics. Headlines told of fee splitting, unjustified surgery and ghost surgery. (PATIENTS FOR SALE, The Saturday Evening Post, January 16, 1954.)

Top A.M.A. doctors were grievously embarrassed. His election soon was to make Hess a two-year member of their board of trustees, but they could have used his friendly frankness right then. They feared that all the A.M.A. had done to win the public, at the cost of $300,000 or $400,000 a year, would go down the drain. Organization men spoke to one another in bleak tones of the public's hostility. An Indiana surgeon put it best perhaps: "People hate every doctor except their own."

Then came Hess, as strong-flavored and many-cornered as a block of rock salt, and completely unalarmed about anything. Perhaps it was coincidence, but almost immediately the sun began to peek from behind the medical clouds. Hess' advice to doctors was to "give a little."

"I find that the general public attitude toward physicians (Continued on Page 133)

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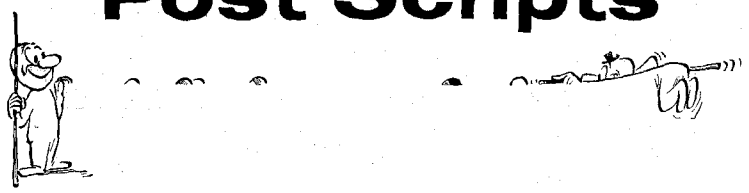
Post Scripts



Now is the Hour

My wish of the moment
Is simply to witness
That timely conjunction,
That temporal freak,
When the Man of the Year
Reads the Book of the Month
And the Queen for a Day
Sees the Game of the Week.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

White-Collar Girl

I am getting tired of reading protests about how there isn't a chance for the young girl of today to get a really good job in business. She isn't taken seriously enough, and all that.

This is strictly baloney. When I first entered the world of business, sometime after the Hundred Years War, girls came to work with an education, flat shoes, tightly done-up hair, thick glasses and a minimum of gab. They took dictation or kept books ten hours a day, six days a week, got eleven dollars every Friday for it, and were thrilled.

Today, the girl comes out of school, where she has learned the mambo, how to do petit point, French as it was spoken in Marseilles in 1870, English as it was never written, formula feeding, applied psychology—or how to duck work—and a smattering of business arithmetic that I took in the second grade.

She does not appear at the office prim and eager for work, three pencils stuck in her bun and an ink eraser tied around her neck. No, sir-ree! She appears got up ready for the Dance of the Seven Veils, smelling like a florist's shop on a hot day, and starts looking around for the good-looking men with well-paying jobs.

When she does sit down to her desk, after bouncing around to the water cooler to show off her figure to any latecomers, she does not dash off that epistle to Marcus & Hopper about being sharp re that shipment of fishhooks; nor does she tot up rapidly the Reserve for Taxes and Furniture and Fixtures accounts. No, indeedy. She slips the carbon in between the sheets of paper backward and mulls over a bitter note to her swain Abercrombie Thataway who dropped his watch in the punch bowl last night and further shamed himself by going in head first after it. She wants to make it clear she never wants to see Ab again. But she doesn't want to make it too clear.

When the letter is done it's time for lunch, and she hangs around the time clock looking beautiful and hungry until someone invites her to a light lunch where she eats lobster sauté.

If she does, after a year or so, manage to learn how to type a letter or do simple double-entry bookkeeping without getting lipstick and mascara on the ledger sheets, she gets married and quits to have twins.

If she does stick around a few years, she wants a hundred a week, a month's paid vacation, free permanent waves, no dictation from men over forty-three, guaranteed annual wage, and a posture chair done up in chartreuse.

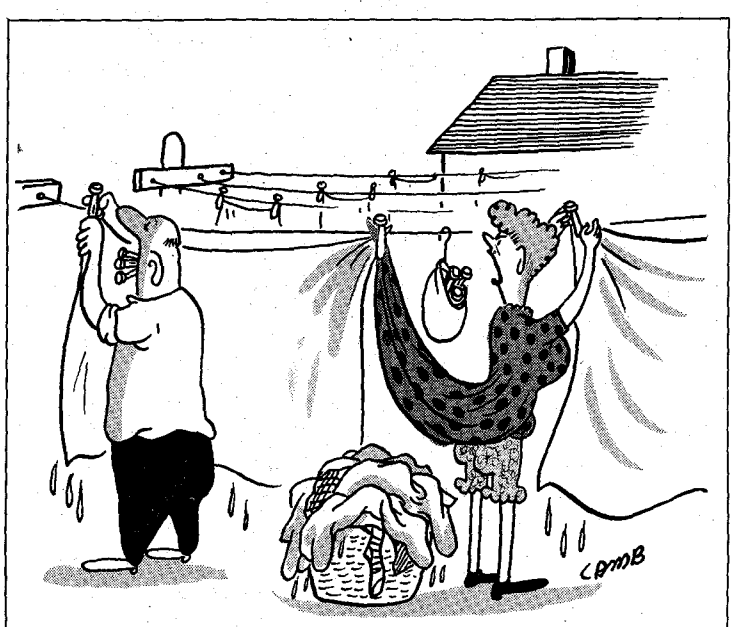
She should have been around when my first stenographer had to run the freight elevator on Saturdays.

GIDEON GAY

Tea-Party Tease

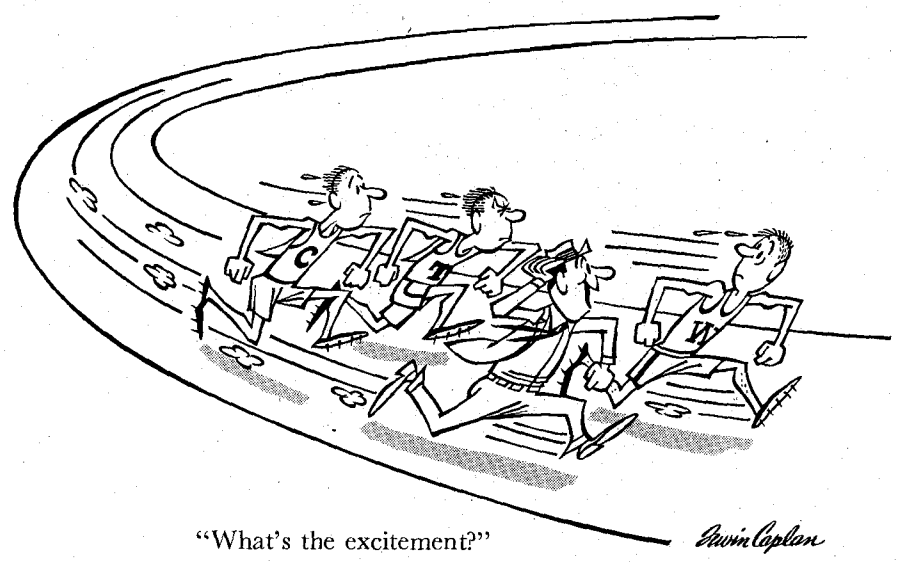
One thing for which I do not care,
To which I'd like to give the air,
Forever, is the wafer-thin,
Aesthetic slice of lemon in
A cup of tea. This, to my mind,
Is too aggressively refined,
So do fork over, if you please,
A section big enough to squeeze!

MARGARET FISHBACK ANTOLINI



"Henry—will you watch what you're doing?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"What's the excitement?"

Irwin Caplan

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Stop Me If You've Already Been Promoted

Aside from golf, nothing is more important for rapid advancement in the business world than the ability to tell a joke well. I know a vice president of a respected investment firm who wonders why he isn't president. It's very simple. The poor sap tells a joke backward.

He says, "Did I tell you the joke about the two rich Texans who were buying a high-price car, and one of them said, 'No, no, let me pay for it; you paid for the lunch?' . . . No? . . . Well, it seems these two Texans were having lunch ——"

And he tells you the whole joke. Naturally, nobody would make him president of anything.

A man I know, a lawyer, spent fourteen years in law school, majoring in torts. He came out and accepted a tortship with the firm of Ketchum and Skinnem. He had talent, beauty and brains. All wasted, because when this lawyer—who is leaving Ketchum and Skinnem next week—tells a joke, he gets halfway through it and can't remember the rest. This man's life is blasted.

Some people are overly afraid that the listener has already heard the joke. I am reminded of a banker of my acquaintance. A man named Pierpont. He wanted to merge his bank, which didn't have much money in it, with a New York City bank with money sticking out all over it.

Everything was all set. In another fifteen minutes the important papers would have been signed. But Pierpont asked the great financier if he had heard the story about the convict.

"No," said the G. F.

"Where the convict trains this ant to stand on its hind legs?"

"Never heard it."

"The joke isn't new," said Pierpont, "so I thought probably you had heard it."

"I don't think so."

"Well, it seems this convict went to prison for thirty years —— You haven't heard it?"

"No, no."

"So the convict wonders how he is going to keep from being bored —— You're sure you haven't heard it?"

"No," said the financier, "I haven't heard it. And I don't care if I never hear it. Good day!"

Those papers never were signed. Pierpont made some attempt to carry on, but his life was over. His resignation was requested by the country club and a week later they called in his school tie. All because he couldn't tell a joke properly.

On the other hand, a well-told joke can be a definite business asset. For example, I told a joke to a business acquaintance the other day and as a result he is going to order two carloads of flypaper. He was supposed to call me today, but I see it's after six. No doubt he will call me tomorrow.

JOHN SWARTWOUT

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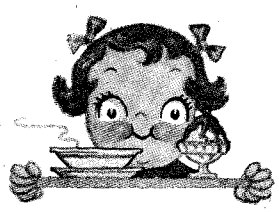
Soup and a sweet  a pleasant treat!

M'm! M'm! Good!

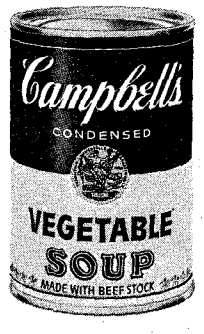
Do you *go* for desserts—in a big way? Get terribly hungry for cake, pie or ice cream? Well, this is one way to have your cake and watch your waistline, too.

Before your sweet—have a good soup! Campbell's Vegetable Soup, for instance! There's a lunch that satisfies any weight watcher's conscience. It brings you the vitamins, minerals and proteins *of 15* country-garden *vegetables*, carefully cooked in a seasoned broth that is distinctively Campbell's. Yet a regular 7-oz. serving of vegetable soup is low in calories. Still room for a dessert.

So next time you feel like a sweet, have it—but have soup first. The combination makes great eating.

GOOD SOUPS WITH SWEETS

Beef	Chicken Noodle	Scotch Broth
Beef Noodle	Clam Chowder	Vegetable
Chicken with Rice	Tomato	Vegetable Beef
Chicken Gumbo		



Campbell's

SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS

VITAMINS, MINERALS and LIQUIDS
—for general well-being

PROTEINS—for upkeep and growth

CARBOHYDRATES—for energy

Once a day . . . every day . . . SOUP!

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Look into the GMAC financing service.
Ask your General Motors dealer who uses the GMAC Plan
about its reasonable cost... its thrifty terms fitted to your needs
...assistance if your circumstances change... and
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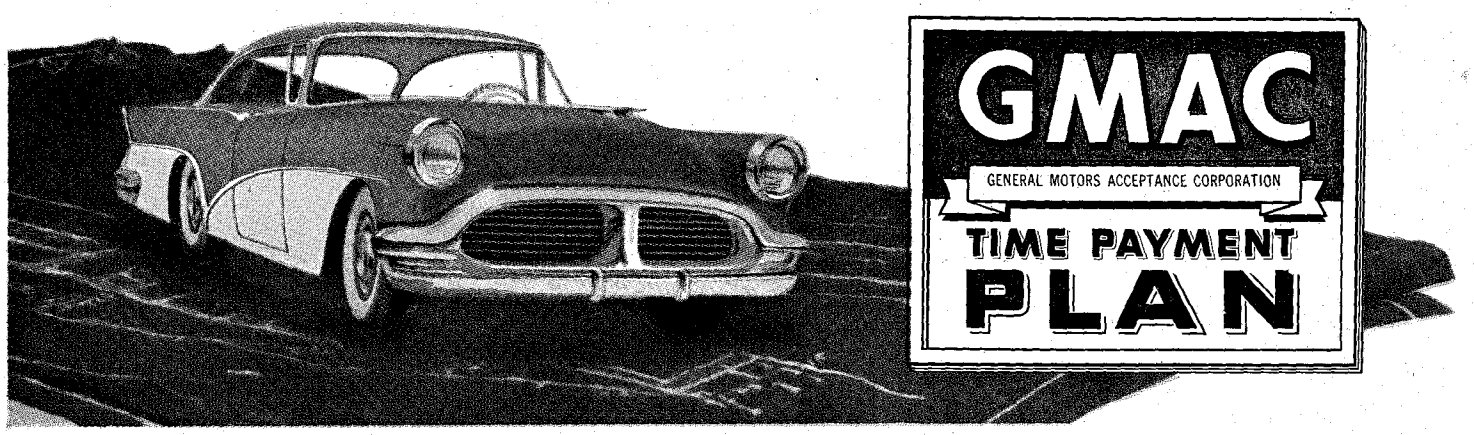

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A gallows, a whaleboat,

a mousetrap that

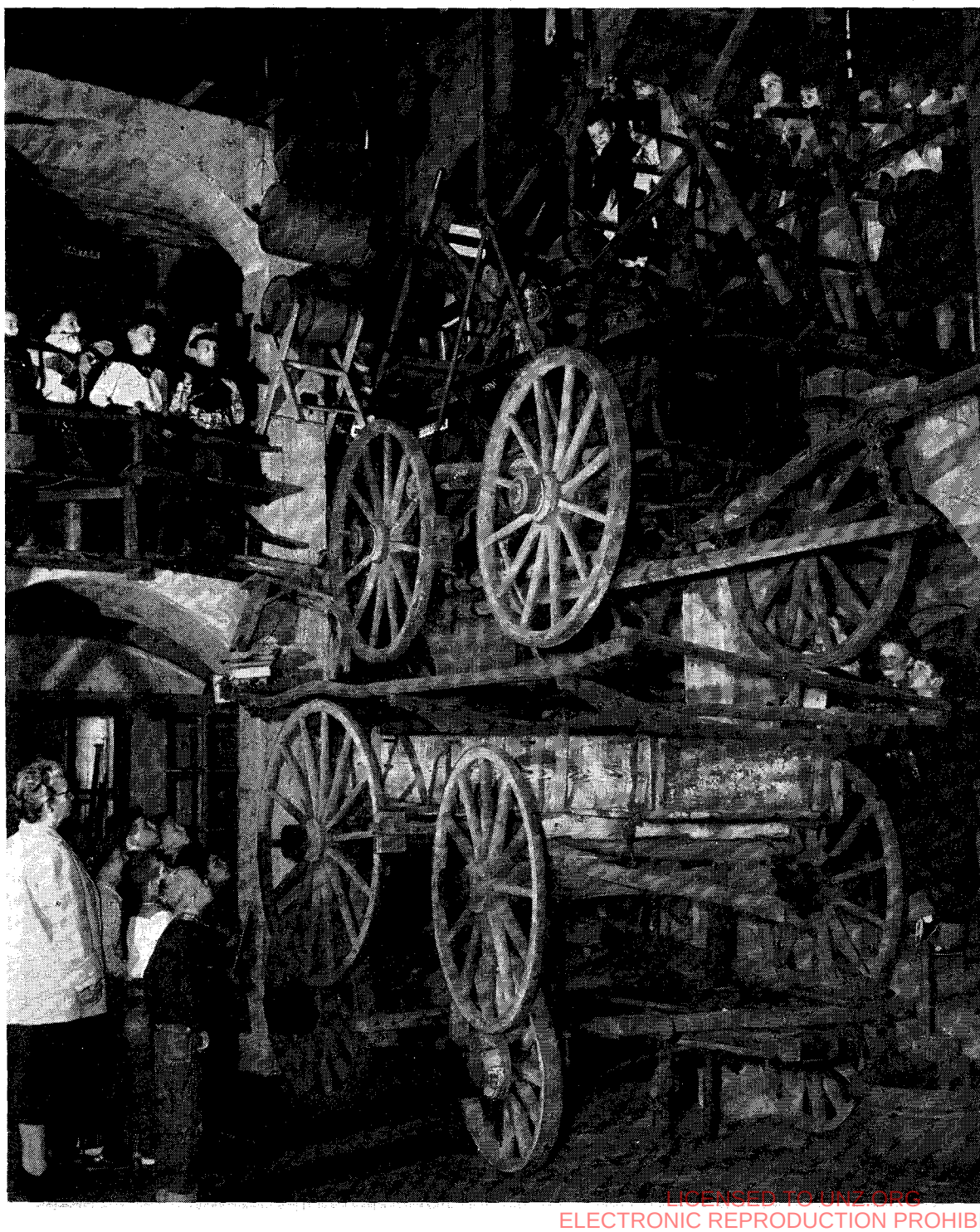
grabs mice from behind. . . . Here are

the weird treasures of

Curiosity Castle

By ASHLEY HALSEY, JR.

Visiting schoolchildren see for themselves what kind of tools and equipment their forefathers used. Antique vehicles are a nineteenth-century fire engine and two farm wagons.



One dismal, rainy evening, two law officers from a remote part of Pennsylvania, seeking to lodge a dangerous prisoner overnight in the Bucks County jail at Doylestown, followed street directions and tore up to a towering concrete building with iron-barred windows. They beat in vain on the heavy door. While one remained in their car with the shackled desperado, the other cased the rear of the building.

"Damnedest jail I ever saw," he reported back.

Pointing across the street, his partner asked, "What's that building over there?"

Just then another car drew up and a lanky, heavy-mustached man, greatly resembling the traditional sheriff in a Western movie, got out.

"Are you the warden?" one of the law officers asked.

"No, I'm the curator," came the reply. "If it's the jail you want, that's it across the street. This is a museum."

Large signs now distinguish between museum and jail, and the principal intercourse between the two public institutions is on visitors' day at the jail. "Lots of their visitors come over to kill time and use our rest rooms," a museum attendant once said, "and they're welcome, because they behave better than some other people we get."

The museum, tallest landmark in Doylestown, houses the Bucks County Historical Society's collection of more than 26,000 early American implements, furnishings and vehicles, one of the finest catalogued collections of its kind. In assembling a comprehensive assortment of everything pertaining to American living of the 1700's and 1800's, the museum in some respects is grimmer than the jail across the street.

Item: the jail has no instrument of capital punishment, as Pennsylvania now electrocutes all its condemned in Rockview Penitentiary, Bellefonte; but the (Continued on Page 63)

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WHY SHOP AROUND FOR TRUCK TIRES WHEN A

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You've heard of Goodyear's famous Hi-Miler Rib truck tire. For years, it's been the choice of America's biggest trucking fleets—*and now it's better than ever!*

And everybody's talking about 3-T CORD—its amazing strength and durability! 3-T CORD has cut bruise breaks and blowouts to new low records—gives longer mileage and more recaps.

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Raphael ran out and grabbed Sue-Ellen.

The river's edge
is a dangerous place.
The current is swift . . .
and deadly.

MURDER IN DISGUISE

By NANCY RUTLEDGE

Father Tim opened his eyes slowly and looked at Raphael. "I'm sorry," Father Tim told Amelia Dooley. "He is not your nephew."

Raphael had been traveling with Mynnelu Schultz, his partner in a vaudeville act, when he met Benjy Neils. Neils, who was wearing an expensive suit, asked Raphael to change clothes with him. Raphael agreed to the exchange. But when Benjy pulled a gun on him, Raphael knocked him off the train.

Fearful he would face a murder charge, Raphael decided to leave Mynnelu and disappear. From some letters in Neils' wallet, Raphael learned of Benjy's plan to pose as the lost nephew of Mrs. Amelia Dooley, a wealthy, childless widow. Raphael decided to assume Benjy's role as impostor.

Miss Amelia accepted Raphael as her nephew. But a hitch developed in Raphael's plans when Folly, the housekeeper, hired a new maid. The maid was Mynnelu. Mynnelu told Raphael that she expected to share any fortune he inherited, and threatened to turn him in to the police if he attempted to get away from her.

Smiley, a man who had known Benjy, also tried to blackmail Raphael. Raphael eliminated Smiley by shooting him and throwing his body into the river.

As a check on his identity, Raphael was taken to see Father Tim, the man to whom Miss Amelia's sister had given her child. Father Tim insisted Raphael was not the child. But Miss Amelia and her lawyer, Ichabod Carr, were not sure Father Tim was right, for, until then, Raphael's story checked. The fact that Raphael possessed Miss Amelia's sister's ring was proof he was the right claimant.

Kathi, Miss Amelia's secretary, tried to learn where Raphael had obtained the ring. But, although he was in love with her, Raphael refused to tell the truth.

When Raphael returned to the house, a man was waiting for him. "Mr. Raphael Jordan?" he said. "I'm from the police."

IV

Folly, deep in the linen closet, roared at Mynnelu, "Haven't you got those sheets counted yet? What have you been doing? Why are you hanging around the front hall? Listening?"

Mynnelu traced a pattern on the floor with her tiny foot. "I'll count the sheets right away."

Folly pushed back her orange hair. "It's time you and me had a showdown, young woman. Maids are (Continued on Page 111)

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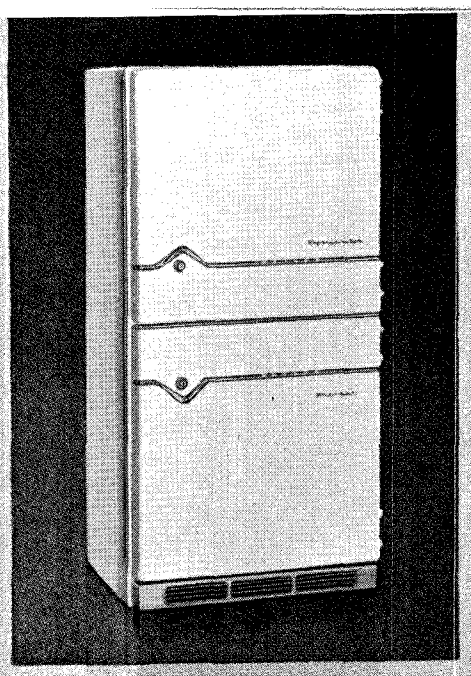

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2-Door Refrigerators Now at One-Door Prices. The Super Marketer is one of many years ahead advances from Philco for 1956. Two-door refrigerators now at no premium in price...and with famous Philco features too! New fully automatic Twin System models even at lowest prices. Don't settle for less. Choose a 1956 Philco . . . with everything to make the woman's world automatic.

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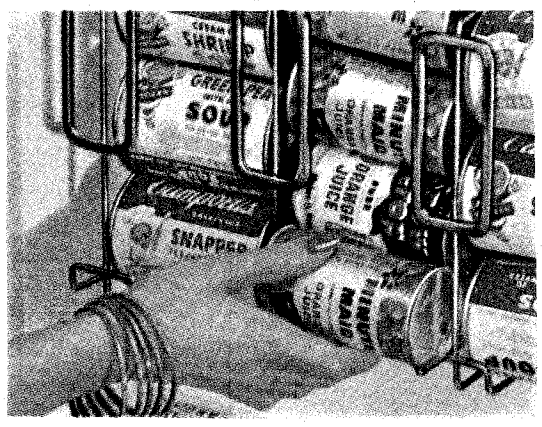

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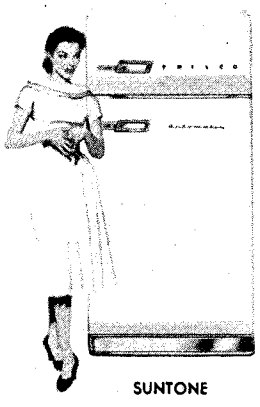

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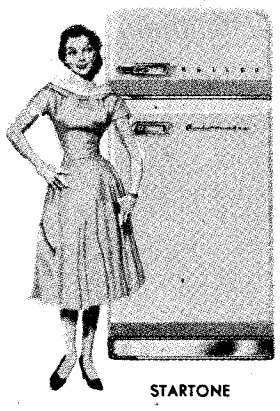

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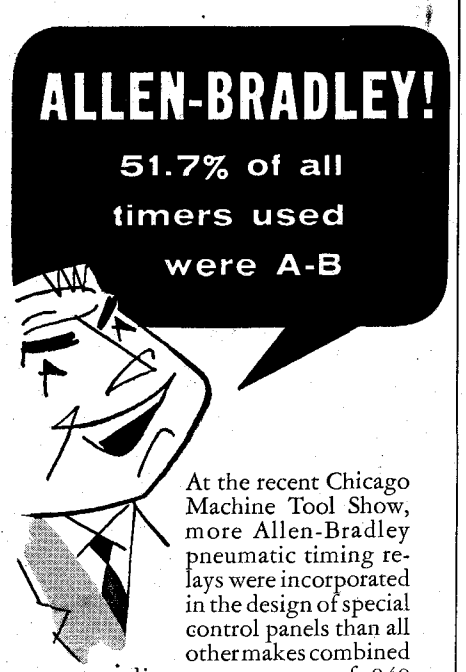

At the recent Chicago Machine Tool Show, more Allen-Bradley pneumatic timing relays were incorporated in the design of special control panels than all other makes combined—according to a survey of 849 machines. Furthermore, Allen-Bradley led in motor starters, relays, and disconnect switches, too!

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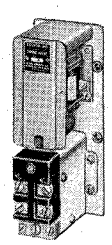

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The Preferred Line

Race For Love (Continued from Page 42)

"Never turn an engine that fast while standing still," he said. He spoke rather sharply, but Diana decided to ignore it. After all, he had fixed the car. She let the motor idle and stepped out. He was wiping grease from his hands, stowing away his tools.

"You've been most kind," she said, as a proper girl should.

"No," he said. "I have a favor. Could I test it a little? I have never driven this make of car. It should be tested."

"All right," she said.

He went away with his tools and came back with a pair of thin worn leather gloves with no fingers. He locked the hood and slung himself in beside her, under the wheel. He revved the engine briefly and started off, shifting up through the speeds with quick blasts of sound so swiftly that before Diana had adjusted herself to the lurch of the start, they were half a mile down the road, in fourth and doing eighty miles an hour.

He was an expert, Diana decided, but California law does not allow for experts. She leaned toward him and tapped the speedometer with her finger. He looked, scowled briefly and she felt the car slow.

"Anyone who has a sports car in America is a fool," he said. "Watson has told me it is because there are so many autos, but it takes away the sport, having a speed limit. And it ruins the car."

Driving was obviously a serious business with him, Diana thought. He did not lounge; he sat almost over the wheel; he held it with both hands and he did not take his hands off.

"You drive beautifully," she said.

"I am a driver," he answered, without turning his head. He had come to a driveway; in a series of motions so smooth it seemed like one, he stopped, backed in and shot out onto the highway again, heading back. When he came to his own car, he turned hers around once more and came in ahead of it. "A nice little car, your car," he said. "Nice pickup and nice response."

He shut off the engine, slid out from under the wheel and smiled down at her.

"You, too, are very nice," he said.

"Nice response?" she asked. "Or nice pickup?"

He shook his head. "I am not sure I understand the meaning, and I feel this is not the time to make a mistake by pretending I do. Is just nice all right?"

"It is," she said.

"Where do you live?"

She made no move to start the car.

"I'm going to be at Carmel for a few weeks."

"Carmel?"

"A town. On the ocean."

He took off his driving glove and reached into his pocket for a wallet. He gave her a card. GUIDO ROMANO, VIA DE VILLA MARGHERITA, ROMA. Not much there.

"I am here in California with a man named George Watson, if you care for American references," he said. "He is a man of estates, he is interested in auto racing. I am to race in Mexico." He looked down at her, his face intent. "The race is not for some time and I would like to see you again. Not tonight. Tonight I must attend a dinner."

"If you give me another of your cards," she said, for some reason she did not bother to explain to herself, "I will give you my name and telephone number and you may telephone me."

He handed her the card and a pencil, and as she wrote he said, "So you will have time to check my American reference?" and she smiled and looked up at him, and saw he was perfectly serious.

Something is going to have to be done about this young man, she said to herself.

"Shall I call you tomorrow morning, will you be here?" he asked, touching the card.

"Yes," she said and waved her hand. He stepped back as she started the car.

She thought about him for part of the way home. Good-looking? Yes. Pleasant? He seemed so, but everything else was hidden behind his trouble with English. She would have known much more about an American boy in the same length of time from the inflection, from when he laughed, from the way he looked. And he had said he was a driver—racing driver? She made a face. That would have to be examined with care. She laughed aloud.

Diana, she said to herself, *he is a nice-looking Italian boy who wants to take you to lunch. Shall we leave it at that?*

And he did call, and he did take her to lunch. Before that, she had telephoned her father.

"What is it?" her father asked, an amiable man who knew her far too well. "The usual or one of your odder requests?"

"I wanted to ask—you know George Watson. Can you tell me about him?"

"Why?"

"Someone mentioned him and said something ——"

"Never mind," he said; "I'm not prepared to explore whatever you're making up at the moment. Watson is forty-eight, well off—his father left him well fixed and he's made it better. Married, hobby of auto racing. Used to race himself until five or six years ago, when he had a crash. Fair golfer, terrible bridge player—what else?"

"Nothing," Diana said, after a pause. "He sounds respectable."

"I'm not sure I like the trend of this conversation," her father said. "Whatever you're planning, I forbid."

She laughed. He hung up and Diana went to lunch.

Guido handled the mechanical details of the lunch the way he had handled her car. As they were driving, he said, "There is a place called the Blue Grotto, I have learned. It is beside the sea and serves a good imitation of good Italian food at costly prices. I think you will like it."

At the restaurant he followed her as the headwaiter led them to a table on the terrace, and took both menus from the maître.

"I recommend that we start with a white wine," he said, "and *prosciutto con melone.* You will forgive me if I do not know whether you are familiar with Italian. That is thin slices of raw ham with melon."

"I don't know Italian, but I did know that," she told him.

"Fine," he said. "Already you know three words of Italian. Then I suggest *scampi alla marinara.* That is shrimp the way mariners fix it. Unless you would prefer a meat?"

"The shrimp," she said, and smiled.

Guido turned to the waiter and ordered the entire meal in very rapid Italian. Diana fought the temptation to look at her watch. He had been gallant, he had been polite, he had consulted her wishes and he had ordered the whole meal in something under three minutes. It was as if he had read her thoughts.

"Did I go too fast?" he asked. "If I did, I must apologize."

"No," she said, "you didn't."

It was his turn to smile.

"When we know each other better, we will take more time about food," he said. "We will discuss the merits of various foods. But at the beginning, food is not so important. At the beginning, talk is more important."

The waiter brought the wine, and Romano inspected the bottle with an absolutely expressionless face. He tried the sip the waiter poured and gave a simultaneous nod and shrug. It was quite a gesture.

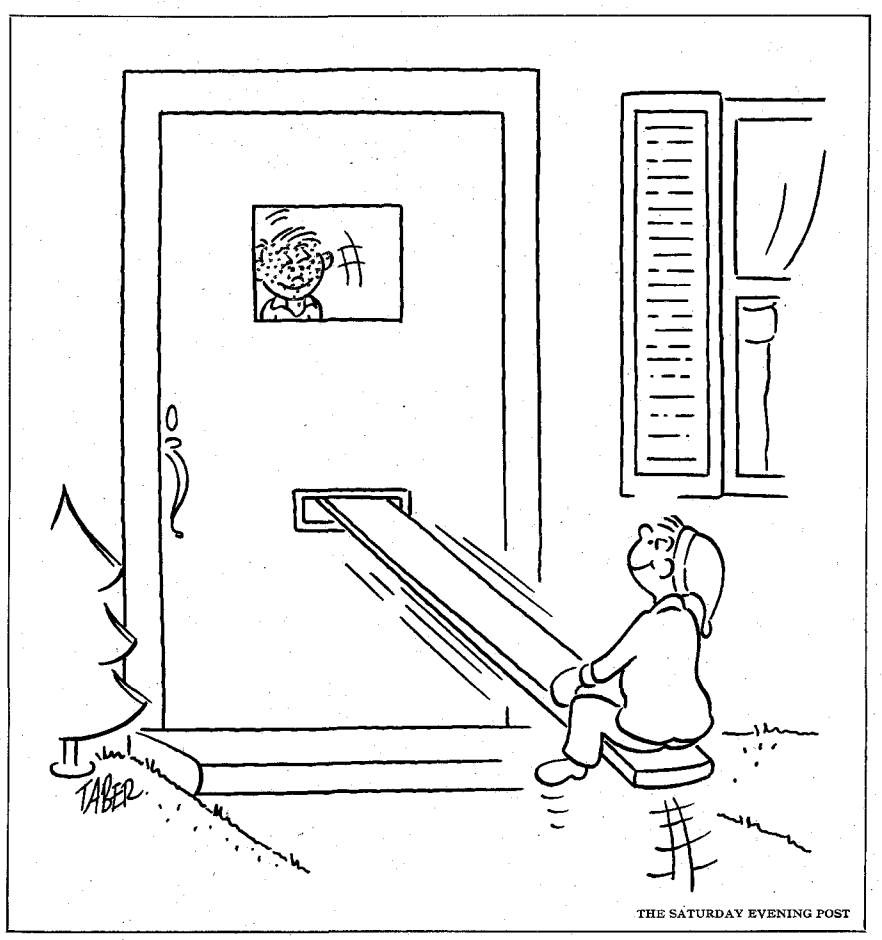
"It's the right temperature," he observed, and turned to her.

"You mentioned a race," she said.

"That is in a couple of weeks; the Carrera Pan-Americana, you know?"

"I've heard of it," she nodded.

As the *prosciutto* came, he said, "My family in (*Continued on Page 56*)



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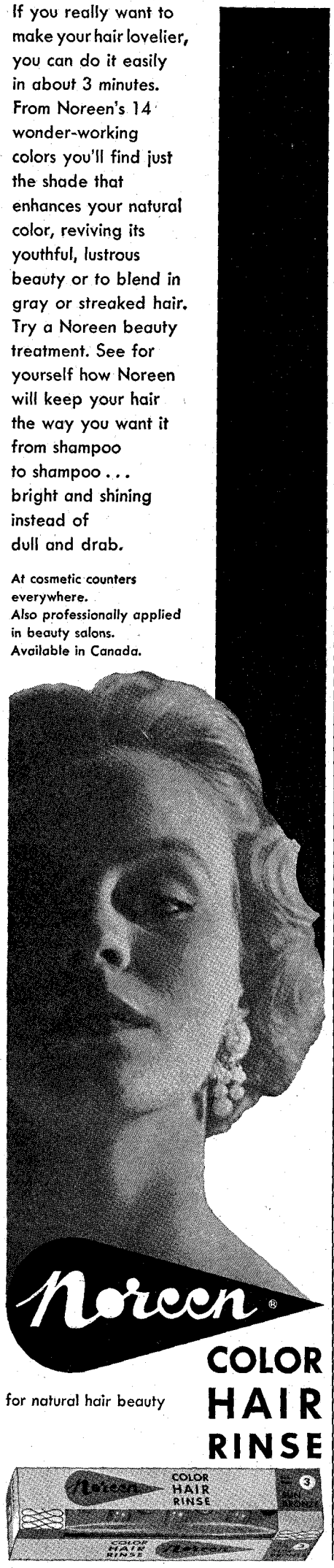

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(*Continued from Page 54*) Italy, they make machinery. I am an engineer, like my father, a graduate of the university. But I do not want to go into the firm yet." He was serious. "I would not have you think I am a frivolous young man. I recognize the responsibility my father speaks of so frequently. But I am young, and racing is important to me now. It is very important. I have been driving three years, and your excellent Mr. Watson, when he heard that our team was coming over, offered to let us use his place for practice. We have four cars."

She waited while the waiter served the *scampi* and then asked, "Why is racing so important?"

He shrugged. "Now you touch on the inner springs," he said. "It is tremendously exciting—the most exciting thing in the world. A friend of mine once told me it was an expression of the death urge, and I told him not to be a fool. It is part of being alive and a man. I told my friend it is a defiance of death."

He broke into sudden laughter.

"What a fool I am," he crowed, "lunching with a beautiful and charming girl and talking nothing but nonsense. And we approach the dessert. Now you. I came to learn about you, and I talk only of myself."

"But why is racing important?" she asked, like a woman.

He shrugged again, and for one instant his face was empty; there was nothing there at all. Then he said, "No; you. I absolutely refuse to say another word until I know how old you are, whether you prefer Dante to Goethe and Rossini to Wagner, and, if you like *tortoni*, which I propose for dessert."

She laughed. "*Tortoni* is fine. I am twenty-two and not competent to discuss the merits of Dante against Goethe and to compare Rossini and Wagner ——"

She told him as much as was seemly. She told him about her family, and about college and part of how she grew up. She did not for one instant hint at the important things about herself—that she was a strong young female who needed to be married, and that if he did not wish to share that delightful prison he had better be mighty careful. Why should she? He was grown, and if he wanted to play the sweet and dangerous game, which requires two, he was on his own.

So they had lunch, and the next day they had lunch, and the day after that they had lunch and went swimming and had dinner, and, because she liked to dance, went dancing.

"All Italians are supposed to be wonderful dancers," he said. "I will tell you a tiny secret. I loathe dancing."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because, much as I like holding you even in this artificial fashion, I would much more like to hold you in another fashion. And if I cannot hold you in that fashion, I would rather be a little apart from you, so that you are not quite so exciting, and be able to talk to you and admire the way you turn your head and move your lips and how beautiful your eyes are."

She did not answer, which was the safest thing, for, to tell the truth, she did not know all the ins and outs of love, which is a game complicated enough so that no one person can know all the rules and chances. That night he held her in the different way, and in that instant the game changed for both of them.

"Isn't this rather interfering with your racing practice?" Diana asked, to cover her feelings. "You go to Mexico next week and you keep telling me how strict your manager is."

"That is true," he admitted, "but he is not pleased with me now for other things."

"Like what?" she asked, and in the dim light she saw the look come over his face that she had seen once before. Absolutely empty. Nothing there at all. Like—she suddenly thought—a death mask.

But "I'm not driving fast enough, and I'm supposed to be the second driver," was all he said.

She was on the point of asking, "Is that so important?" and knew she couldn't, and thought, *My heaven, what is this? Why does it turn my heart to see him like this?*

"Darling, you must go," she said. "It's late."

After a time he got up and reached for her hand and pulled her up, into his arms. He said into her ear, "Tomorrow?"

"Not tomorrow," she said. "I have to go to San Francisco."

"After tomorrow?"

"After tomorrow. Telephone me."

She did not go to San Francisco the next day. She never had any intention of going there. She simply wanted a day to herself, to be alone and to think, to lie in the sun and look at the surf. And before she had finished breakfast the telephone rang.

"This is George Watson," a slow voice told her. "Is this Miss Delahaye?"

"Yes," she said.

"I am a friend of your father's, Miss Delahaye, if you remember. I also know a young man named Romano, whom, I understand, you know."

"Yes," she admitted.

"I wonder," George Watson went on, "if you could have lunch with me today? I would like to talk to you, and not over the phone."

She paused. "That would be delightful," she said.

"I shall be at your house about noon, if that is convenient."

They went to a quiet place, and after luncheon Watson started to talk about Romano.

"I don't know Guido well," he said, stirring his coffee. "In fact, most of what I know comes from the manager—a very charming man, if a little hotheaded. Every night we sit on the terrace and talk." He paused. "I don't know if you are aware of all the elements in this situation, and I thought you should be, for—it would be too easy for someone to be killed." He did not look at her. "Perhaps that's too dramatic. May I ask you this? Has Romano told you a good deal about himself?"

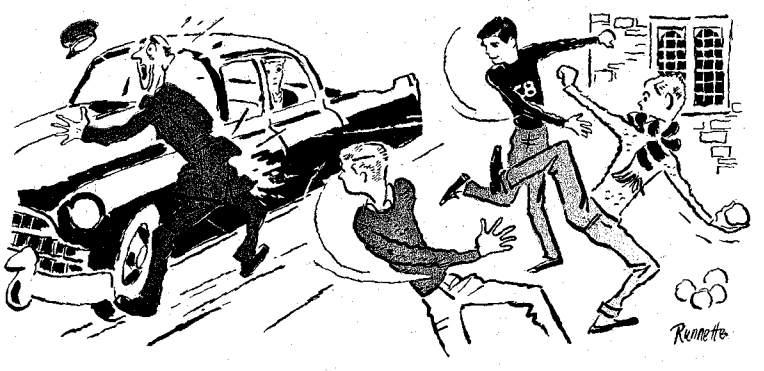
"I don't know what a good deal is. We've talked ——"

"Did he tell you about a bad smashup at the Nürburg Ring last spring?"

She shook her head, and he was silent for a moment.

"I wish he had," Watson said reflectively. Then, "Romano entered racing like any youngster, for the excitement. He was doing well; he was on the team, which is an honor in itself; his name was getting known. But, as the manager said, there are ways in which you know a race driver from those who drive racing cars. The great ones were race drivers. Romano was a young fellow who drove a racing car. Very, very good, mind you, with the reflexes of a cat, but the manager knew that one day, this year or the next, Romano would say he was not driving the next year. Or driving only six races, because he would be working in his father's factory. There is nothing wrong with that; it happens all the time.

"Then Romano cracked up at Nürburg. Very bad, it was—one driver dead and three in the hospital. And the manager thinks Romano blames himself for it. He wasn't to blame, but while he was still in the hospital, every time anyone who knew anything about racing visited him, his talk was only about how do you take this (*Continued on Page 61*)



The Perfect Squelch

The friendly snowballing across the campus suddenly switched to a grimly earnest bombardment of cars crawling along the icy street in front of the college dormitory. One black sedan driven by a chauffeur became so plastered that the chauffeur had to halt to wipe the windshield clear. As he did so, he became a personal target. At that, the rear door of the sedan opened and a tiny old lady stepped out to confront the snowballers. Abashed, they retreated into the dormitory and closed the door.

Instead of departing the little old lady walked directly to the door and pressed the buzzer. To the delight of bystanders, she met the student who opened the door with:

"May I please see the mother of those naughty children?"

Ernie A. White

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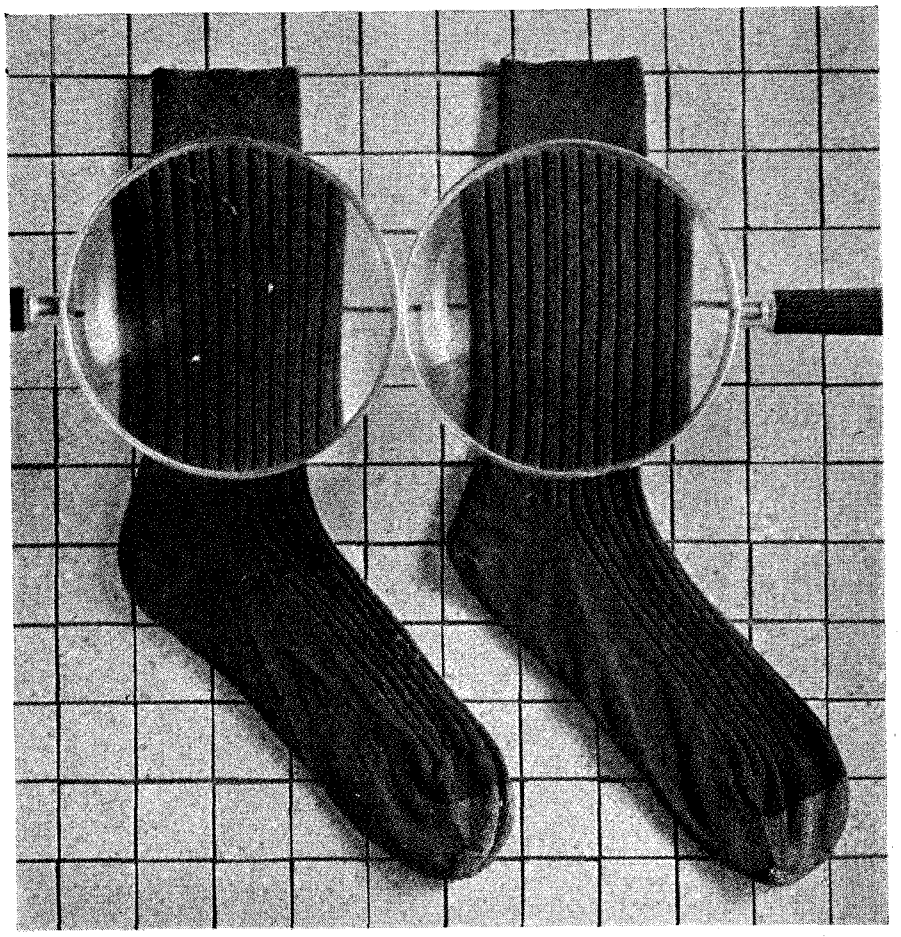
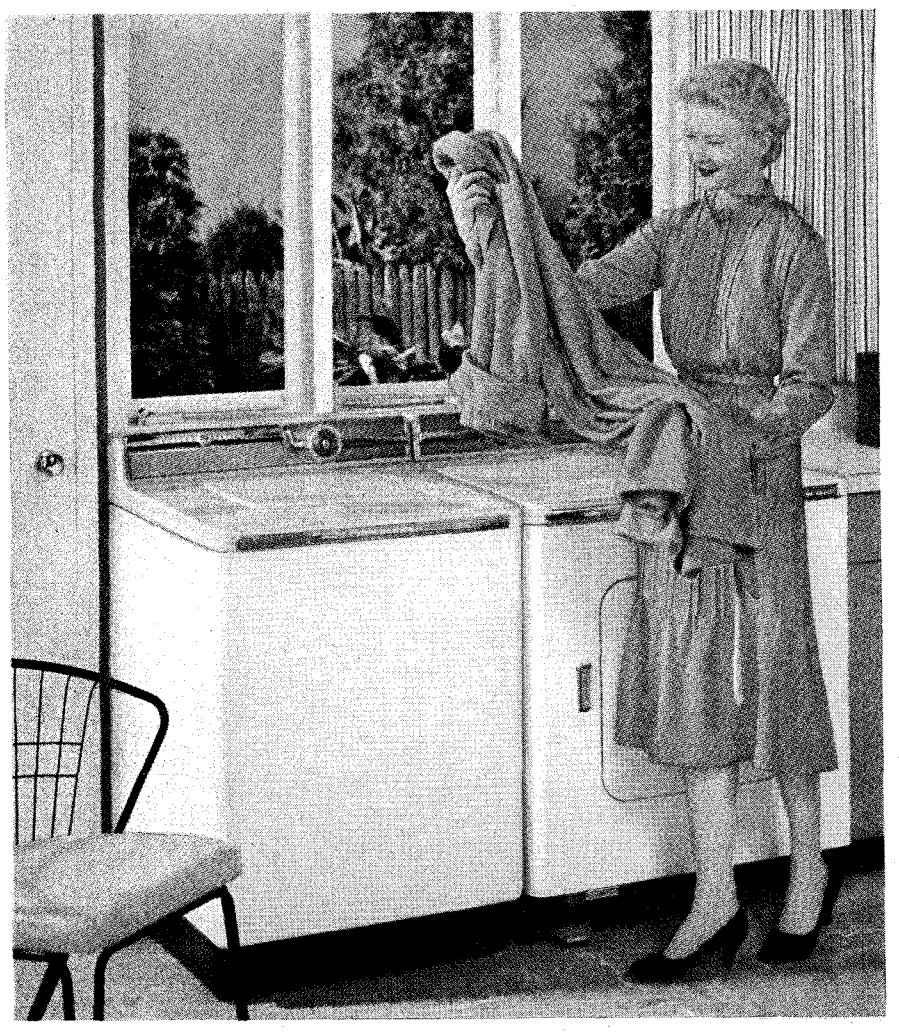
NO LINT FUZZ ON CLOTHES!



Here's proof that the new G-E Filter-Flo Washer washes clothes without lint fuzz! After 11 washings in a washer with *no filter*, the sock at left was flecked with unsightly lint. After 11 washings the Filter-Flo way, a similar sock (right) —washed in an identical washload—showed practically no lint!



5 Mix-or-Match Colors. Choose the G-E Automatic Washer in petal pink, canary yellow (shown), turquoise green, cadet blue or woodtone brown, at $10 additional cost. Also white. About $3.35* weekly. Models for every budget from less than $200 with your old washer. Also see matching G-E Automatic Dryer.

New G-E Filter-Flo® Washer cleans and re-cleans wash water to give you cleaner clothes

Removes lint, sand and soap scum automatically!

Never again put up with linty wash water that leaves lint fuzz on clothes and dulls colors! As you wash, the marvelous new General Electric Filter-Flo Washer circulates and filters the water at the rate of six gallons every minute. Your clothes wash clean, white and bright.

As the washbasket continuously overflows, sand settles out the bottom. Soap scum floats away. Lint is caught in the filter which lets only cleansed, sudsy water flow back into the washbasket.

Look for the G-E Filter-Flo Washing System—today's most talked-about improvement. The full tub of water is filtered five times during one wash cycle without wasting water or detergent. Above, see the lint and loose threads being caught as circulating water flows through the filter. Easy to clean, the filter slips in and out. Also dispenses detergent evenly through your wash.

Big capacity, too. You get over 50% more clothes capacity than in many other automatics. Water Saver Control lets you save water on small loads. 5-year written warranty on transmission. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

*After small down payment. See your dealer for his prices and terms.
Most models available in Canada.

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If it must be light and strong

ANY teen-ager can show you how light an aluminum canoe is, just by hefting it into the air.

But it takes years of knock-about use to prove that aluminum is strong enough to delight the most rugged-living sportsman.

And aluminum gives you much more than lightness with strength. It won't rust, resists corrosion. It reflects heat and light. It's workable and economical. In fact, aluminum combines more properties than any other metal.

This remarkable *versatility* explains why aluminum is replacing other materials in so many fields—such as building, transportation, appliance, packaging, electrical transmission—making better products at lower cost.

Today, more and more manufacturers think of Kaiser Aluminum—the nation's fastest growing major producer—for unsurpassed quality and customer service.

We now produce close to 30% of all the primary aluminum made in this country . . . and we are continuing to expand. For we believe that the future uses for this modern metal are almost unlimited.

We are eager to work closely with any manufacturer who wishes to hitch his wagon to aluminum, "the brightest star in the world of metals." Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corporation, Room 198, Consumer Service Division, 1924 Broadway, Oakland 12, California.

FOR AN EXCITING PEEK INTO YOUR FUTURE WITH ALUMINUM—VISIT OUR EXHIBIT AT Disneyland IN ANAHEIM, CALIF.

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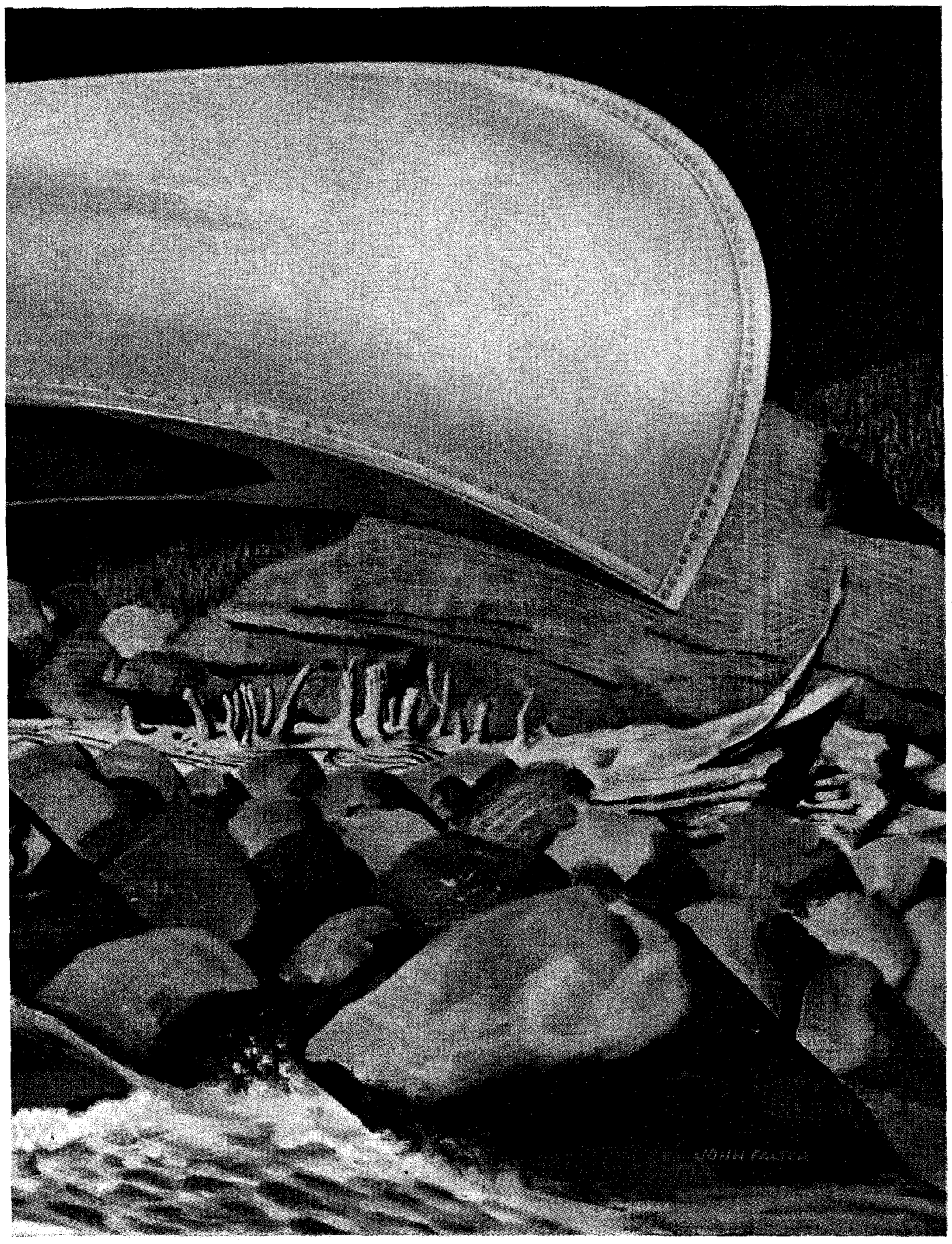
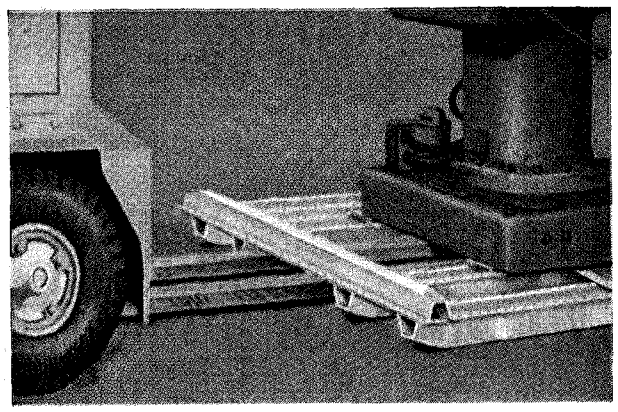
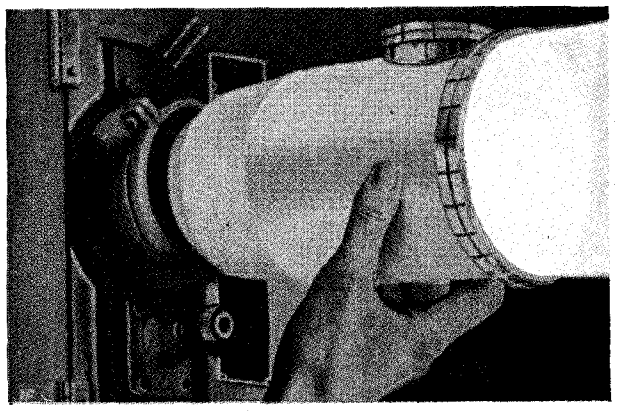
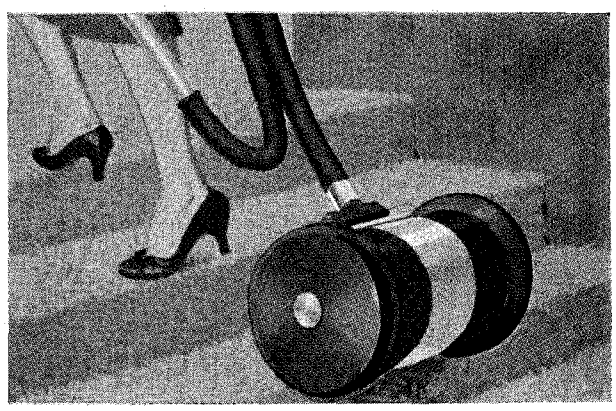




Safety skid made with Kaiser Aluminum is newest and most economical way to move machinery and equipment. Convenient to ship, handle and store when not in use.



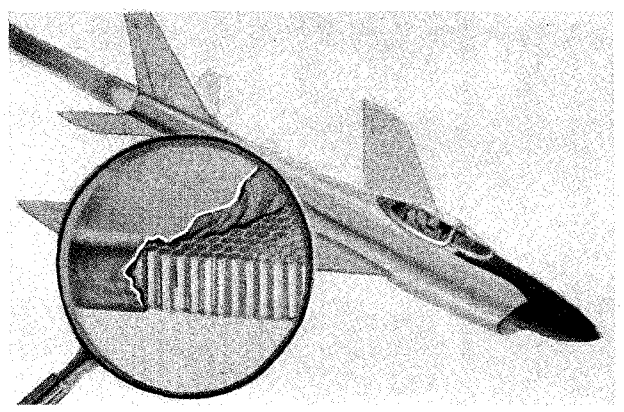
Aluminum projector lens for wide screen movie systems screws on to prime lens, adding only minimum weight. Strength of Kaiser Aluminum assures long life.



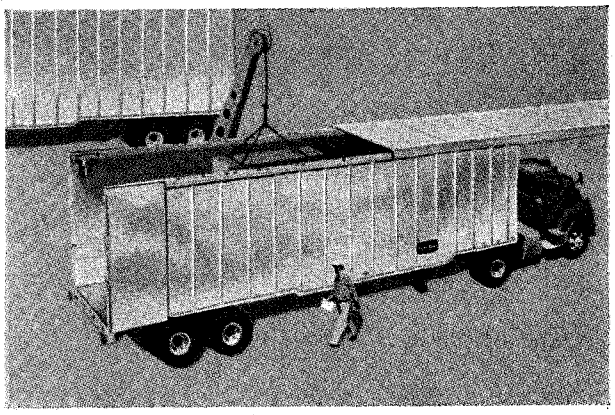
Modern vacuum cleaner made with lightweight Kaiser Aluminum is easy to move, even up stairs. Takes the most rugged treatment thanks to aluminum's strength.

;hink of Kaiser Aluminum

;reens made with Kaiser Aluminum are light, ısy to handle. They're strong and durable, too— on't ever stain exterior walls with unsightly rust.



As a structural material, Kaiser Aluminum is formed into a honeycomb design for extra strength, less weight. Ideal for aircraft wings and for many building uses.



Revolutionary new trailer, made possible only by use of light, strong aluminum, has roof that rolls forward or back for convenient overhead loading.

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(MADE IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, FROM A NEW PHILIP MORRIS RECIPE)

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(*Continued from Page 56*) curve, how should you take it. That is foolish."

"Foolish?" Diana asked.

"Of course. There are dozens of ways to take a curve; you take it according to circumstance. Any race driver knows about curves. They are a matter of judgment. The manager sees nothing to do about Romano. Each man is entitled to his own private hell. But since Romano has been back driving, his driving has been lousy."

"Lousy?" Diana asked. "He told me he is the second driver."

"My dear," Watson said, "he is young and you are beautiful. He is fourth driver, and lucky to be on the team. He is being too careful, and while only a fool is reckless in a race car, there is such a thing as being too careful. A car suddenly going too slow, for no apparent reason, is one of the deadliest things in the world to a race driver. Romano could now do the very thing he already blames himself for—cause another driver's death."

"But ——" she said.

Watson interrupted. "He is now trying to prove something to himself. He is trying to prove that he is a superb driver and therefore cannot be guilty of the crash."

"I see," she said.

"Then he met you," Watson continued, "and you have come to mean a great deal to him. The symptoms in a young man are unmistakable."

Diana smiled and Watson went on instantly, "Now, apparently, he must also prove himself for you."

"What am I to do?" she asked. "If I wanted, I could say that I have met this young man a dozen times; we have lunched and had dinner; we have swum and danced; I like him. There are twenty men I could say the same about—a hundred."

"That is one approach," Watson said. "I'm glad you made it subjunctive ——"

"Or if he is going to give this up anyway," said Diana, "I suppose I could use my feminine wiles, as you seem to think, and try to get him to quit now instead of later. But ——"

Watson was shaking his head. "That wouldn't work with any man, my dear, and with an Italian it would be fatal. This is not the time for a dissertation on Italians as husbands, but if you are going to fall in love with one, I advise you to do so with your eyes open. They make good husbands, faithful husbands, charming husbands—but not American husbands. They expect, without consideration, to be head of the household."

"I am not marrying Mr. Romano," she said, somewhat tartly. "But what do you want me to do?"

"I have a suggestion ——"

"Yes?"

"It is up to your judgment. Tell Romano he has got you interested in racing and you are coming down to Juarez to see him finish. Because the race is the length of Mexico, they drive it in legs, one a day mostly. Tell him you'll be at the finish. That might do it. You, perhaps —— What do you think?"

She considered a moment and said quickly, "Not much. But all right."

"No. Think it over. I'm not sure I am right. Think it over."

Diana drove home, puzzled at herself. *Just exactly how did I get into this,* she thought, *and what have I got into?* She began to sing softly to herself, feeling quite pleased at the notion of a man trying to win a race to impress her.

The next day she told Guido, and was ashamed of herself to see the sudden delight in his face. He kissed her softly and more hotly.

"If you knew how little I want to go tomorrow," his lips said against her ear, "but I must. I'll see you on the twenty-third. And then we will have something else to talk about than auto racing."

"What?" she asked.

"Do you want me to tell you now?"

"No. Not now," she said. "After the race."

She was surprised to find, in the days after he had gone, that she missed him. *Listen, my fine-feathered friend,* she told herself, *this is not the first time you were charmed by a man, but it is the first time you have taken to mooning over one. Are you falling in love with a Latin?*

And for no reason at all, she remembered Watson's comment about Italians as husbands.

Diana read in the papers the results of the first leg of the Mexican race—the first time she had ever turned first to the sports pages; the first time she had ever looked for an auto race—and was pleased to see that Romano was third.

She was preparing to leave for Juarez when the telephone rang.

"This is Watson," said the familiar, calm voice. "Diana?"

"Yes."

"I'm in Mexico City. There's been an accident. It's not serious, and I'm not simply trying to reassure you. It's Romano. He's here in the hospital. I've talked to him. Can you come down?"

"As soon as I can."

"I'm at the Geneve. If I'm not here, they'll know where I am."

"All right. How did ——"

"This time he was going too fast."

She hung up and found that her eyes were wet. . . .

When she got to the Geneve, Watson was in. He had got a room for her, and she registered while he was on his way down to the lobby.

He brought her into the cocktail lounge and she said almost fiercely, "What happened?"

"First," he said as he settled her into a chair, "he's all right. He's banged up, but it's not permanent and not vital. His father's flying over ——"

"Never mind," she said. "He was going too fast?"

"He was going very fast."

"He was going too fast, you mean. You mean he was so set on impressing me that he was going too fast and smashed into something and might have killed himself!"

Watson's eyes were cold and his voice was without sympathy.

"I am not going to put up with two people blaming themselves for other people's accidents," he said. "Feracci said he was going very fast. We don't have the faintest idea how it happened except he apparently lost control on a curve."

"Who's Feracci?"

"The top driver."

"How did he know Guido was going so fast?"

"Romano passed him."

"He wasn't going fast to impress me; he was just going fast enough to pass the first man?"

Watson shrugged. "We don't know enough about it. The real reason I don't want you blaming yourself is that I suggested it. If you blame yourself, I will have to take my primary share, and I am too old. I am not heartless, my dear, but I cannot blame myself for what happens to other people."

"All right," she said. "How do I see Guido?"

"Have another drink," he said. "Then go up and take a shower. Put on your best frock, come back down and I will take you." She looked at him. "You are to come as a beautiful, lovely angel whom he adores," he said.

"I swore I'd never listen to your advice again," she smiled wanly, "but I will. Except the drink."

"The drink is medicinal," he said. "I prescribe it."

An hour later they were at the hospital and when she smelled the familiar hospital odor, she was suddenly afraid again.

"Brace up." Watson patted her. "Go up alone and, remember, you're supposed to cheer him up."

"I promise," she said. But she had to stop outside his room. She took a deep breath and held it, and then she knocked.

"Come in," his voice said, and her heart pounded. She was smiling as she walked over to him.

"Hello," she said. How could she have forgotten the flashing grin, the white teeth in the dark, tanned face, the crinkled eyes?

"You wonderful, wonderful girl!" he exclaimed. "Watson said you were coming; I refused to believe him. How gorgeous you look, so clear and blond and beautiful!"

She blinked her eyes and took a handkerchief from her purse. "Fine race driver you are," she said, and touched her eyes.

"No crying," he said gaily, "and no criticism from amateurs. Sit where I can look at you. How beautiful you are I had forgotten. This is so lovely!"

"In bed and lucky you're not dead," she said, "and it's lovely?"

"Of course. You're here and I'm all right and the race was good for me."

"As far as it went, that is."

"You're cruel. As far as it went, naturally. But it was the first good race for me in a long time. I will tell you about it one day. I was doing everything right. I was not too slow; I was well up ——"

"You passed Feracci."

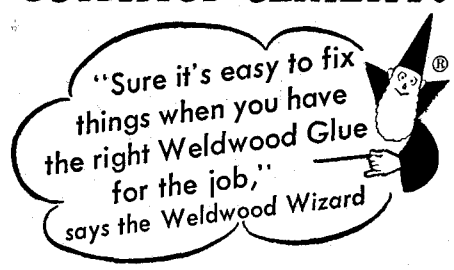
"He was not pressing. He had a good lead. He could afford to let me by."

Something in the Day

By Elijah L. Jacobs

Something was in the air of the chilly day—
Nothing that hinted of storm, no weather warning,
But a neighbor's dog had howled for half the morning;
We heard him clearly, almost a mile away.
Sounds carried, beneath the clouds. On the bleak brown hill
Where sheep were nibbling the brush tips, a plaintive ewe
Kept bleating after her lamb, as if she knew
Some reason for worry. The rest of the flock was still,
Except for one tinkling bell. Crows flapping by
Shied away from the farmstead, to circle, cawing,
Above the woods by the creek. The ground was thawing
A very little. Wild geese called in the sky.
No man who walks this countryside could doubt
That spring had sent some hints of her coming out.

He modernized that table himself with WELDWOOD® CONTACT CEMENT!



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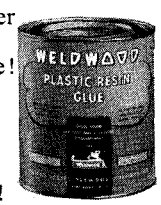

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"I blame myself."

He looked at her strangely. "Why? You must not do that."

She waited a moment, watching him, and saw he was suddenly anguished.

"I do," she said. "I blame myself."

"You do not even know what happened," he said rapidly. "I was going fast on a curve, but not too fast. I was well in control. There was a tiny bump to the right. It threw me a little, not too much, but there was a small boy standing by himself on the side of the road, and the bump threw me toward him. I saw him standing there, unable to move for fright. I cut back too soon, which threw me into a skid. I did not have room to get out of it—boom!" He threw wide his arms, laughing.

"Would that have happened if you hadn't known I would be in Juarez?" she asked. He was serious for a moment.

"No." And as she lifted her head, he hurried on. "No, wait. It would not have happened because I would have been going too slow. But since I have known you I have been brave in the car, the way I used to be."

She looked down again.

"My father is going to be here," he said. "I want him to meet you. I am afraid he is going to insist on flying me home when I can move. He says my mother is broken up—you know how Italian mothers are."

"I know how mothers are."

"Italian mothers carry it to excess," he said. "What I wanted to ask ——"

"I am coming to Italy next spring," she said suddenly, to her own complete surprise. She shut her mouth and looked at his face, transfigured with delight.

"You are?" he breathed. "But that is perfect. I had not dreamed of anything half so lovely. Italy in the spring—you promise?"

"I promise," she said, "and—would you make me a promise?"

"Of course."

"You won't be driving racing cars when I see you there?"

He waited a moment. "Why on earth would you want a promise like that?"

She looked at him. "Do you think I like to visit you in hospitals?"

He smiled. "Give me your hand, darling. Of course I shall promise." She gave him her hand. "And of course I have no intention whatsoever of keeping it."

She bowed her head. "Is that how promises are made, to be broken?"

He said, "I am being frank, as I probably should not be. I promise because I think it will give you happiness, I hope. I know there are things you will promise me, you will never carry out. If a man is to be a man, he has within himself his own goals. And even if it is auto racing, he must strive for them, otherwise he is not a man, and therefore not much use to a beautiful girl. Is that not so?" He laughed and took her hand in both his. "Darling, like women, men are foolish things, and I shall put up with your feminine frivolities. I shall not ask why you need a new dress when you are already so much more beautiful than all the other women in the world. I shall be discreetly silent when you tell me you do not like the places or the things I like. On your part, there are times when you must be discreetly silent also. There. Have I not gracefully promised to give up auto racing, all because of you?"

She laughed. "Is this the way it's always going to be?" she asked.

"Of course. In small things, you may trust me implicitly. If I promise to meet you at seven o'clock, I shall be there at two before. In larger matters I shall make promises as it is important for both of us."

She stayed in Mexico City until he left the next week, flown back to Rome by his father; she and her father and Watson saw them off, and it was Watson himself, months later, who, without knowing, answered at least one question.

Her father brought him home for dinner in March, a few weeks before she was to sail for Italy, and with a twinkle in his eye he said, "You remember Romano?"

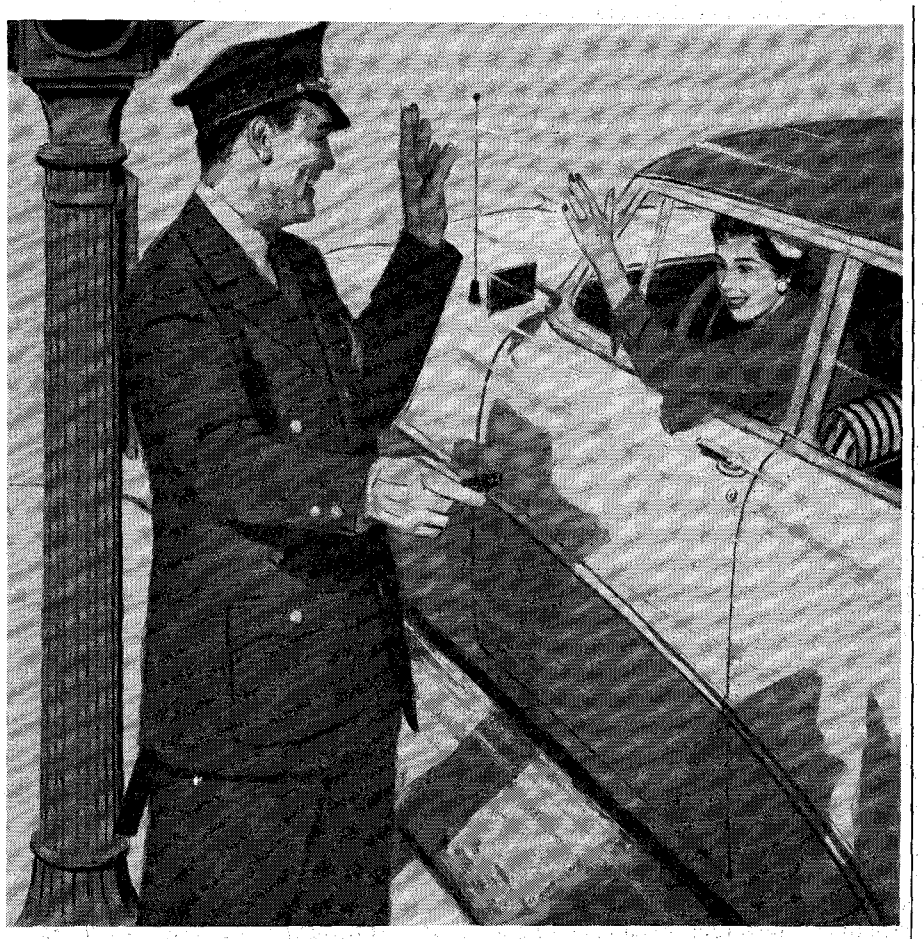
With a hundred love letters in her bureau, Diana said she remembered him.

"I had a letter from the manager," Watson said. "The boys are practicing again, and Romano seems to be red-hot. As of the moment, he's second man, and the manager is thinking of putting him in the Mille Miglia as the pacemaker. With luck, the boy might win it."

"That's dandy," Diana said.

Watson looked at her. "Perhaps our old plot worked," he said, "but there's an older one. The manager said Romano might only go out for six races this year because he was going to work in his father's factory. Said he was thinking of retiring and getting married."

"Did he?" Diana smiled grimly, thinking, *This young man has a lesson coming to him, talking this way to strangers.* Then her smile brightened. "How nice that will be," she said. THE END



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CD-2 is a combination of six active ingredients. Each one protects your motor in a different way—preventing rust, dissolving sludge, fighting corrosion—doing a *combination* job that no single additive can match—regardless of the gas or oil you use.

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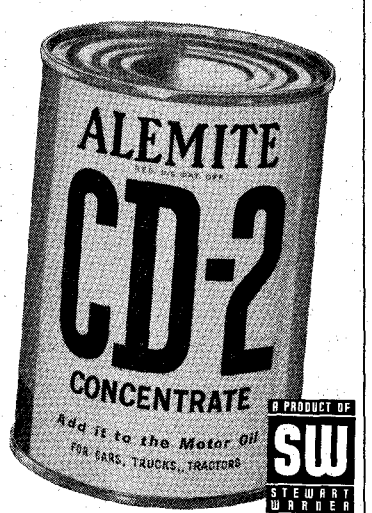

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I have changed since we first met, Harold. For one thing, I'm drowsier."

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Curiosity Castle (Continued from Page 49)

museum offers a fine specimen of gallows, used by Bucks County and neighboring Northampton County to string up culprits at Doylestown as late as the 1880's.

Item: the museum displays authentic "cooling-off" racks on which the deceased used to be laid out immediately after death.

Item: there is a very neatly constructed child's coffin which the curator says "appears to have been unused, but nevertheless gives me the creeps."

All in all, however, the museum is a lively panorama of America's past, rather than a chamber of horrors. It features such relics of good cheer as hand-blown glass flasks, eating utensils and musical instruments. Sections are devoted to farming, hunting, metalworking, lumbering, heating and lighting, cooking and sewing, pottery and elementary plumbing. One of the first exhibits that spectators come to consists of early tin bathtubs—with hot and cold water supplied solely by hearth kettle and bucket—which are enough to put the dread of Saturday night into any generation of small boys. There are more fire engines, honored veterans of long-dead conflagrations, than in all the modern firehouses roundabout. The hose reel of a really classy volunteer company of 150 years ago is decorated with mother-of-pearl and silver mountings. A highly artistic hand pumper, dated 1806, bears on one side a vivid painting of a nearly nude young lady lightly draped in what might have been a bedsheet. An intrigued male visitor described the painting as "guaranteed to make the boys hurry to a fire."

Surprising aspects abound both inside and outside the place. The seven-story building is crowned by towers, the highest approximately eighty feet, which give the appearance of a fairyland castle in the midst of a normal American small town. The interior, too, has much the cavernous air of a medieval castle or cathedral. The center space is a vast open well surrounded by three galleries, or interior balconies, around which are thirty-three rooms and thirty-six alcoves, each with its special display.

It is perhaps the only museum in the world where visitors are locked out for their own benefit. Dungeonlike iron gratings, heavily padlocked, bar access to the principal display rooms. Visitors peep through the bars. This arrangement eliminates the need for uniformed attendants to supervise the visitors and safeguard the exhibits. All comers—unless they ask to be guided to some specific object—are free to roam the tall building from floor to floor as they please. There is only one limitation: There are stairs and ramps, but no elevators.

Not everything in the place is out of reach of visitors, especially if they have mountain-climbing skill and daring. Festooned around the sides of the huge interior well and jutting out into space at various levels are two Conestoga, or "covered," wagons, complete with axle-grease pots; sleighs, stagecoaches, buggies and farm vehicles, a splendid specimen of the poesied one-horse shay, antique baby carriages and bicycles, a funeral bier, a fisherman's dory, two dugout canoes, a twenty-five-foot-long cow manger hewn from a single oak log, hay rakes, corn shellers, bean hullers and other objects close to the hearts or hands or other anatomy of bygone generations.

Hands-off signs warn the adventurous away from the dangling attractions, and the prospect of climbing into a hay wagon which might immediately break loose and head for the concrete floor three stories below is enough to deter most. The weird suspension of large objects weighing a ton or more poses a delicate problem for the two-man staff of curator and custodian. Most big pieces were hoisted into place with the aid of the builders' scaffolding when the museum was new. With the scaffolding gone, steeplejack techniques are necessary to polish, dust or repair them. Curator and custodian often have to hang precariously by one hand while working with the other.

Perhaps the worst moment experienced by anyone in the museum befell a group of visitors through an inadvertent sort of "reverse English" in the use of the gallows. While a number of grownups walked under the structure to inspect the trapdoor through which criminals were once dropped to their death, an inquisitive youngster found the trigger which sprang the trap. He tried it. It worked. Down banged the heavy section of wooden gallows floor, almost on the heads of the startled grownups. After that, the trap was fastened to prevent the execution of innocent spectators.

Yet another unusual aspect of this unusual museum is a panoramic oil painting showing its founder wounded in battle. The founder, Brig. Gen. W. W. H. Davis, commanded Pennsylvania troops at Fair Oaks, Virginia, in 1862, in the Union's closest thrust to Richmond in three years. The dramatic picture of him wounded at Fair Oaks, painted by a crippled local artist who later committed suicide, was presented in 1899 by John Wanamaker,

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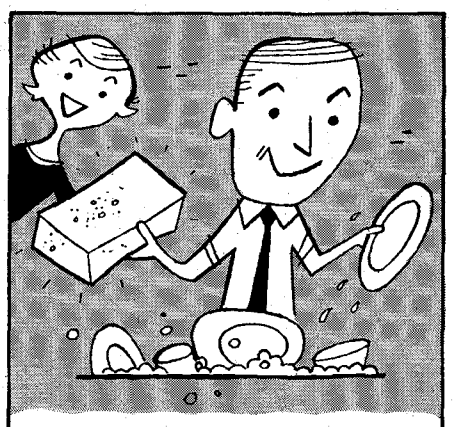

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A Du Pont Sponge is neat and nice.
His sponge'll be so handy then—
He may even offer to help again.

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the Philadelphia merchant. At that time, the Bucks County Historical Society collection, housed in the county courthouse, consisted largely of Civil War weapons.

After General Davis' death in 1910, the late Henry C. Mercer, a wealthy Doylestown bachelor who individually donated the present building, became the historical society's president. Mercer, an antivivisectionist who hated to see even a bird or small animal suffer, changed the main theme of the museum from war to peace. His enormous personal collection of more than 20,000 items, which he entitled "Tools of the Nation Maker," now dominates the place and makes it a treasure house of early Americana.

Five years ago, the museum completed its military cycle with a strange twist when Lt. Col. John Cummings, an authority on antiques, became curator. For while Cummings was reared at Freeport, Long Island, he is the tall, lean, eagle-beaked personification of a mustachioed Confederate cavalry colonel, which his Kentucky grandfather actually was; and where nineteenth-century museum literature refers to the Civil War as "The War of the Rebellion," Cummings speaks respectfully of "The War Between the States."

As curator, Cummings meets with some odd heritages. Mercer's clean-sweep collecting in the Bucks County area brings strange visitations from country folk who have it as family legend that "grandpop gave his shaving mug to the museum," and who suddenly want to see it for themselves. Many are Pennsylvania Germans who still speak a quaint "Dutch" tongue.

Through such contacts, Cummings came to realize that the museum is the present habitat of the twibil and the dinkelfoodle, the latter being more properly known as the distelfink. Twibil and distelfink, he learned with relief, are not early American double talk.

"Where's the twibil—I'm sure you've got a twibil somewhere here," an elderly man with calloused hands abruptly demanded.

Baffled, Cummings maneuvered for time by asking, "How do you spell it?"

Came the reply: "I don't know how to spell it, but I know how to use it."

Seizing the opening, the curator politely inquired, "Did you use it yourself?"

"Sure," snorted the old man. "To cut mortises in fence posts."

With that cue, the curator led him to the exhibit of obsolete carpenter tools. There they found not merely one twibil but a whole tribe of twibils. These proved to be short-handled hatchets with long, narrow-bladed heads specially adapted for hacking out mortises where two pieces of wood interlocked.

Sudden requests to gaze upon the "dinkelfoodle" posed more of a problem. Curator Cummings is not Pennsylvania German or "Dutch," and the dinkelfoodle is. Careful cross-examination adduced that the dinkelfoodles were last seen on chests and bookmarks. What doing there? Why, just there. Painted on. At that point Cummings recalled some humorous Pennsylvania German stories about a mythical bird resembling a peacock. "*Dinkelfoodle? Ein Vogel?*" he asked.

"*Ach, ja, ja.*" the visitors nodded with delight.

After explaining that dinkelfoodle was just a comic nickname and that the nonexistent bird was correctly the distelfink, Cummings located it on a bookmark and other items in a display of fractur, or illuminated Pennsylvania German writing. It also figured on chests. Before the visitors completed their rounds, they found the place practically swarming, "ach, ja, ja!" with distelfinks.

Perhaps the most staggering request came from some substantial middle-aged folks who wanted to see the old family wagon, presented to the museum half a century earlier, and then expressed a wish to see a horse harnessed up to it. As the wagon was suspended at about third-story level, the attendant who guided them to it could only gasp. The curator headed that one off by declaring, "Tell them that special permission of the museum board will be necessary—and that, if granted, they will then have to bring their own horse and back it all the way up to the wagon."

A charming, scholarly Southern lady, intent on doing a book on cigar-store Indians, requested the museum staff to round up its two dozen wooden figures, three to eight feet high. Not all are redskins. The most popular figure is an eight-foot-tall image of Buffalo Bill complete with flowing locks and beard, six-shooter and knife. Recently a man past seventy called and announced, "I'm from Philadelphia and I hear you have our Buffalo Bill up here—the one that stood outside the cigar store on Girard Avenue for so many years. That right?" Assured that it was, the old man ignored all else and went straight to the figure. He stood for ten minutes as if bemused by a return to a childhood scene. Then he left, saying, "I just felt that I wanted to see Buffalo Bill one more time."

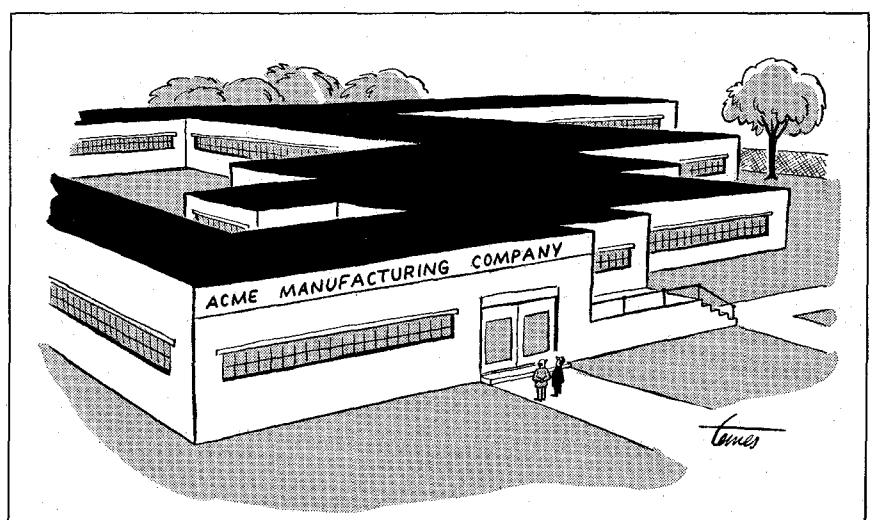
A less nostalgic but equally intriguing exhibit features the mousetraps that never caused anyone to beat a path to the makers' doors. A few look diabolical, but most seem to have been designed to give even the most reckless mouse a sporting chance. One consists of a heavy wooden block suspended to descend on a greedy cheese nibbler. Another, the Monitor, patented in 1884, is built around a large horizontal spring like a clock spring. When set off, the spring propels a claw-tipped iron arm that swings around and grabs the mouse from behind. In contrast, there is a simple wooden box with a cover and nothing more—not even directions. "Perhaps," one cynical visitor suggested, "the missing directions read, 'Catch mouse and insert in box.'"

Near the devices for trapping mice, muskrats, otters and other small mammals hangs the gear for catching the largest mammal of all, the whale. Slung from a gallery is a twenty-eight-foot Nantucket whaleboat outfitted with oars, mast and sail, harpoons, and the long banner with its picture of a spouting sperm whale which the boat crew jubilantly hoisted after a kill.

The most intimate touch of a whaleman's hand is not in the whaling display, however, but in a carefully preserved lady's garment. It goes back to the time in 1837 when Isaac Burgun, a twenty-year-old cooper, went to sea in a whaler for his health. Later he wrote his mother from the South Seas, "I expect to be home in twelve months after you receive this letter if you ever get it," and enclosed a gift. It was a flat piece of whale ivory about the size and thickness of a foot rule, scrimshawed or engraved with a two-story house, the American eagle and "E Pluribus Unum," a feline beast resembling an alley cat, and a full-rigged ship under all sail. Isaac's mother, apparently planning his future well ahead, presented the scrimshaw to a young lady named Emma. Emma treasured it in a remarkable way. She made it the central bone or stay down the front of a corset which must have given Isaac a stiff welcome when he returned from the sea. At any rate, Isaac married her, whalebone and all, and the corset is preserved in the museum as a memento of perhaps the only Victorian girl who ever took a full-rigged ship to her bosom.

Although not directly related to the display of three very antique liquor stills, one labeled "for medicine," the museum musters as fine a collection of old tavern signs as ever invited a tippling traveler to let his horse guide him home. The signs were the subject of a pamphlet by a historical-society officer, entitled General Lafayette's Journey from Brandywine to Bethlehem, with Special Reference to Tavern Signboards. Lafayette, who got a bullet through the left leg while serving with Washington's army at the Battle of Brandywine in 1777, apparently was forced to travel slowly, but was not totally incapacitated from enjoying himself en route. He stopped at the Indian Queen Tavern, in Philadelphia, for first aid of a sort and later paused at Pleasant Valley Inn, whose five-foot-long barroom sign, preserved in the museum, says "no credit" in a long German verse ending: "For it is much better at first to offend, than at last to lose both money and friend."

Probably the outstanding display in the entire place—certainly from the viewpoint of many antique experts and all chilly people—is the array of colonial iron stoves valued at more than $200,000 and dating back to 1726. While the stove has been commonplace for more than a century, it was not always so. The British settlers relied upon open fireplaces, sometimes with an iron "fireback" or flat plate set upright at the rear of the fireplace to reflect heat out into the room. A fireback helped to heat Washington's winter quarters at Valley Forge. The earliest American stoves originated in regions settled by pioneers from the bitter-cold German and Scandinavian countries. Hence many were made in the Pennsylvania-German section of Bucks County. The so-called (*Continued on Page 67*)



"Well, what'll we make?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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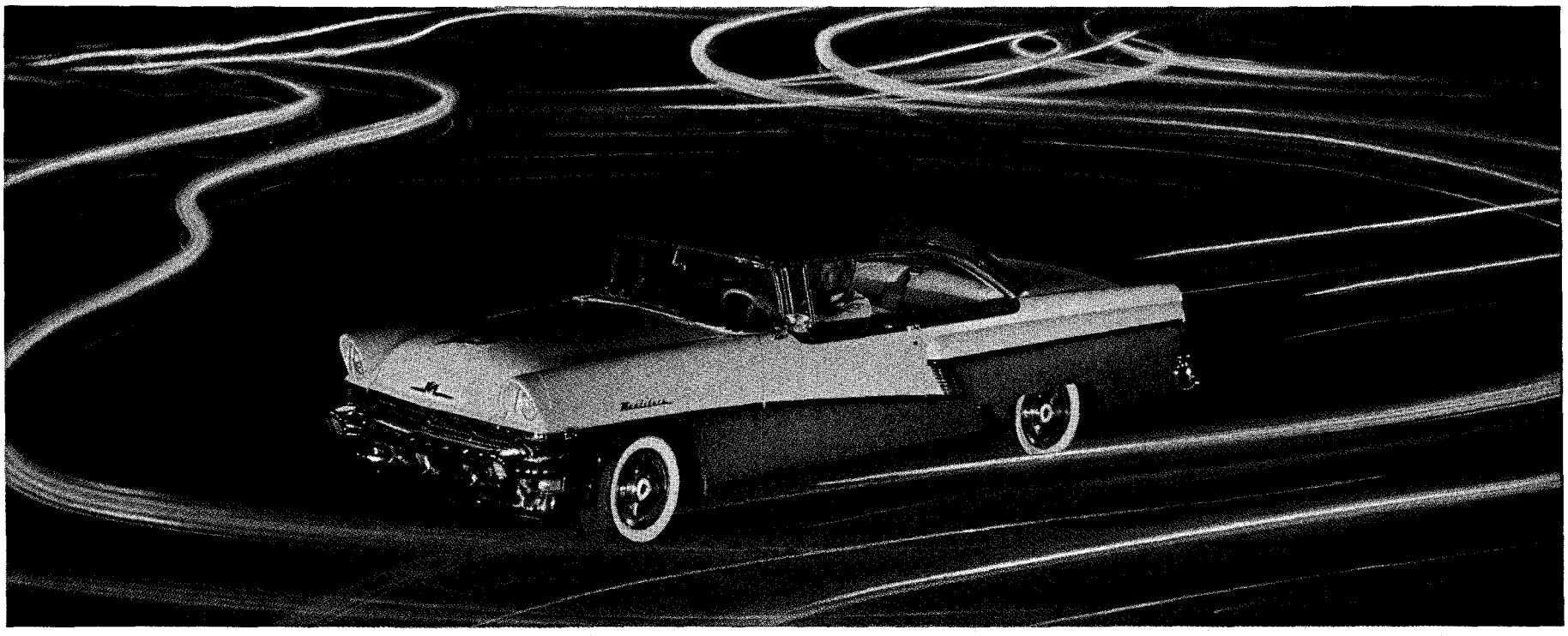

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(*Continued from Page 64*) Pennsylvania stoves consisted of five iron plates—top, bottom, front and two sides—held together by angle irons. The open back fitted into a hole in the wall which ran through to a fireplace in the next room. Stove and fireplace used the same chimney, and the stove could be stoked only through the fireplace in the other room. The arrangement was almost as inconvenient as the cooking system outlined by Charles Lamb in his story on how the primitive Chinese accidentally learned to roast pork: By burning down an entire house containing a pig.

In 1744, Benjamin Franklin made the stove famous by issuing a pamphlet, An Account of the New Invented Pennsylvania Fireplace, Etc. Franklin improved the design and utilized a system of draft boxes in the sides to throw out more heat. Although he never claimed to have invented it himself, publicity soon identified it in the public mind as "the Franklin stove." A stove as described in the 1744 pamphlet is treasured by the museum as probably the only one of its kind left. Even so, Curator Cummings volunteers that the bottom plate may not be original. The stove front bears an ornamental sun with a human face and sixteen rays of heat radiating from it. Franklin wound up his pamphlet with a little verse comparing the stove and the sun. It reads in part:

Another sun, 'tis true; but not the same
Alike I own, in warmth and genial flame
But faithful still to us this new sun's fire
Warms when we please, and just as we desire.

Most stoves, including the later six-plate models which could be stoked without leaving the room, bore elaborate decorations cast in relief on their sides. Biblical scenes were much favored. Cain and Able stoves, ornamented with a gripping picture of the killer swinging his club at his brother's head, were so widely accepted in their day that twenty peaceful Quakers who founded a school at Mount Holly, New Jersey, in 1751 saw nothing odd about authorizing the purchase of "one Cain stove" with its bloodthirsty decoration to heat their tranquil classroom. In restoring the old Mount Holly school, a Trenton firm recently manufactured a new Cain stove with molds taken from museum stove plates.

The tons of stove plates were collected by one indefatigable man, Henry C. Mercer, donor of the museum building. He salvaged the plates from use as flagstones or barnyard steppingstones, or paid at most a dollar for them. Mercer was so enchanted by the quaint heaters, many with Pennsylvania-German Biblical inscriptions such as "Adam Und Efa," that he wrote an authoritative 216-page book about them entitled The Bible in Iron. A thorough conservative, Harvard-educated, six-feet-two and ramrod straight, Mercer spent most of his seventy-three years in a personal feud against the Industrial Revolution and Machine Age. He constantly raced to rescue obsolete handmade objects from the junk heaps to which machine products consigned them. Often enough, he won. Once, he lost to the Boy Scouts. Hearing that a noted American clockmaker's tools and unfinished mechanisms were in a descendant's attic, he hurried to buy them—only to find that the Boy Scouts had collected them in a scrap drive and they were gone forever.

The fortune which Mercer inherited from his heiress mother enabled him to ship home whole freight-carloads of antique Americana. Construction of the big museum was almost a necessity to house his own overgrown collection. Pioneering in the use of concrete, Mercer built the museum and his nearby fifty-six-room mansion, Fonthill, between 1908 and 1916 entirely of reinforced concrete because it was fireproof and also because it could be inexpensively molded into high-peaked Gothic styles. A museum bulletin issued after his death says, "No particular type of architecture was followed," but Mercer secretly cherished the notion he was building castles. When guests termed his mansion "a regular castle," he denied it by pointing to his innovation of wide picture windows—then almost unique—and explaining that a castle had only narrow defensive slits. "But deep down," an old crony says, "the castle talk always tickled him skinny."

Mercer's interest in early pottery led him to build an eight-kiln pottery which produced a new type of ornamental glazed tiles with figures raised an inch or more in high relief. Examples adorn both museum and mansion, and also Missouri and Ohio schools, The Traymore and Marlborough-Blenheim hotels at Atlantic City, two floors in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and a 16,000-square-foot mosaic floor depicting Pennsylvania's history in the capitol at Harrisburg. A renowned British archaeologist once told Owen Wister, noted author and a Harvard chum of Mercer's, that Mercer was "probably the greatest potter in the last thousand years—an extraordinary figure straight from the Renaissance."

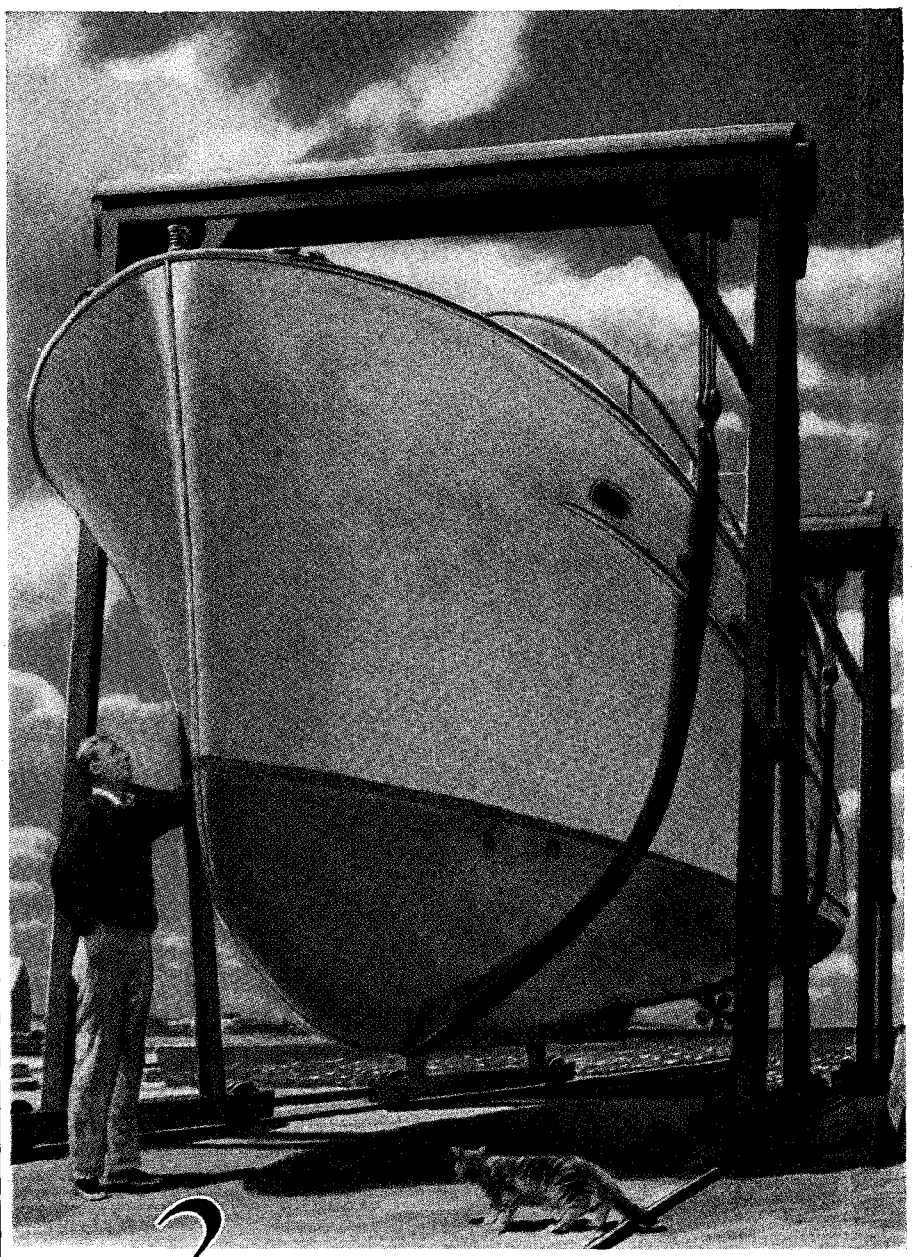
The pottery was Mercer's only commercial venture. Never given to squandering, he left the museum a $125,000 endowment, which shrinking interest and soaring costs have rendered inadequate, even though the museum's income is augmented from other sources such as historical-society dues.

Not until years after Mercer's death did the museum spend as much as $600 for a single item for its collection, and some still contend it made a mistake in what it bought then. It purchased the vaunted Lenni Lenape Stone, a four-inch sliver of blue slate with a sketch which is supposed to depict Indians in the Delaware Valley battling a hairy mammoth—thus linking the redskins with prehistoric times when elephantine beasts roamed the country. A plowboy turned up the stone in 1872 and sold it to a collector with some arrowheads for $2.50. Its authenticity was immediately challenged, as many fake Indian relics were being peddled at the time. The museum acquired the stone from the collector's estate in 1934 despite an expert who scoffed that the sketch was as much above Indian drawing "as the Sistine Madonna would be above the execution of a sign painter." One thing is certain, however, according to Curator Cummings. "There is no doubt whatsoever," he says, "that the museum, before my time, paid $600 for it." THE END

Honest, Anyhow

By S. OMAR BARKER

There may be some guile in
the man with a smile,
No matter how neatly he
screens it;
But the man with a frown
you can safely put down
As a fellow who probably
means it!



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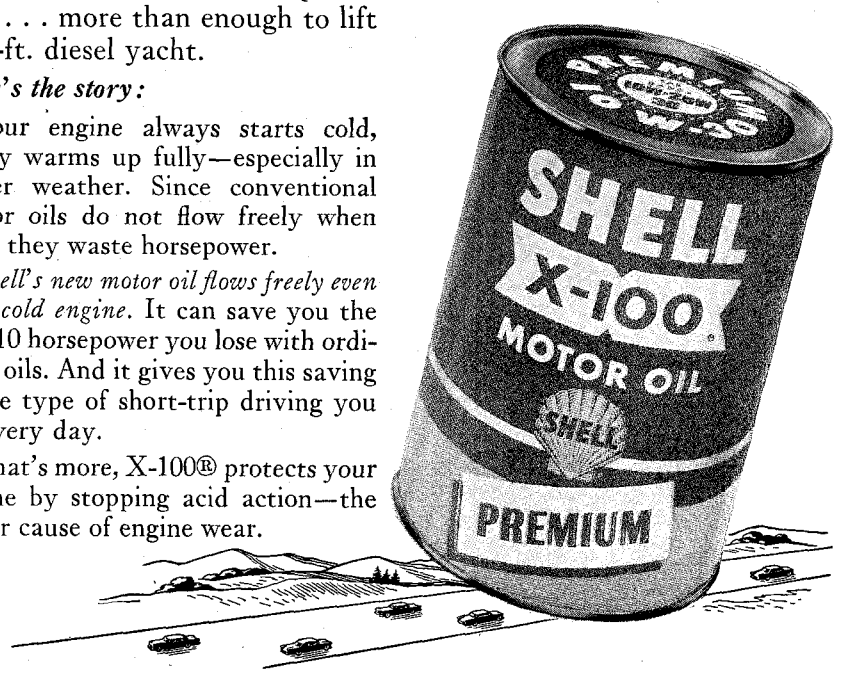

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ARROW — first in fashion
CASUAL WEAR
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

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He Runs Flying-Saucer Headquarters

(Continued from Page 27)

as well as on earth. "Boom! Boom!" Adamski quotes him as having said to make his point. The book includes a photograph the author snapped of the scout ship. An unimaginative observer might easily mistake it for an ordinary electric-light chandelier, photographed from below.

A sequel to this startling narrative is called Inside the Space Ships. Herein Adamski's Venusian friend, whom he calls Orthon, orders two fellow space men, Firkon and Ramu, to trace the professor to Los Angeles, lead him into the desert again and help him into the chandelierlike conveyance for a spin through the stratosphere. An arresting aspect of this "factual" voyage is that many of its details parallel those of a science-fiction thriller Adamski penned years earlier.

Rigberg regards Adamski with awe, and he was overjoyed not long ago when the professor paid him a surprise visit. There are several other authors whose books Rigberg delights to circulate. One is Cedric Allingham, a Bombay-born Englishman, who photographed a Martian in the north of Scotland and recorded a lengthy conversation with him. The Martian equivalent of "yes," as nearly as Allingham could reproduce it phonetically, is "qu-ll." Another author is George W. van Tassel, manager of an airport at Giant Rock, California, who received planetary communications by a kind of telepathic vibration. ("Salutations. I am Hulda. Senior in command, 11th projection, 7th wave, realms of Schare. . . . Your people shall witness more fireballs. Discontinue.")

And there is Truman Betherum, a mechanic and neighbor of Adamski's, who has been practically commuting between earth and a hitherto-unknown planet, Clarion, where the female inhabitants are uniformly beautiful, where no jails exist, no tobacco, no liquor. And Cecil Michael, who indicates that space men get around everywhere, because, after traveling with a group of them, he was able to chart "the topography of hell."

Rigberg does not accept without reservations all the tales told in the books he sells. Take his reference to Is Another World Watching Us?, by Gerald Heard: "Somehow I don't quite agree," he says, "that insects control flying saucers."

The Rigbergs' daily existence is a restricted one. They not only work fourteen hours a day at 1597 Third Avenue, they also live there, sharing a bedroom-kitchen unit at the rear. They frown on smoking and drinking as immoral, and their chief form of recreation is a walk around the block before retiring. Mrs. Rigberg wears no cosmetics, being a faithful member of the Pentecostal Church, an austere sect, and she devotes almost all of every Sunday to church activities.

Rigberg arrived at his present preoccupation by a winding road. He passed a somewhat bleak boyhood in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. His father having died when he was an infant and his mother being destitute, he was raised first in an orphanage, then by a Mennonite family. He studied agriculture for a while at the National Farm School in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and weathered the depression as a farm hand in tobacco fields, before drifting to New York. In 1947 he was working as a counterman in a Manhattan restaurant, and to augment his pay he invested in a copying machine, which he operated in his boardinghouse room.

"One night," he recalls, "I get this psychic flash. I suddenly sense that I ought to insure my equipment against fire. So in the morning I make a down payment on a policy." The next day fire gutted the boardinghouse; Rigberg collected $300.

He was thus in a receptive frame of mind when he chanced to read an advertisement by the College of Divine Metaphysics, Inc., of Indianapolis, offering a correspondence course in "the psychology of business success." The tuition was $200, but Rigberg felt impelled to sign up. Completing the course in two years, he became the happy possessor of three degrees—doctor of metaphysics, doctor of divinity and doctor of psychology—which presumably qualified him to instruct others along similar lines.

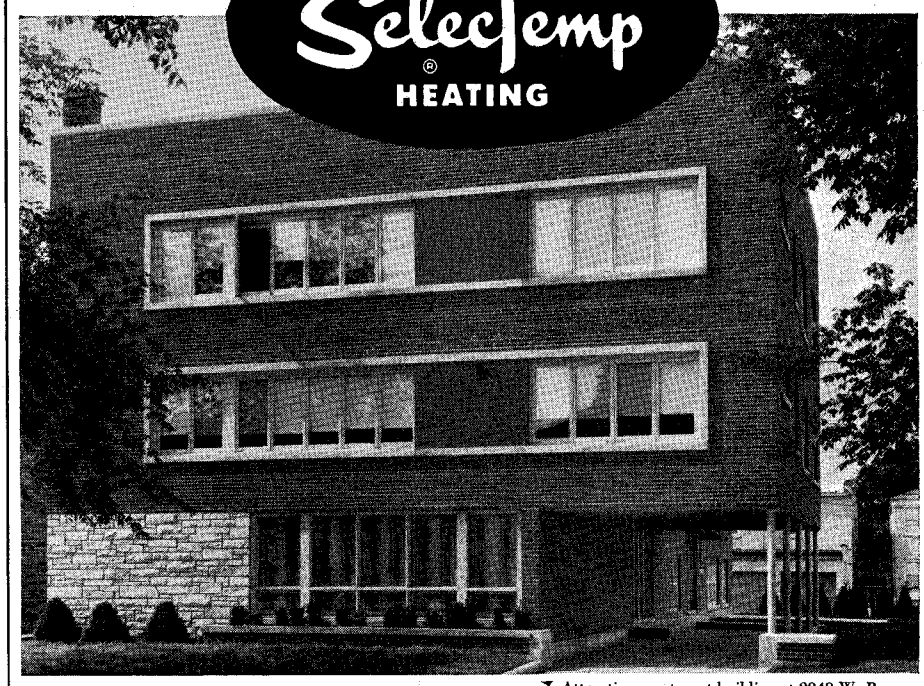
One of his first pupils was a Vienna-born typist, Margaret Lecon, whom he met while browsing through a religious library. They were married a year later. Margaret, (*Continued on Page 72*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now lifting the baby very gently . . ."

A thermostat in every room

IRON FIREMAN SelecTemp® HEATING



Attractive apartment building at 2848 W. Berwyn Avenue, Chicago, Ill., owned by Louis A. Pure. Architects, Comm, Comm and Moses, Chicago.

Owner Louis A. Pure says:

"It's the first time in our experience that tenants do not complain about over and under heating."

EACH tenant not only controls the temperature of his own apartment, *he has the exact temperature he wants in each individual room.* Bedrooms can be cool, bathroom extra warm, living room just right for relaxing—all at the same time.

SelecTemp heating units are recessed into walls, requiring no floor space.

Says the owner, Mr. Louis A. Pure, "Our tenants are most gratified to be able to fully control the temperature of their various rooms . . . with the 1954-55 heating season over, we know that our fuel bill has been extremely low."

A new, advanced type of heating

Each SelecTemp room unit provides an ample volume of heat, and each unit has a sensitive thermostat that can be set for any degree of warmth. It is steady, *modulated* heat—not on-and-off cycling. The heating unit automatically sends in more or less heat to maintain the exact temperature you choose.

SelecTemp room units are supplied with heat from a single low-pressure steam boiler fired with oil, gas or coal. Steam is carried to individual room units through small flexible copper tubing. SelecTemp heating is ideal both for new construction and the modernization of buildings and homes.

How SelecTemp works

The same low pressure steam which carries heat to each room unit turns a small turbine-driven fan, before passing through the heat exchanger. This fan distributes the filtered and warmed air. Temperature is controlled by a thermostat mounted in each unit. Overheating and underheating is eliminated. Thermostats and fans are non-electric; no wiring required. Room units are only 18" high; can be painted to match walls.

Year-round temperature Control

SelecTemp heating with modern built-in room cooling units make an ideal combination for year-around temperature control in each individual room.

Send coupon for full information on SelecTemp heating.

For every size and type of building —hotels, motels, apartment houses, schools, churches, office buildings, institutions, hospitals and residences.

Iron Fireman®
OIL . . . GAS . . . COAL
Finest in heating and cooling

IRON FIREMAN MFG. CO.
3003 W. 106th St., Cleveland 11, Ohio.
(In Canada, 80 Ward St., Toronto.)
Please send booklet on Iron Fireman SelecTemp heating.
☐ for homes ☐ for larger buildings
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

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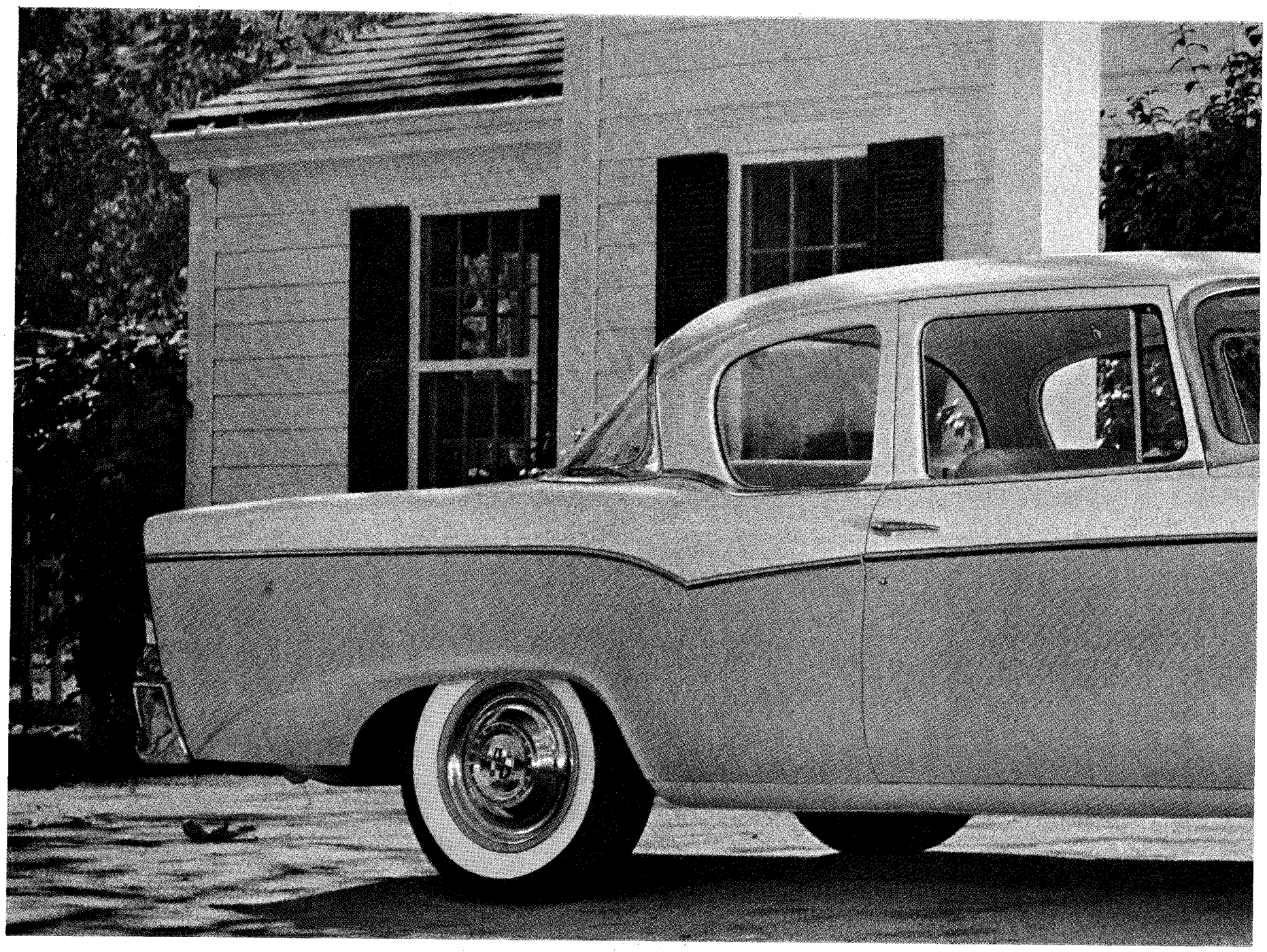
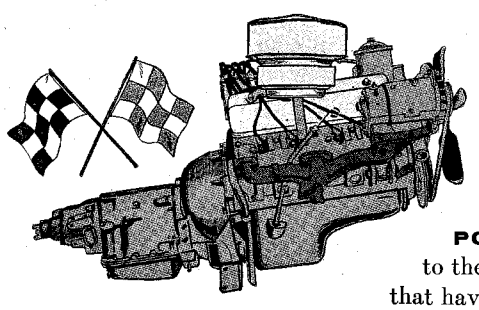


Can this be a low

Yes! Studebaker has brought Craftsmanship with a Flair to the low price field...

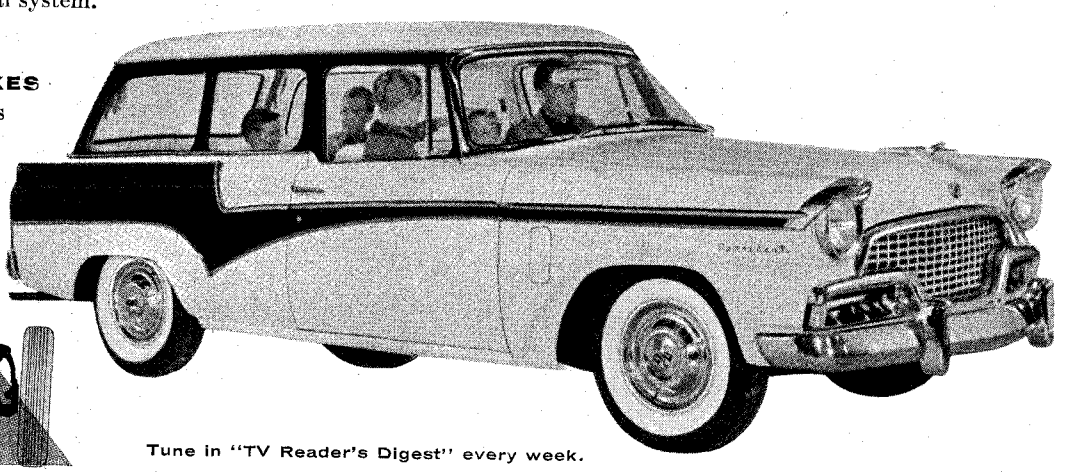
that's why it's the big new choice among low price cars!



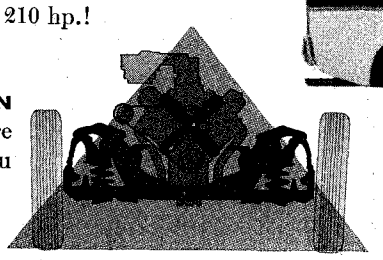
NEW 12-VOLT ELECTRICAL SYSTEM
Extra-hot spark for sure, fast starts. Longer battery life, too, with this all-new power-packed electrical system.

BIG NEW BRAKES • Biggest and safest "stoppers" in the business. Self-centering and self-energizing, the most important brake advance since hydraulics.

BIG NEW SWEEPSTAKES POWER • Improved successors to the famous Studebaker engines that have consistently won Mobilgas Economy Runs. New 6's and V8's up to 210 hp.!



NEW PYRAMID DESIGN
Exclusive deep-cradled ride puts more weight down between the wheels to give you maximum sure-footed, road-hugging safety.



Tune in "TV Reader's Digest" every week.

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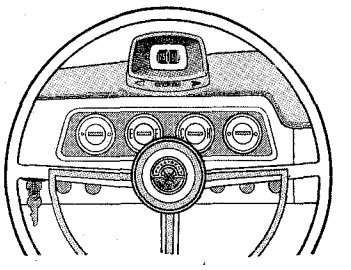
BIG NEW BEAUTY • This magnificent Commander 2-door sedan sets a new standard of style, craftsmanship, and performance in its class. Never before has there been such a big difference in low price cars.

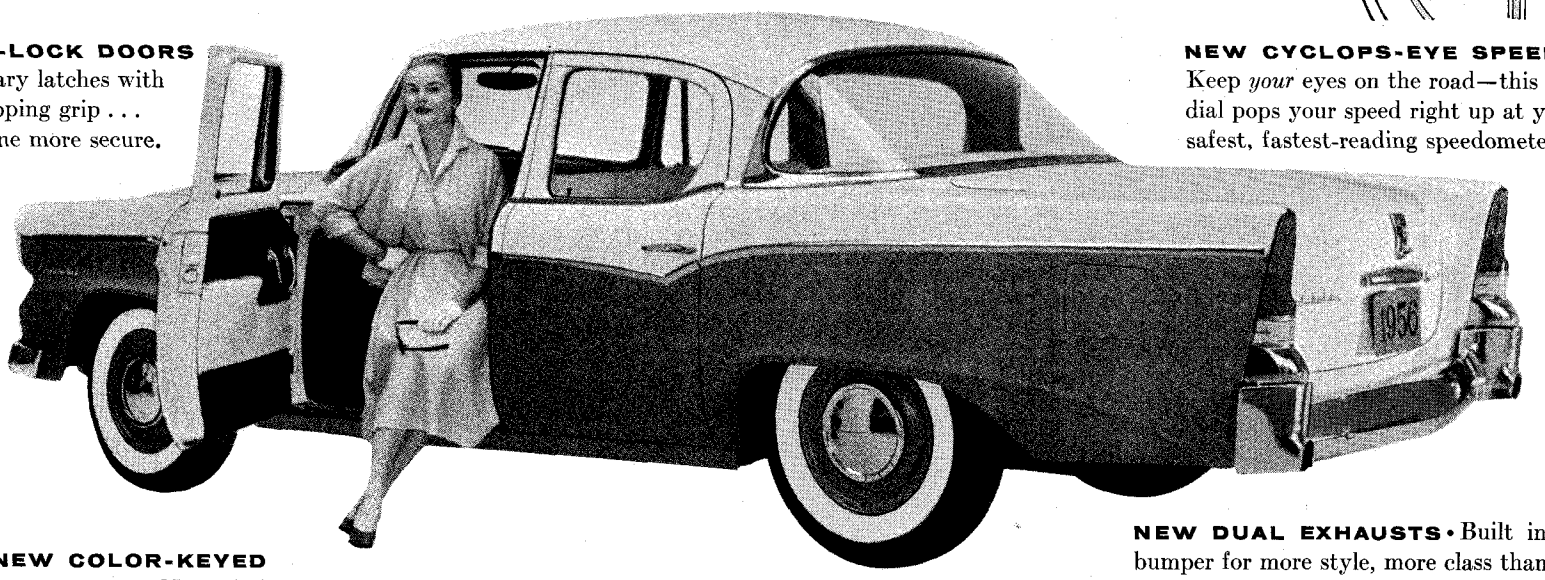
price car?

NEW SOUND-CONDITIONED CEILINGS • Another Studebaker first that adds so much to your pleasure. Shuts out noise, lets you converse easily, naturally.



EW SAFE-LOCK DOORS
ew style rotary latches with
uble overlapping grip . . .
ne safer, none more secure.

NEW CYCLOPS-EYE SPEEDOMETER
Keep *your* eyes on the road—this magnified dial pops your speed right up at you . . . safest, fastest-reading speedometer ever.



NEW COLOR-KEYED INTERIORS • Never before such luxury in the low price field! Masterpieces of styling in the richest fabrics and vinyls, executed by the country's top designers.

NEW DUAL EXHAUSTS • Built into the bumper for more style, more class than you've ever seen in a low price car. Ready for 4-barrel carburetion to boost mileage and power.

The big new choice in the low price field— **Studebaker**

Division of Studebaker-Packard Corporation—Where pride of workmanship still comes first!

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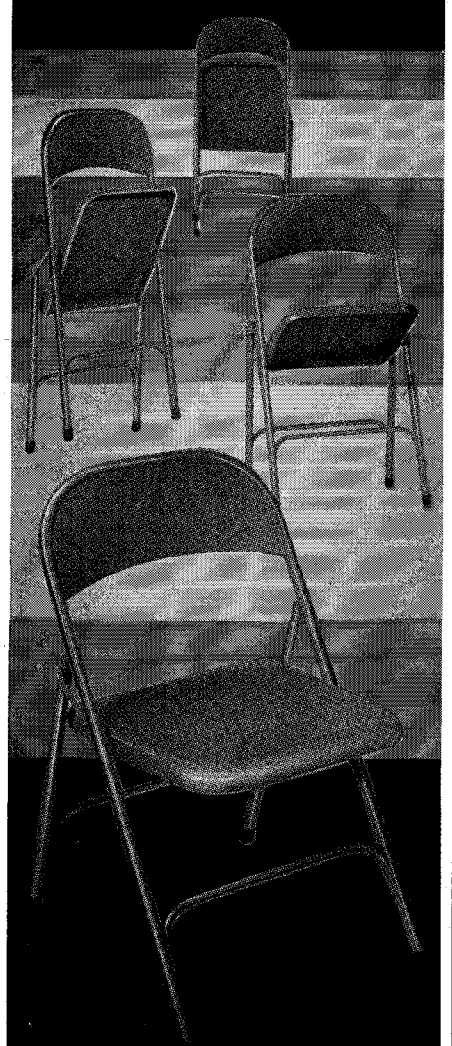
EXCLUSIVE WITH
Samsonite
ALL-STEEL FOLDING CHAIRS IN 10 DECORATOR COLORS!



For schools, churches and institutions...

At no extra cost—a major style advance in all-steel folding chairs! Samsonite's ten new decorator-colors—mixed or matched—make your auditoriums, classrooms and meeting rooms cheerful and inviting! These colorful new chairs resist rust, won't peel or fleck, won't tilt or wobble and are strong enough to stand on. Quick one-finger folding. Safety-Guard hinges. Posture curved backs. See your Samsonite Institutional Seating dealer or write now for free color chart with full details. The low prices will amaze you.

Samsonite's new colors: Aqua • Gold Coral • Terra Cotta • Brown • Grey • Willow Green • Metallic Grey • Green • Turquoise

Samsonite
FOLDING CHAIRS...STRONGEST, LAST LONGEST
Shwayder Bros., Inc., Institutional Seating Division, Dept. SP-2, Detroit 29, Michigan.

(*Continued from Page 69*) meanwhile, had acquired the degree of metaphysical practitioner of new thought, joined an astrological sect, the Church of Light, and a poetry center, the Avalon World Arts Academy, and written a booklet entitled God's Greatest Gift.

Three years ago, the couple decided to run, in their spare time, a shop specializing in occult literature and equipment. They rented their present store on Third Avenue, stocking it with such items as "Oil of Kyphi, the sacred perfume used by the Egyptians to secure the guidance and influence of the Sun god Ra," $1.50 a bottle; Van Van oil, a voodoo compound to ward off evil spirits, $1.10 a bottle; crystal balls, ouija boards, magic talismans for finding buried treasure; and High John the Conqueror Roots, a requisite to success in love and business.

"Naturally," says Rigberg, "we attracted all sorts of people."

One customer was a fifteen-year-old boy interested in flying-saucer literature. Rigberg had none, but in the request he discerned the hand of destiny. As an experiment, he laid in a supply of two titles—Behind the Flying Saucers, by Frank Scully; and Flying Saucers From Outer Space, by Donald A. Keyhoe.

Scully, a Hollywood correspondent for Variety, described the discovery in the desert of grounded space ships containing the corpses of planet men three feet tall. He got the story from an oil speculator named Silas Newton, who got it from an elusive "Dr. Gee." Keyhoe, a retired United States Marine Corps major, writing in sober scientific terms, accused the Air Force of deluding the public by withholding proof it had gathered of the existence of interplanetary craft.

Both books sold briskly, and Rigberg added similar material to his shelves, eagerly dipping into it himself. Then, to his unutterable joy, he made a sighting. "I was leaving the restaurant after work," he relates, "in the company of another employee, when I happen to glance up at the sky, and there, about a mile overhead, I see a dark, round, disk-shaped object. I tried to get a supporting affidavit from this fellow with me, but he was a Greek and didn't understand what I was talking about."

The experience moved Rigberg to quit his restaurant job and devote himself principally to the cause. While he still deals in ouija boards and Van Van oil occasionally, he rather fancies himself as the standard-bearer of space-manship.

Rigberg's potential market is sizable. At his last count, there were some fifty space-minded societies in this country, and at least twice that many abroad. The theories they expound cover a wide range. On the extreme right stands a group typified by James W. Moseley, aged twenty-four, a former Princeton student, now residing in Fort Lee, New Jersey, who edits a bimonthly, Saucer News—circulation 2000. The Moseley school is ultra-conservative. "Plenty of flying saucers have been sighted," he says. "Sighted one myself a while back. But they were all made right here on earth. After all, Quarles himself admits that the Air Force has contracted for planes that will look like flying saucers. Well, I'm convinced that they've already been produced, and that's what people have been seeing."

Slightly left of center are the seventy members of the Civilian Saucer Intelligence, of New York, most of them earnest young men in their twenties. They feel, in the cautious words of their "research director," Ted Bloecher, by occupation a clerk, "that the evidence is now overwhelming that some of the saucers—perhaps a majority of them—are nonterrestrial vessels constructed and controlled by intelligent beings, who visit our skies for purposes unknown to us."

The CSI'ers will have no truck with occult speculations, or stories of Martians and such traipsing around the earth. They firmly disassociate themselves from Rigberg. At present they are trying to analyze 1400 reported sightings, a project somewhat hampered by their admittedly deficient knowledge of aeronautics. The theorist who exemplifies CSI policy is Keyhoe. Under its auspices he lectured last December in New York's St. Nicholas Arena to an audience of about 1000, who paid $1.10 admission. Keyhoe reiterated his charges that Pentagon officials are ducking the real facts.

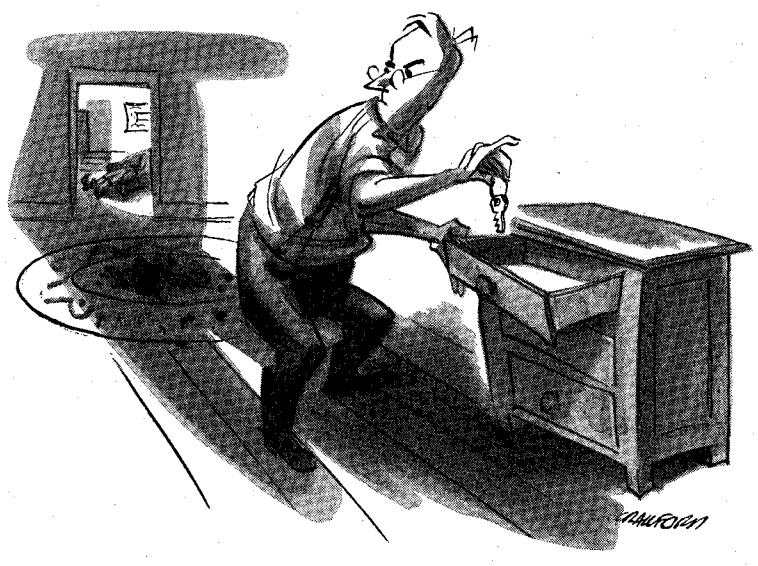
Westward from New York, the nature of space phenomena and the explanations advanced become more startling. In Cincinnati, the Civil Research Interplanetary Objects offers the theory that a war is now raging between the planets, and that many of our airplane disasters can be blamed on interference by space ships. In Chicago, the Cosmic Circle of Fellowship receives messages from space every Friday night in Parlor E of the La Salle Hotel, through William Ferguson, a seer, as Rigberg points out, of unique gifts.

But it is under the balmy skies of California that space cults bloom most gaudily. Here, to judge from the fervid testimony of the initiated, parked space vessels are as common as automobiles on a supermarket lot.

In Los Angeles, Eugene H. Drake, director of the Fellowship of Golden Illumination, photographs space creatures by infrared light and tape-records their conversations. Drake claims to have toured Venus on a "gravitonic sled." Los Angeles is also the headquarters of Franklin Thomas, whose New Age Publishing Company is a prolific source of otherworldly literature. In Del Mar, California, Mrs. Eloise Mellor, a medium, transmits while in a trance news of the movements of space legions, as revealed to her by Ashtar, a being who controls the entire universe.

Every March delegates from such groups flock to a two-day "Space-craft Convention" at George van Tassel's airport in the Mojave Desert. The focal spot is an immense hollowed-out boulder wherein van Tassel communes with the planets. Last year's convention had an attendance of 3000, including Adamski, Scully and nearly the whole stable of New Age authors. A featured event was the appearance of a Detroit youth, Richard Miller, who said that he had been lately whizzed across country in a Martian ship. The pilot, Sol Tec by name, confided that 3,500,000 benevolent space pilots were shielding the earth from deadly cosmic rays into which it was drifting.

Rigberg, back in New York, keeps close tabs on these momentous happenings. He has but one regret—that he himself has been unable to sight more than one space ship and has never met a space man. "The trouble is," he says wistfully, "I'm so busy in the store I don't get outdoors much." THE END



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Finster's fourteen-year-old daughter, Phyllis, who was just like her mother, pestered him constantly for the car keys, although too young to drive. To keep her from sneaking away with the car, Finster hid the keys in a dresser drawer. But while he watched television, Phyllis made off with keys and car. Turning a corner too fast, she struck a pedestrian, who sued Finster for his injuries.

"Finster should have known that a teen-ager like Phyllis would find keys in an obvious hiding place like a dresser," the injured man contended. "He should have kept them on him. Having failed to guard the keys properly, he is responsible for my injuries."

"Where can a man hide something so that his children can't find it?" Finster countered. "Should I have slept with the car keys in my pajama pocket? I did all I could, so I'm not to blame."

If you were the judge, would you make Finster pay damages?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Finster did not have to pay. The court ruled that even if he had not hidden the keys well, he could not foresee that Phyllis would filch them and run down someone with his car.

Based upon a 1955 Illinois decision.

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Remember Me, Your Wife? (Continued from Page 37)

Heart-warming plans from a heart overflowing with love! But just as it was lack of knowledge of the terrain that defeated Napoleon, so it was similar lack of knowledge that nearly defeated Cory. How could she know that at Marathon College Dr. Neal Shepard was more than a professor; he was a tradition? It turned out to be exceedingly trying to be married to a tradition. Stories had grown up around him, attaching themselves to him much as the ivy had grown on the walls of the old buildings. At every dinner and tea in her honor, someone was sure to corner her and tell her with fond delight about the girl named Fairweather whom Neal always called Miss Greenfield; about the time when a stranger asked him where to find Doctor Shepard and Neal told him to inquire at the office; about the occasion when someone remarked that it had been a great pleasure to meet him, and Neal replied cordially, "Yes, hasn't it?"

All this was funny, quaint and lovable—unless you happened to be married to it. It is an odd fact that someone else's husband making a fool of himself can be funny. Your husband doing the very same thing is asinine and exasperating. There was an added small but sharp annoyance in that Cory found her marriage accepted at Marathon College with affectionate amusement, as if it were another one of Doctor Shepard's delightful blunders. They remarked, watching her with bright, interested eyes, "It must be fascinating to be married to him!" and then waited hopefully for Cory to impart some new story from the inside to add to their repertoire.

She couldn't even do the job she had set for herself. How can you keep a man well fed when he very often doesn't show up for the well-balanced meal? How can you make sure he's wearing his trousers when he goes out while you're in the shower, goes out without saying good-by, without saying where he's going or when he'll be back? As for reminding him of appointments—well, Neal had his own system, well established for years. And Cory, for all her loving eagerness to help, could never figure out this system, but even seemed to have the unhappy faculty of disrupting it.

It was disconcerting, for example, to hunt for twenty minutes for the coffeepot before she could get breakfast; then to find it balanced precariously on top of the bridge lamp; then, when she removed it without mentioning it to Neal, to find that she had upset his whole day.

"You should have told me," he said gently, with repressed annoyance. "It was there for a purpose, to remind me to see Doctor Bryce." Doctor Bryce was the president of the college. "And I forgot, and it was very embarrassing."

"I'm sorry, dear. How could I know? The next time ——"

But the next time it was a handkerchief draped over the inside knob of the front door, and Cory, without thinking, took it away and dropped it in the clothes hamper. That was the time he was supposed to take his report cards to class and had to come back for them and was late to his first period.

"I don't like to be late to class, dear," he told her.

Cory became hypersensitive about the house. For two days she left the crystal ash tray upside down in the middle of the living-room floor, until finally Neal picked it up and asked good-naturedly, "What's the idea?"

"I thought —— It must have fallen," she said lamely. "I thought it meant something."

He laughed and kissed her. "You're learning," he said.

Cory felt something hot boil up inside of her. "I'm learning," she said, fixing him with a hard eye, "but are you?"

"Me?"

"Learning is a fifty-fifty proposition, you know. In marriage it is. I've learned that you don't like to miss appointments with Doctor Bryce or be late to class. But have you learned that it annoys me to have you late for dinner? Three nights last week ——"

"Oh, come now, Cory."

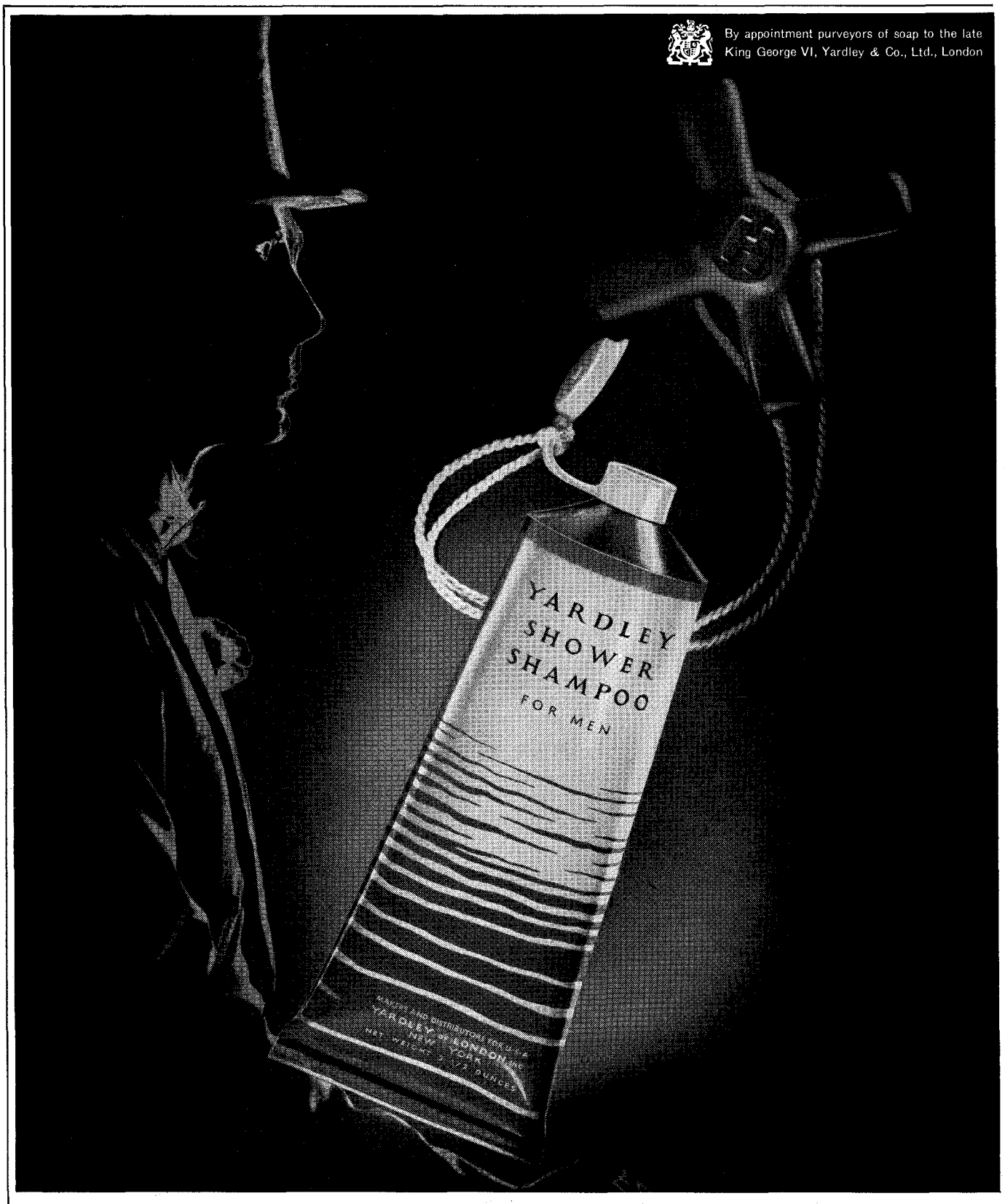
"—— I tried to keep dinner hot for over an hour while you were pondering over some imponderable philosophical question that nobody has ever answered and nobody ever will!"

"Cory, for a woman of intelligence——"

"Don't insult me with blandishments!"

"Let's not get excited. It distorts the reasoning ability. Look at it this way: there are certain things in life that are important—very important—essential. Those are the deeper inquiries into the meaning back of it all. Then there are other things that are necessary, but not important, if you know what I mean. Food, for example. We have to have it, but we mustn't give it the importance of getting excited about it, either pleasurably or displeasurably."

Cory bit her lower lip and took a deep breath. "The next time you are late for dinner, you can fish it out of the garbage pail. That's where it will be. And I hope you can (*Continued on Page 77*)



Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients.

Something new under the shower—from Yardley

. . . a superb new Shower Shampoo created especially for men. It lathers luxuriously, rinses quickly. Leaves the hair clean, lustrous, and easy to manage.

The tube hangs up right in the shower . . . sports a hinged cap that won't get lost. Never before such a handy way to wash your hair! And it costs but $1.

YARDLEY OF LONDON INC. 620 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

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no other automatic

VICARA®
Maytag washes it on "Modern Fabrics," "Cold," 1-3 min.

ACRILAN®
Light soil, wash in Maytag at "Modern Fabrics," "Cold," 5-8 min.

DACRON®
Light soil: wash on "Modern Fabrics," "Cold," 5-8 min.

ACETATE
Maytag washes it on "Modern Fabrics," "Cold," 3-5 min.

ORLON®
Likes Maytag's "Modern Fabrics," "Cold," 5-8 min.

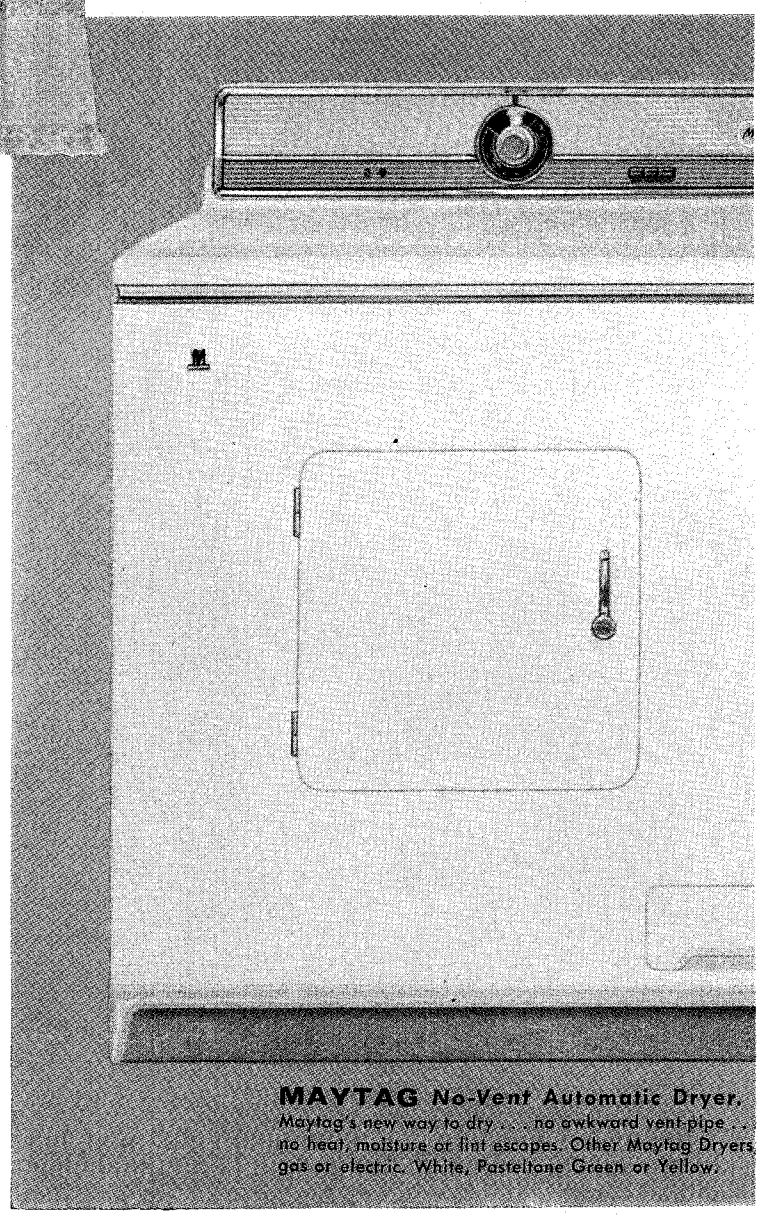
COTTON
Colors wash on "Regular Fabrics," "Warm," 8-12 min.

NYLON
Light soil: wash on "Modern Fabrics," "Cold," 5-8 min.

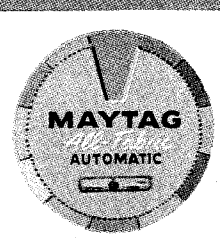
ARNEL®
Light soil: wash on "Modern Fabrics," "Cold," 5-8 min.

WOOL
Wash in Maytag on "Modern Fabrics," "Cold," 1-3 min.

RAYON
Wash in Maytag on "Modern Fabrics," "Cold," 3-5 min.



MAYTAG *No-Vent* **Automatic Dryer.**
Maytag's new way to dry . . . no awkward vent pipe . . . no heat, moisture or lint escapes. Other Maytag Dryers, gas or electric. White, Pasteltone Green or Yellow.



Free! Fabric Wheel!
Simply dial fabric for its washing and drying instructions. Ask your Maytag dealer for it.

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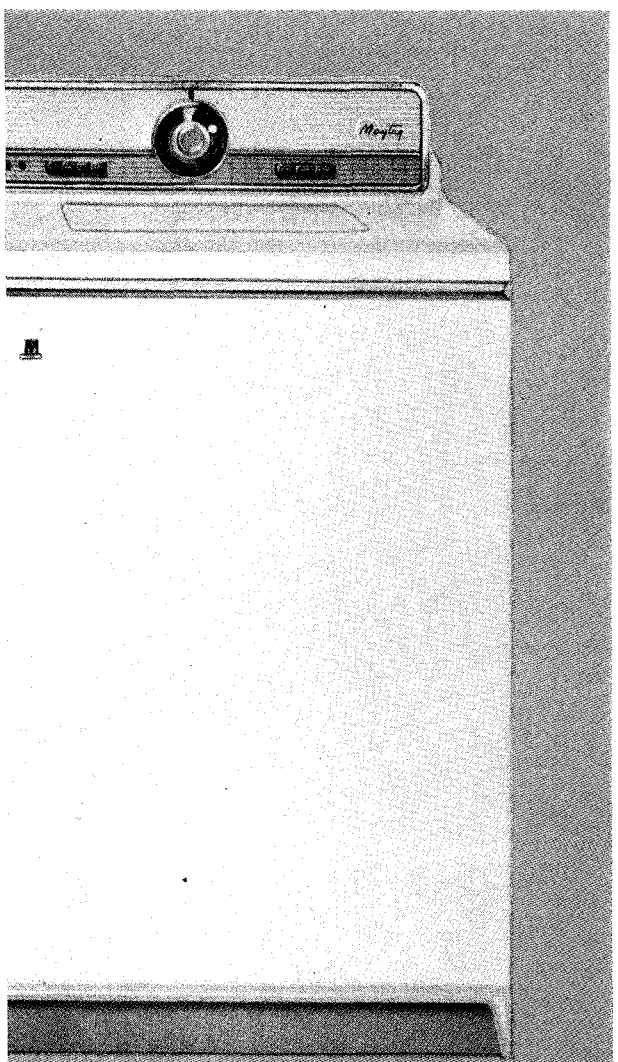
washes modern fabrics so safely

NEW MAYTAG All-Fabric AUTOMATIC



MAYTAG ***All-Fabric*** **Automatic Washer.**
The double-duty washer that washes modern and regular fabrics automatically . . . and safely. White, Pastel-tone Green or Yellow.

Only Maytag duplicates hand washing with choice of wash and rinse speeds water levels temperatures, even cold water!

Haven't you often wished for a double-duty washer into which you could toss even your most delicate things . . . and it would wash them as safely as it does your regular wash?

That washer is here . . . now. It's the new MAYTAG *All-Fabric* Automatic. It's the *only* automatic that can do the same three things *you* do when you hand-wash modern fabrics.

First, when you push that "Modern Fabrics" button on the Maytag, its special two-speed motor automatically slows both agitating and spinning speed to handle your delicate things carefully. And you can set the wash-time for as little as one minute, Maytag is that flexible!

Second, set Maytag's exclusive Automatic Water Level Control for "low" and you get the small amount of water you need for small loads, saving you up to 11½ gallons.

New "Cold Water" feature

And third, Maytag offers you a hand-wash feature that is brand new: in addition to hot and warm water, Maytag gives you *cold water wash and rinse* . . . automatically . . . just by pushing Maytag's "Cold" water button.

As you know, cold water is the only way you can wash many modern fabrics that are extra sensitive to heat. You'll want to wash many *other* things in cold water, too, when you find it practically eliminates wrinkles, cuts way down on ironing time.

End wash-bowl washing with Maytag

Actually, you could end *all* hand washing with this Maytag, if you liked. Of course, it does its usual unequalled job of cleaning *regular* things safely, quickly and economically.

See this remarkable new automatic at your Maytag dealer's. It's built by the people who have made more washers than any other brand in the world!

The Maytag Company, Newton, Iowa.

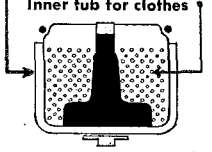
Maytag products are sold and serviced in Canada and throughout the world.

WATCH "NAVY LOG" ON CBS-TV TUESDAY NIGHTS

ONLY MAYTAG GIVES YOU ALL THESE FEATURES:

Automatic Water Level Control
Saves up to 11½ gallons on small load

Exclusive Double-Spin Tubs
Outer tub for dirt
Inner tub for clothes



Simple Push-Button Controls

Slow and regular speeds — Saves water and suds for re-use

Hot, Warm and new Cold water wash and rinse

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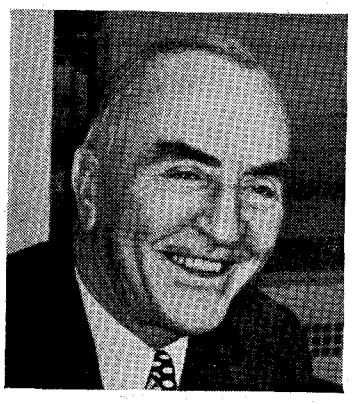
World's fastest, smoothest, most luxurious airliners, the new Lockheed Electras with Allison Prop-Jet power will enter service on Eastern Air Lines' routes in the Fall of 1958.



Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker
Chairman of the Board
EASTERN AIR LINES

Captain Eddie Rickenbacker chooses

Aeroproducts Propellers *for* Eastern Air Lines'

new fleet of Lockheed Prop-Jet Electras

A balance between engine and propeller is necessary for efficient aircraft performance. It is absolutely essential in the new high-powered Prop-Jet airliners whose propeller tips will spin at velocities of 600 feet per second.

That is why Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, dean of the air transportation industry, has chosen Aeroproducts Propellers with Allison turbine engines for Eastern Air Lines' great new fleet of 40 Lockheed Electras.

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(*Continued from Page 73*)

eat it without feeling it important, either pleasurably or displeasurably!"

He laughed so freely and naturally that Cory, who was inherently good-natured, had to laugh with him.

The next morning, Cory, first to get up, came upon the recording of the Brahms Fourth Symphony in the bathtub.

"Brahms is in the tub," she called to Neal. "May I take him out while I shower?" And later, at breakfast, she remarked, "I think that's a little risky, don't you?"

"Not very. Besides, better to risk Brahms than risk forgetting our tea this afternoon."

"Neal!" She was horror-struck.

"What?"

"You don't mean to tell me the Philosophy Department tea is this afternoon!"

"Yup."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I'm telling you now. Didn't think of it before."

"But, Neal! I have to get my hair done. And I wanted to get a new dress and ——"

"Plenty of time. Not till four o'clock, you know."

He was so unconcerned that she felt the heat boiling up in her again.

"Look here, Neal. Don't you ever give a thought to me? I have my life to live too. I have my plans to make. I'm not used to going around in a half fog as you do. I like my life orderly and controlled."

He smiled at her calmly across the breakfast table. "Eight times," he said.

"Eight times?"

"Eight times you used the first person—five times the personal pronoun, three times the possessive. Don't you see, my darling, that the whole trouble with our lives is too much ego? If you get rid of the urgency of your personal desires, you'll be much happier. I don't mean repression, of course. That would be bad for you. I mean, rather, expansion. Stop putting importance on small things. Relax. Enlarge your personality to take in more and more, until you embrace the whole world and all of life. Then what will it matter what you wear to the tea? Or even if you go at all?"

She looked at him with bleak eyes. She was no longer angry. She felt deserted, unwanted. So this was what it was, to be married to a great man. Left outside and cold. When she spoke, she was surprised at the smallness of her voice.

"And in all this beautiful expansion and taking in of the whole world," she asked, "what becomes of your wife?"

He looked over at her quickly with such a flaming, intense look that she felt comforted even before he spoke.

"I have you in the very center of my being—always."

The seriousness and sincerity in his voice surprised her and made her feel ashamed of her childish outburst.

But, of course, after he had kissed her lightly and gone out, she still had to have her hair done and find something suitable to wear. When she finally turned up at the tea, she was feeling rushed and a little cross.

The sight of the Faculty Room was soothing to her ruffled spirit. Its diamond-paned windows looked out on a gray day. But inside was a merry fire in the fireplace at the end of the room, and the gleaming silver on the table picked up the light beautifully. The gathering was distinguished, the conversation lively.

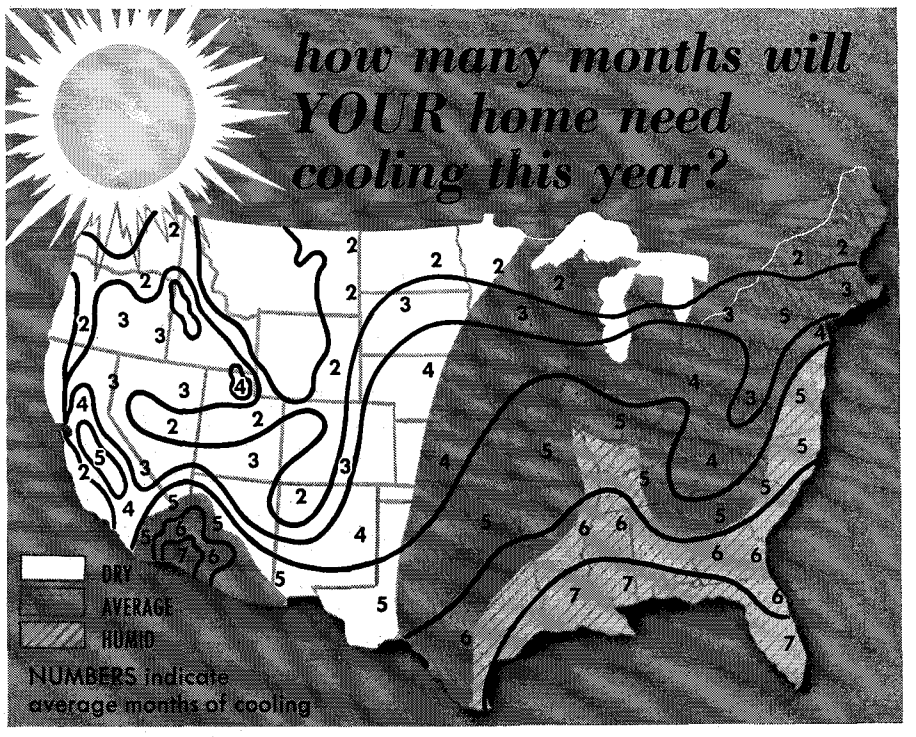
Cory felt suddenly that this was her kind of life and here she belonged. She even looked with friendly eyes on Lorena Curtis who came to take her in tow. Miss Curtis, a skinny academic person of undetermined age, was assistant in the Philosophy Department and secretary without portfolio to Doctor Shepard. She adored Neal and had an annoying way of intimating that she really knew him better than anyone else, including the wife. Certainly she knew more delightful stories about him. She was in the midst of telling one to a small group when Cory entered, and she drew Cory right into it.

"I was just telling—perhaps you haven't heard this, Mrs. Shepard—about the night of the Alumni Banquet, when Doctor Shepard was so busy talking that he ate his oysters with his salad fork. Then he ate his salad with his teaspoon. I saw very plainly what was going to happen, but I was down the table from him and couldn't do anything about it. When it came to the ice cream, all he had left was his oyster fork!"

They all laughed. No doubt it was funny. But Cory, whose day, thanks to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, for your information, 98.7 is a fever!"



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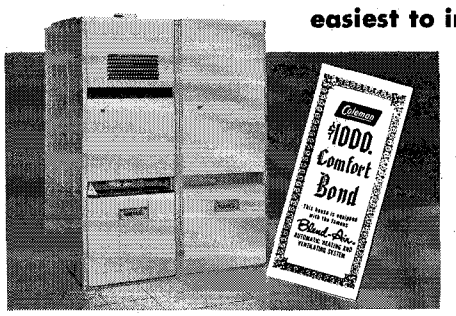

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Neal, had been hectic, was in no mood for it. And when one of the other wives remarked, "It must be fascinating to be married to him, Mrs. Shepard," her answer came out slightly dry.

"Never a dull moment," she said. "I've begun to feel that Xanthippe had a case."

In the midst of remembering with considerable unholy pleasure about Xanthippe sousing Socrates with a slop bucket, she became conscious of Miss Curtis' stiff back beside her, and turned to look into a most unfriendly eye.

"Xanthippe," said Miss Curtis sternly, "should have realized that her husband was a very great man."

"Xanthippe does—did, I mean—but ——"

"If she really loved him ——"

"If she loved him, it made it worse, believe me," said Cory, determined not to be argued down by this dedicated little spinster.

The others in the group had drifted away, ignoring the awkward altercation. She and Miss Curtis were alone, as two people can be, suddenly, in a crowded room. Miss Curtis lowered her voice.

"I wonder if you do know how great he is," she said, looking hard into Cory's eyes. "He probably would rather tell you this himself, but I can't resist. It hasn't been announced yet. We heard today that his last book has been awarded the five-thousand-dollar MacRae International Award as the year's most significant and constructive contribution to the field of creative philosophy."

Cory, completely taken by surprise, felt sudden hot tears in her eyes. "Oh, Miss Curtis! Lorena!" The little woman smiled, nodded and blinked back tears of her own. They were suddenly very close.

Cory's glance flew across the room to where Neal stood in a group of men, conversing energetically and with evident relish.

She saw him as if for the first time—tall, straight, distinguished in manner, and with an air of calm assurance that did seem to relegate unimportant things to their unimportant places. Yes, he was a great man, and he looked the part, and she loved him enormously.

But even as she adored, there was in the making another one of those stories that made her wince. Suddenly, as if remembering something, Neal looked at his watch, remarked on the lateness of the hour, thanked the room in general for a pleasant time, picked up Mr. Ludwig's hat from a table and started out. There was a moment's stunned silence as the gathering watched their host leaving the party.

Mr. Ludwig, standing near the doorway, stopped him. "I think that's my hat, Neal."

"What?" Neal looked it over. "Oh. I'm sorry, Henry. I guess I didn't have mine this afternoon." He would have started for the door, but Ludwig's outstretched arm restrained him.

"And this is your party, you know," he reminded him gently.

Neal stopped with his back to the room, drew in a sharp, hissing breath as he remembered, and then let it out in an explosion of "Stupid! Stupid!" Then he turned and apologized to the room with all the easy grace and self-forgetfulness that made him friends and made them forgive his blunders.

But Cory did not hear. Her face was burning, the blood rushing through her brain, and the sound of the fond laughter in the room enraged her all the more. How could he manage to make such a fool of himself? To go from the sublime to the ridiculous so fast? As soon as she could, without being noticed, she left and walked home alone. Remembering, she envied Lorena Curtis. It was easier to love him, she thought, if you weren't married to him.

The tea should have been over before six o'clock, and when he didn't come home by eight, she put the food away—she couldn't quite bring herself to throw it in the garbage pail—and went to bed supperless herself. He came in about eight-thirty.

She thought, *I'll be detached. This is not my husband. This is the distinguished winner of the MacRae Award.*

But it didn't last, because when he came into the dark bedroom, he asked, "Tired, Cory? Or angry?"

"Both," she said crossly.

He wandered tranquilly out into the kitchen and began preparations for a meal.

She shuddered; she knew how he was doing it. She had seen it before, to her horror. He would open the refrigerator, take out everything that he wanted to eat, put it all into one saucepan, cut up a raw onion into it, pour milk over it and heat it. Then he would put the saucepan on a plate on the table, prop a book against the sugar bowl and eat out of the pan.

"Did you have dinner?" he called to her.

"No."

"Aren't you hungry?"

"Yes, I am."

He appeared at the bedroom door. "Come out and I'll give you half of mine."

"I couldn't eat such a mess."

He laughed good-naturedly. "Then try concentrating on the hollow of your throat. The Hindu yogis do it to overcome hunger pangs."

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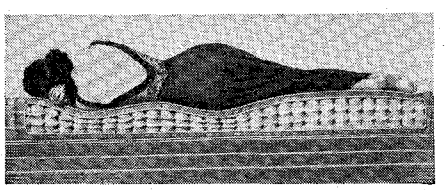

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Can I stand it? she asked herself, gazing into the blackness of the room. *Shall I be nothing but a doormat, always faithful, always here waiting sweetly for him to wipe his feet on me?* She considered briefly the teaching position still available for her at the University of Southern California. Then she turned over, hungry, lonely and miserable, and cried her exasperated tears into the pillow until she slept.

In the morning, things looked a little brighter, though she did not quite like the twinkle in his eye as he smiled across the breakfast table at her.

"Cory," he said, "you didn't need a new dress to be the most beautiful woman there."

She looked at him accusingly. "But I bought a new dress yesterday morning and I wore it yesterday afternoon."

He did not change expression in the least. "I know," he said. "That's what I meant."

She gazed at him for a long moment. "I don't believe you meant that, and I don't believe you noticed the dress. But you're very clever." She smiled lovingly at him. "And Lorena Curtis told me, and I cried with pride, and she cried. And now please don't say you've forgotten about the MacRae Award."

His distinguished face actually got scarlet with pleasure and embarrassment. Cory jumped up, wound her arms around his neck and pressed her cheek against his. Fortunately or unfortunately, he was her husband.

"Darling, darling! When are they going to give it to you?"

"On the twenty-eighth at a silly banquet. MacRae himself is coming out from New York. And unfortunately that's the same afternoon I promised to speak at the University Club. Don't see how I can get out of it."

"Never mind. I'll have your dinner clothes ready, and I'll pick you up at the club, and that way there'll be time enough." Then she added, "And that way you won't forget the banquet."

He took it sweetly. "It will help, no doubt."

The day of the banquet was a hectic one. Cory left the house before Neal did. She went early to get her hair done, be-

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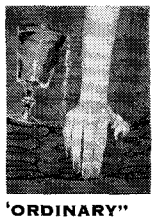
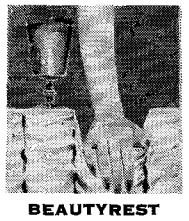


'ORDINARY"



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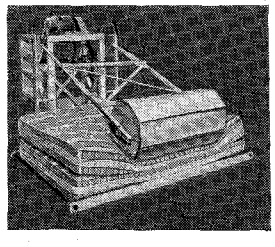

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Arthur Larsen

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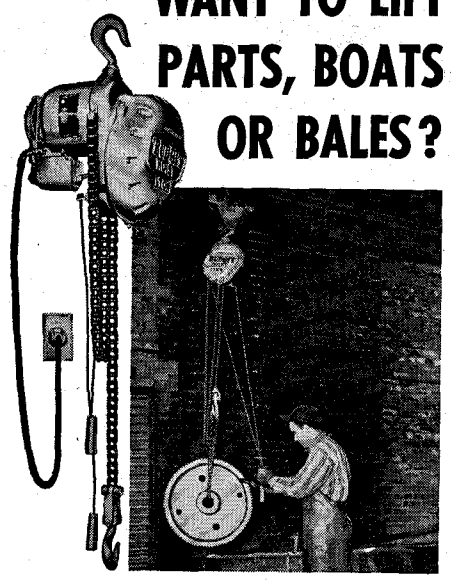

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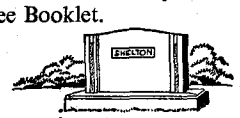

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cause the Faculty Wives' Committee was meeting to discuss plans for a nursery school for faculty children, and Cory was secretary of the committee. Then she had to pick up Neal's Tuxedo at the cleaners'.

When she returned home, she found that Neal had left the candelabra upside down on the dining-room table with his straw hat on top of it. She paused, thinking. It couldn't have been the University Club luncheon he wanted to remind himself of, because he was to have been picked up by his host. He certainly wouldn't have to remind himself of the banquet in the evening, nor of the fact that he was supposed to dress. Perhaps it was to remind him to take the notes for his speech. Anyway, she didn't dare touch that odd little arrangement, and in her comings and goings to get ready for the banquet, she looked at it often, uneasily, and shrugged her shoulders in affectionate resignation.

The banquet was at seven, all the way across campus in Alumni Hall. At five-thirty Neal was not home. Cory began to worry, telling herself that he surely couldn't have forgotten.

When he didn't arrive at six, she called Lorena Curtis, and, trying to sound casual, said, "Neal has been detained. I wonder if you could stop by for me, so I can leave the car for him. It's beginning to rain, and I'm afraid he'll have a time getting a taxi."

Lorena Curtis was not fooled. When she came to get Cory, she said, "I called the University Club. They said the meeting was over at five. I called the public library and the college library. They haven't seen him."

The two women looked at each other gravely.

"He couldn't have forgotten!" said Cory determinedly, as though by willing it she could make it so. "Let's go!"

At 6:30 she stood, embarrassed and anxious, beside President Bryce, greeting the guests. The speakers of the evening arrived one by one—tall, white-haired Dr. Ross Belmont, from Columbia University; plump Dr. Patrick Merriman, from Harvard; the irrepressible Ship Higgins, from Yale; and Donald MacRae, millionaire donor of the award. They all wanted to know where Doctor Shepard was. Cory, her emotions in a whirl of indignation and anxiety, could only hope her replies were sane and intelligible.

And Neal did not come. There began to be a bit of restlessness among the guests, shaking heads, rueful smiles. It was to be expected of Neal Shepard, of course—late to his own banquet. Just another blunder; perhaps not so delightful this time.

Cory went to the ladies' room and stood in front of the mirror to see if she looked as sick as she felt. *I can't stand it*, she said to herself. It was no use. She could not continue to take humiliations handed out in such casual fashion.

At half past seven President Bryce suggested that the guests sit down. He was sure that Doctor Shepard would be along any minute, and in the meantime the dinner was being spoiled. Cory looked at her food with unseeing eyes and no appetite. *How could he? How could he be so rude?*

At quarter of eight, to the applause of the gathering, Neal came in. He strode across the floor, distinguished, cool, poised, impeccably dressed. He made his apologies to President Bryce, to Mr. MacRae, to the other guests of honor—seemingly satisfactory apologies. Cory did not hear. She felt his eyes on her. She would not look. Now she was no longer anxious, simply embarrassed and angry. All the way through dinner he was searching out her eyes, and she would not look at him.

Afterward, during the highly complimentary speeches, which, because she was smoldering with indignation, Cory scarcely heard, she was thinking, *He doesn't deserve it. They should send him home and mail the prize to him, and never, never invite him anyplace again.*

Then it was over. They were five thousand dollars richer, and Cory was considering divorce. Neal drove the car. They rode home in complete silence. Neal was thoughtful. Cory was depressed.

When they stepped into the living room and closed the door, Cory took a deep breath of determination and said coldly, "When you inconvenience me—one person—it's not too bad. But when you are rude to a whole banquet hall full of people, gathered just to pay you a compliment —— Really, Neal, there are certain limits beyond which you should not allow yourself to trade on your reputation!"

Frowning, he looked at her earnestly for a minute. Then he glanced out into the dining room, where he could see the candelabra still upside down on the table, still with his straw hat on it. A slow smile began to spread across the face.

"So you didn't do it on purpose?"

"Do what? What are you talking about?"

"You were supposed to pick me up at the University Club at five-thirty." His smile was wicked.

The bottom fell out of her righteous indignation. She sank down into a chair and closed her eyes.

"Oh! Oh, how horrible of me! How could I? Oh, Neal, can you ever forgive me?"

He was laughing silently. "I waited over half an hour in the pouring rain," he told her, rubbing it in. "Then, when I finally decided you weren't coming, I couldn't get a taxi for love nor money. Tried to telephone you. You were gone. Tried to telephone Lorena Curtis. She was gone."

"Oh, Neal, don't!" Her head was drooping.

"I was sure you did it on purpose," he said, laughing. "You never forget. I left the candelabra upside down to remind you. I thought you'd be amused."

"Don't laugh, Neal. I couldn't figure out what it meant."

His laughter pealed forth again, and Cory began to cry. "How could you think I'd do such a thing on purpose?"

He was serious then. "I really thought you wanted to teach me a lesson, and that you had picked the very best psychological time to do it."

"I wouldn't—I couldn't have been so cruel!"

He took out his handkerchief. "Move over," he said and squeezed himself into the armchair beside her.

"Even if you didn't plan it, the lesson went home quite well. I stood in the rain and, like a drowning man, I saw my whole life flash by." In a businesslike way he went about drying the tears on her face. "There! I saw very clearly how awkward it is not to be able to depend on someone. Maybe she's coming, maybe she isn't. You don't know whether to wait or go, and it gets later and later."

Cory nodded and the tears started again.

"Please don't do that," said Neal. "I just got them cleaned up."

She laughed a little.

"I love you so much," he said, as if the thought had occurred to him for the first time. Patiently he wiped her eyes again. Then he went on, "Some of my thoughtlessness I can't help. Things just happen. You know how that is." He controlled his smile. "I get absorbed and forget where I am, what time it is, what I'm supposed to do. It seems to be constitutional. On the other hand, I recognize that too much of it is selfishness, trading on my reputation, taking advantage of people who pamper me. This I can correct, and I will. And you can help me with the other. Put little pieces of paper in my pockets. Tie knots in my handkerchiefs. If I don't come home right on the dot, telephone me. And always, always ask me what is meant by the toaster on the toilet or the toothpaste in the mailbox."

"I will." She was smiling now.

"And before I forget," he went on, fishing in his pocket, "here is a small but expensive present I bought for your birthday, which is tomorrow."

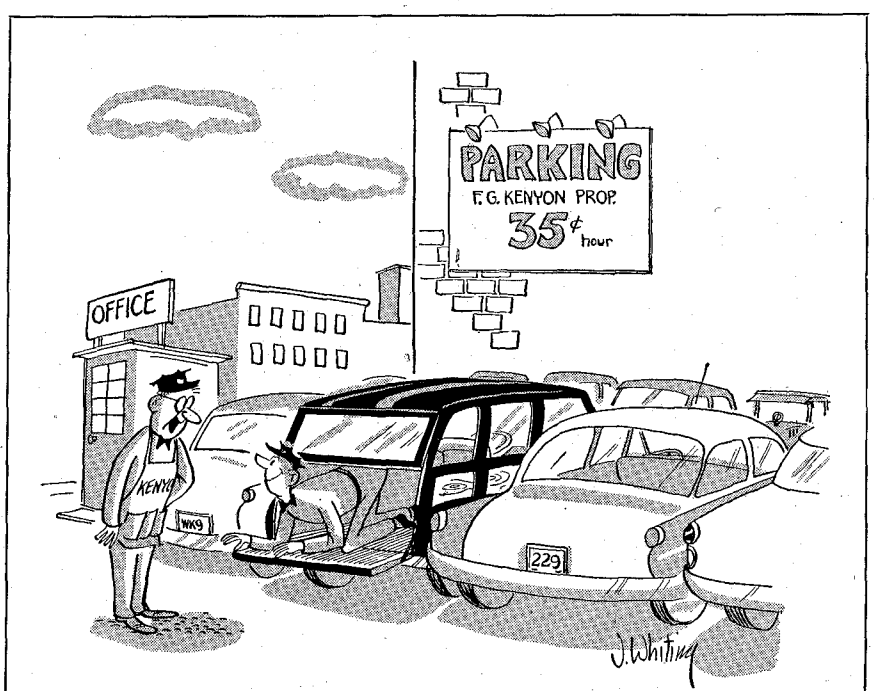
Cory was astonished, delighted, touched. "How in the world did you ever remember that my birthday is tomorrow?"

"Miss Curtis reminded me," he said honestly.

"Oh." She was sharply disappointed. Then she recalled something. "But I never did tell Lorena Curtis when my birthday is."

"No." He grinned down at her. "I told her two weeks ago and asked her to remind me."

THE END



"I've got to hand it to you, Edsall. I didn't think it could be done."

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I'll Wait for You (Continued from Page 30)

Joe considered. He hadn't wanted anybody to know he was coming. He hadn't answered letters all the time he was in the pen; he'd torn them up unread when they arrived. He'd refused to see any member of the Santorelli family when they came up on the days when visitors were permitted. Even in the pen he'd had the right to do that! And he didn't want anybody to expect him when he arrived. But the sheriff had seen him. It couldn't be helped.

"All right," he said briefly.

He got into the car. The sheriff let in the clutch. They went bumbling down the dusty country road. A great plume of white dust arose behind them. Presently a rabbit jumped up from the roadside and went leaping madly away. Presently, again, there was a long row of swallows, looking like absurd black beads, evenly spaced for a three-pole length of the telephone wire overhead. They flittered away as the car came beneath them.

Joe wouldn't look at the sheriff. He stared stonily ahead. Presently he noticed that his fist was clenched in his lap. He relaxed it.

They came to a crossroads store, decorated on the outside by innumerable tin signs, most of them rusty. This was fifteen miles from home. The sheriff hadn't said a word. But he pulled off the road before the store. He got out and went in. Joe sat still.

Nobody peered out at him. Presently the sheriff came back. He had a half-dozen-bottle carton of soft drinks, iced and cold. He put them on the front seat between himself and Joe. He started the car again. As he went down the road he upended a bottle. He lowered it.

"There's another bottle open," he observed. "Drink up! It's a hot day!"

Joe's throat was filled with dust. But he said harshly, "No, thanks."

The sheriff had arrested him. The sheriff had found evidence against him. The sheriff had testified for the prosecution. He was definitely included among the people it helped to hate.

There was blue sky overhead. They passed a country church with no other building anywhere near it. This was ten miles from home. There were smells—green stuff and drying leaves and dust and the odor of the car itself. Not exactly fragrances, any of them, but Joe was acutely aware. He reminded himself that such things as smells didn't count.

"There's a new sawmill," said the sheriff abruptly, "working over by Bee Tree. They could use you, if you don't feel like farming. I'll speak to 'em, if you like."

"No, thanks," said Joe, again harshly.

He'd lost too much to start over again here. He had something to do, back at the home of the Santorelli family, and then he'd be gone and never come back. But he'd learned something up at the pen, and he wanted them to know it. They might think they'd smashed him, crushed him, broken him. They might be congratulating themselves that they'd put that intrusive beggar, Joe, back where he'd come from. That he'd come crawling back for more of what they'd already given him. But he wasn't licked. He'd found out that if you hate hard enough you can take anything without sniveling. You can get into such an ecstasy of hatred that no matter what anybody does to you, it only makes you defy them more. The Santorellis wouldn't be so happy when they saw his spirit wasn't broken!

The sheriff drove and drove. They passed through a pine wood. They came to a filling station at a fork in the road. Joe tensed, but the sheriff took the right-hand fork. This was five miles from home. The left-hand fork went into town, and the sheriff could have driven through there, so everybody would see Joe. But he didn't.

"I'm on my way to Bealeton," explained the sheriff.

A little runlet of water, so narrow it barely required a bridge. Four miles from home. A great oak tree standing quite alone in a field of soybeans. Three miles. The rolling scrub-pine thicket that covered too many acres of too-poor land. Two miles.

Presently the sheriff braked. This was back of the Santorelli farm and the house Joe'd thought was home. The house would be half a mile yonder.

"I can run you up to the house if you like," said the sheriff. "Only I figured ——"

"Thanks," said Joe coldly.

He got out of the car. He'd rather walk in unannounced. Let the dismay show in their faces when they saw how he hated them. Let them be frightened because they didn't know what he meant to do, arriving unheralded after that contemptuous silence and refusal to accept visits or gifts in the prison. He could laugh to himself at the picture he foresaw. But he kept his face impassive.

"Your friend, Angela," said the sheriff, "ain't married to anybody."

Joe jerked his face toward the sheriff. He was filled with a raw fury at the mention of Angela. His fingers writhed. Nobody should mention her to him! She was Angela Rossi, and her father's farm was three miles on, past the Blakes' and next to the Johnsons'. She and Joe used to go together. In high school and after. It was notorious that neither one had ever really looked at anybody else. But now he wouldn't think about her. It was finished. Nobody should mention her to him!

"Who asked you?" he demanded, shaking. "Who asked?"

The sheriff said nothing. Joe glared. His hands closed and unclosed. He turned to go to the house. It wasn't visible from back here, but he knew the way. He swung over the fence and into the field. Chickpeas.

The sheriff said soberly, "Joe." When Joe turned burning eyes upon him, the sheriff said, "What you're planning's all wrong. I wouldn't, if I was you."

He drove away when Joe cried out at him. Joe stared after the vanishing car. He heard himself making incoherent, babbling noises. Somehow he didn't care. It helped to rouse all the hate it was possible to feel. He needed it.

But he stopped when the house roof came in sight above the trees of the orchard. He stood quite still and made himself calm down. He made himself swallow repeatedly, until he was able to speak coldly and in an unwavering voice. He spoke aloud for his own hearing, to be sure. He said scornfully, in a clear voice, "I used to pretend to myself that my name was Santorelli instead of Joe Scarpa."

The contempt in the tone was absolute. So he went on, and naturally he passed through the orchard. He remembered how incredible these fruit trees had seemed to him when he first came to this place. He'd been twelve, then—a slum kid who was in trouble, and somebody unknown wearily arranged for him to be raised by a charitable family in the country. The Santorellis. And these were the first fruit trees he'd ever seen, and he was starkly incredulous that one could go and pick an apple to eat and nobody minded. It was his first encounter with the idea that one might not need to steal what one could not buy.

The foliage was thick. Half-ripe apples were everywhere. Joe almost picked one to bite into, though it would be acid and hard. But he could taste without biting. He remembered with unbearable vividness the sharp, sour flavor and the welling of saliva and the crackling sounds as one's teeth tore the apple's substance.

But hate surged up to stop his outstretched hand. He wouldn't take even a green apple from anybody named Santorelli now! Not even an apple from the people who'd taken him when he was a kid and raised him to nineteen—and then let him go to prison! He found himself breathing heavily. His fingernails bit into his palms. But if one hated hard enough, nothing could hurt.

There was a moving speck at the other end of the orchard. It was brown and white. It was Jupiter, his dog. No, not his dog, though when the family got the puppy when he was fifteen, he'd privately and fiercely assured himself he'd make the puppy like him best. He'd done it too! Now Jupe trotted about his private affairs and Joe stood still, desperately reminding himself of the wrongs done him.

Then Jupiter paused, one forepaw lifted. He cocked his head on one side. He came comfortably to see who was in the orchard, downwind. It was not a hostile or suspicious investigation. In this part of the world, the dog or dogs of a household always went sedately to greet guests with hospitable waggings of tails. Joe had forgotten it. But Jupe was coming toward him curiously, and a lump came into his throat.

Ten yards away, Jupe caught his scent. Then he stopped, and then he bounced. He came rushing to Joe and thrust his muzzle into Joe's hands, wriggling. His tail wagged furiously.

"Aw," said Joe hoarsely. "Aw, Jupe."

He pushed the dog away. And Jupiter scuttled in a half circle and came back delightedly and darted almost within reach and teasingly swerved away again. He traced intricate, excited patterns out of sheer exuberance, and then picked up a stick in his teeth and came prancing back with it. He dropped it at Joe's feet and waited zestfully. Joe sat down on the ground. The dog leaped joyously upon him. They tussled absurdly, the dog panting happy mock growlings.

It was a very foolish exhibition. Presently Joe heard noises that were not made by Jupiter. He despised himself when he heard them. He gulped and forced himself to silence. Then he stood up.

"Stop it!" he ordered fiercely. "Quit it, Jupe!"

He brushed off his clothes. He wiped his face where Jupiter had licked him. He did not admit even to himself that he also wiped his eyes. He clenched his hands savagely.

He walked on toward the house again, with Jupiter bouncing about him. He reminded himself that the Santorellis, every one, had betrayed him. Sure he'd acted crazy! Getting drunk that time had been crazy! Especially considering —— But he thrust Angela violently from his mind. It had been crazy to get drunk, and getting in that fight was crazy. And going wild with shame because he'd been licked in the fight—that wasn't sense, either. But these people—these Santorellis he'd tried to believe cared about him—they'd abandoned him in his trouble. When he needed them! When he needed to know that somebody would really back him up! A slum kid getting to love Angela needed to know that he really counted, and really meant something, and that he wasn't crazy to set himself up as fit to marry her.

Joe could almost believe that he'd got into trouble because he didn't feel fit for Angela and needed somebody standing back of him in trouble to prove that he was. Almost he could believe it. But not quite. Because nobody did stand back of him. Pop Santorelli hired a lawyer for him, sure! He'd've been ashamed not to go through the motions! But that old-fogy lawyer advised Joe to plead guilty. Felonious assault. And he wouldn't. If he pleaded guilty to a crime, how could he expect Angela to have anything to do with him? He had to beat the case! It was hysterically necessary to beat the case! There was Angela ——

He had to stop a moment, just then. But when he came out of the orchard, almost at the house, he was composed once more. Soothing, anesthetic hatred filled him so that his eyes were clear and his step was firm. He wasn't coming back crawling! Pop Santorelli had been called to the witness stand, and he'd said flatly that Joe came home that night with his clothes messed and bloody. If he'd denied it, no jury in that neighborhood would have doubted him. Joe'd have gone free. But he didn't back up Joe. So ——

There was the house. Mom Santorelli's kitchen—an ell that stuck out back toward the barn, with a roofed-over porch that used to have a pump at its edge. There was the fenced space for vegetables, and the place where flowers grew. The barn and the garage ——

Jupe trotted close to his feet as he walked stonily toward the house. He ground his teeth. The familiarity of things was unbearable. Joe was deathly pale. He heard a movement. He whirled. A figure in overalls moved inside the barn door. Joe stared, his fists clenched. But it was Bob Sutton, from down the road a way. He saw Joe and raised a hand in matter-of-fact greeting. Probably didn't recognize him, (*Continued on Page 84*)

Wind's Down

By Elizabeth Landeweer

The shingles streamed out
like a mane,
The dark horse on the
weathervane
Wheeled on his windy perch
and squealed.
Spur-raked, the riven pine
tree reeled,
And boughs all night upon
the roof
Struck louder than a
stallion's hoof.
At dawning, all was still as
death,
Old Boreas, blown and out
of breath,
Had flattened like an empty
sack.
Awake, I turned upon my
back,
And listened out across the
world.
I heard the morning come
uncurled,
And when its pink shell
covered us,
Slept like a chambered
nautilus.

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Can men be as smart as women?

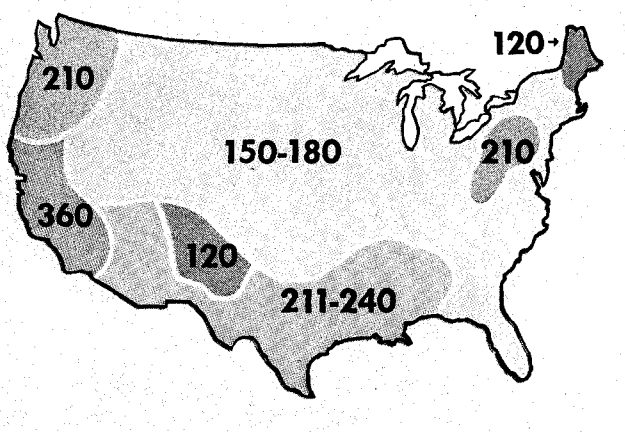
This is a touchy subject, so let's confine it solely to clothes. For example, outdoors on warmish days, or indoors in warmish rooms, most women dress lightly and rightly, while many men wilt woefully in heavy-weight suits. But thousands of men, now as smart as women, enjoy the comfort of new, lighter, medium-weight suits...called Tempawate by Hart Schaffner & Marx.

Both indoor and outdoor temperatures frequently range from 50 to 75 degrees. Winter-weight suits are often too heavy; tropicals, too light. But Tempawate suits are perfect for mild weather and for heated or air-conditioned places.

Tempawate suits are wonderfully tailored in a wide choice of handsome wool fabrics. They're soft, resilient, and of regular construction... thoroughly comfortable, thoroughly Tempawate. The Revaire worsted suit, shown here, has an ingeniously "ventilated" reverse-twist weave for added comfort and wrinkle-resistance.

Trend styling is emphasized...tall, trim and slim lines with a straightforward, natural look. Glance at the young lady's suit, too. It's also beautifully tailored by Hart Schaffner & Marx.

Number of days a year
when temperatures are 50° to 75°



Tempawate, the trend toward greater comfort...TREND styling for handsome appearance by

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(*Continued from Page 82*) but spoke like one did to everybody—here. He disappeared back into the barn. Joe's lip curled. He went firmly to the porch and up the steps.

He knocked on the kitchen door. It was the first time he'd ever knocked on it. Every other time he'd just opened it.

Francesca's voice came out, "Come in!"

He turned the knob and entered, formidably. But for an instant he didn't see Francesca. He saw the kitchen. This was the only home he'd ever known—and it wasn't his any longer. He'd come from slum streets where cops were enemies and there were no friends, but only rivals in toughness and defiance. Here he'd believed he belonged. Here *lasagna* had been prepared, and fried chicken, and *sanguinacc'*, and Thanksgiving turkeys, and smoked eels for Christmas Eve. The look and smell and memories of this room were overwhelming. Jupiter squirmed in past his legs, his paws clattering on the floor.

"Hi, Joe!" said Francesca.

She smiled at him. She had flour all over her hands. She was mixing something in a big yellow earthenware bowl. She smiled at him even with her dark, warm eyes. She was older than Joe, and he used to pretend to himself that she was really his big sister—back when he also pretended that his name was really Santorelli. But like all the rest, she'd stood back and let him go to prison.

She grimaced as he stared at her. She was ——

"It's legal, Joe," she assured him humorously. "I got married to Bob Sutton a year and a half ago. He's out in the barn now. Pop and mom are over at Mike's, and we're hen sitting and stock feeding for them. They're on the way home now. I phoned that you were coming."

Joe took control of his breathing. Francesca wasn't surprised. But she wasn't dismayed either. Or frightened. Yet she must know the hatred that had kept him from accepting a single letter or a single visit while he was in the pen. She knew he hated every one of them. But ——

"How'd you know I was coming?" he demanded.

"The sheriff phoned from the crossroads," she told him. "He said he'd let you off somewhere near. So I phoned everybody to come running and started to make a cake. This is it."

She indicated the crumbly white mess she was at work on.

Joe said fiercely, "I came to get my stuff. My own stuff!"

"Everything's in your room," said Francesca. Then she grinned at him. "I can't hug you with my hands all floury, Joe, but ——"

He turned from her, almost blindly. He went out of the kitchen. Jupiter clattered along beside him. After a moment, he went upstairs. A little later he was cursing in a whisper—horrible words that had become familiar up at the pen. They were inappropriate, but he was shaken. His room was exactly as he'd left it. His clothes were hung where they had been. They were brushed. The holy picture mom hung up the day he came. It hung on the same nail. His high-school books were on their shelf. The shotgun he'd earned one summer. It wasn't rusty. The skates he'd been given the Christmas he was fourteen.

His knees went weak. Jupiter sniffed disinterestedly at a corner where once there had been a mouse hole. It hurt to be back here and find everything as it had been before his betrayal. It seemed a mocking pretense that things could again be as they were, when he pretended desperately that Pop and Mom Santorelli were his real parents, and Francesca his sister and Tony and Mike his brothers, even though he knew it wasn't so. When he'd believed that toughness and defiance could be forgotten because, though he wasn't pop's and mom's son, he was only expected to work for his keep exactly as hard as Tony and Mike did, and Francesca acted like he was her brother, too, and later there was even Angela ——

But it wasn't true then, and he wouldn't try to fool himself now! Not after they'd betrayed him. And it was necessary to remember that betrayal or they'd get a chance to betray him again.

Jupiter nuzzled suggestively at his knee. Joe patted him roughly and stood up. He swallowed.

"If everybody's coming," he said defiantly to the walls around him, "I'll wait and let 'em all know I'm on to them!"

He went down the stairs again. He held onto the banister, because he was dizzy with mingled hate and homesickness, and it was ten thousand times worse because he was physically at home; only it wasn't home and there'd never be a home again.

He went back into the kitchen.

Francesca looked up. "Joe," she said. "Angela isn't married."

Joe found himself snarling. But he could only rasp, "Who asked you?"

He flung out of doors. Jupiter squirmed deftly through the door before he could slam it behind him. And somehow the things he saw here, from the porch, were even more unbearably well known and hurting. His nostrils filled with faint smells that were intolerably familiar. He saw the swell of ground toward the woodlot and the strands of wire that were the telephone line, and the thicker ones that were the high line—a recent development. He saw the shed in which the tractor and spreader and the riding cultivator and harrow were stored, and he seemed to hear Pop Santorelli lecturing authoritatively on the superiority of mechanized farming over the way things were done elsewhere. Even the machines seemed to mock Joe, because he'd worked them on hot summer days in the past, and his sweat had fallen upon them and been absorbed, and a part of him was in them and would remain here always, but he did not belong here any more. He was derided by the things he'd come back to disown.

Something bubbled in his throat, so he went out to the barn, because the only ease for anguish was hatred. Bob Sutton looked up amiably. He'd been working the husker and there were spilled corn grains in the trampled straw underfoot. He was about to move the husker.

"Hi, Joe," he said. "Want to give me a hand?"

Joe couldn't speak. He took hold of one end of the husker and helped carry it where it belonged. The smells of hay and grain dust and chickens and horse. The peculiar odor of grease for lubrication, and the paint shelf where opened unused paint reposed.

"Pop keeps things going pretty good," observed Bob, "but since Tony and Mike got places of their own, sometimes things get a little behind. Like now." He brought out cigarettes. He offered them. Joe took one automatically. "Uh—you noticed Francesca?" he asked almost abashedly. "We're hoping it's a boy."

Joe tried to strike a match. It broke. Bob held a light for him.

"I—just came back to get my stuff," said Joe, dry-throated.

Bob said nothing. It was as if he made his face impassive.

"Partly," said Joe. Then he added thickly, "Partly! Partly I came to tell 'em what I think of 'em now! After the way they acted! I've had time to realize! I want to tell 'em some things!"

"Why?" snapped Bob. Then he said shortly, "Don't answer that! I take it back. It's none of my business what you do, so it doesn't bother Francesca. But I married her, and anything that bothers her is my business!" He said distastefully, "If you're sour, that's natural, maybe. If you want to tell Francesca off with the rest of the family, she's talked to me, and I'll stand for you going just so far. But no farther!"

Joe seethed with consoling fury. "She don't care what I say or do!" he said angrily. "I'm not her brother! I haven't disgraced her! And if I despise ——"

Bob Sutton made an abrupt movement. He glared at Joe. Then he said bitterly; "Go to hell, won't you?"

He pushed past Joe and stalked to the house. Joe's eyes burned as he looked after him. This wasn't the homecoming he'd foreseen. He'd expected his coming to be like a thunderbolt. The folks who'd betrayed him should have been ashamed to face him. They could have been even afraid. He'd hoped that Tony and Mike might feel it necessary to arm themselves when they found him home.

But a bobwhite quail called somewhere nearby. There were cluckings and squawkings in the chicken yard. There were cotton-wool clouds overhead, and the sun declined toward the west, and small noises filled the air, from remote shrill bird songs to a nearby grunting of pigs. And these were the sounds he'd heard when he lived here, believing he mattered and belonged.

He was suddenly sick. His stomach churned in the abysmal misery that filled him. He suddenly knew that he couldn't face all of them. He couldn't show them the hate and contempt he'd built up so savagely, because he remembered so clearly when he didn't hate, and when he pretended that they really belonged to him and he to them.

He got up and started blindly away. He didn't care about the stuff he said he'd come to get. He'd go away as he'd come, and hitch a ride to somewhere and try not to remember that a place like this had ever existed.

There was a rushing, and Jupe leaped up, relieved that he'd found Joe, whom he'd missed for almost a minute.

Joe said bitterly, "Down, Jupe! And you stay home! Hear me?"

And naturally that had to be the moment when a car came in the yard. Naturally. Joe drew himself up despairingly and faced it. But if it was Mom and Pop Santorelli ——

It was Tony. Taller than Joe, and broader, and grinning.

"Hi, Joe! You look good!" He piled out of his car. "I came arunning as soon as I got word you were on the way! How're you feeling?"

Joe said with careful defiance. "You came right away? What for?"

Tony's grin vanished. He stared. Then he said grimly, "For old time's sake, maybe. I went up to that pen three times, trying to get to see you when you wouldn't answer letters from mom and pop. The priest—the chaplain said you tore up letters unread. You've made mom feel pretty bad! And pop ——"

"Yeah?" said Joe, with elaborate irony. "He must've felt pretty bad, sitting up in that witness stand and giving the evidence that sent me up! He must've felt awful!"

Tony's temper flared. "You crazy fool! He told the truth! You were more a fool than anything else, but did you expect pop to lie for you? Did he ever lie to you?"

Joe raged. "Only every day he treated me so I thought he was the greatest man in the world! Sure he lied to me! If I was going to be dumped the minute I got in trouble, it'd've been honest not to pretend—not to lie—not to make me believe I was ——"

His voice was getting out of hand. He was shaking. (*Continued on Page 87*)

"From the Halls of Montee-zoo-oo-mah . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 84*) He tended to become incoherent because Tony had been his idol once, to be envied and imitated and gloried in, and sometimes even squabbled with because real brothers did squabble with each other.

"Look, Joe!" said Tony coldly. "Nobody lied to you. You got into trouble. It was your trouble, just the same as a bellyache from eating green apples was yours. You had to eat the apples to get the bellyache, and you had to go crazy when another drunk beat you up, to get into that trouble. Nobody else did it! In that kind of fix, you've got to take your medicine. You tried to lie out of it. You wanted pop to lie you out of it. It couldn't be done! But it's over! You've had it! Call it a day and start over! If ——"

Joe panted suddenly. "Sure!" he cried shrilly. "Hang around where I never belonged, but only thought I did! Be the ex-con the Santorellis tried to make a man of—not to be trusted—any time he might get drunk and try to kill somebody! Sure! Get the idea I count, and people will back me up if I need them!" Joe laughed hysterically. "Sure! Start over and have the same thing happen all over again!"

Tony said in the coldest of voices, "Angela hasn't married anybody."

Joe beat his hands together. He craved desperately to hate something or somebody hard enough not to feel the way he did. Angela ought to have married somebody else. Then he could hate her for being like the rest of them.

Tony said abruptly, in a sudden new tone, "When did you eat last? Dinnertime? Breakfast? Last night?"

Joe didn't answer. Tony took him by the shoulders and steered him to the house. He opened the kitchen door. Francesca was putting away the earthenware bowl in which she'd mixed the cake. Bob scowled by the stove.

"Joe needs some coffee," said Tony curtly. "Nothing to eat today! Some welcome he's had!"

"Oh, Joe," lamented Francesca. "There I was making a cake for you and you didn't even tell me you were hungry! It's cra-a-azy!"

She snatched an empty cup. She put sugar in it. She put exactly the right amount, not bothering to think or to show Joe that she remembered. She filled the cup swiftly from the coffeepot on the stove. She creamed it. She put it in Joe's hands, still lamenting her oversight.

And Joe's teeth chattered as he tried to stir. There was a scratching. Jupiter had inexplicably been left out of the kitchen. Bob Sutton opened the door for him. He came in, wagging his tail. He went piously from one to another of the four of them, touching each in turn with his nose. He sat down by Joe.

Then there was the noise of an automobile outside, coming into the yard. Sunshine from a low-lying sun on an auto windshield flickered on the kitchen windows in turn.

Tony said, appalled, "That's mom and pop!" He turned fiercely upon Joe. "Look here, guy! Pop's coming in here, and mom with him! He's grieved over you, understand? He had to tell the truth and you went to jail, but he's grieved plenty! Now, you treat him decent or I swear you'll wish you'd got life! You can break his heart, damn you, if you try! And if you do, I'll break your neck!"

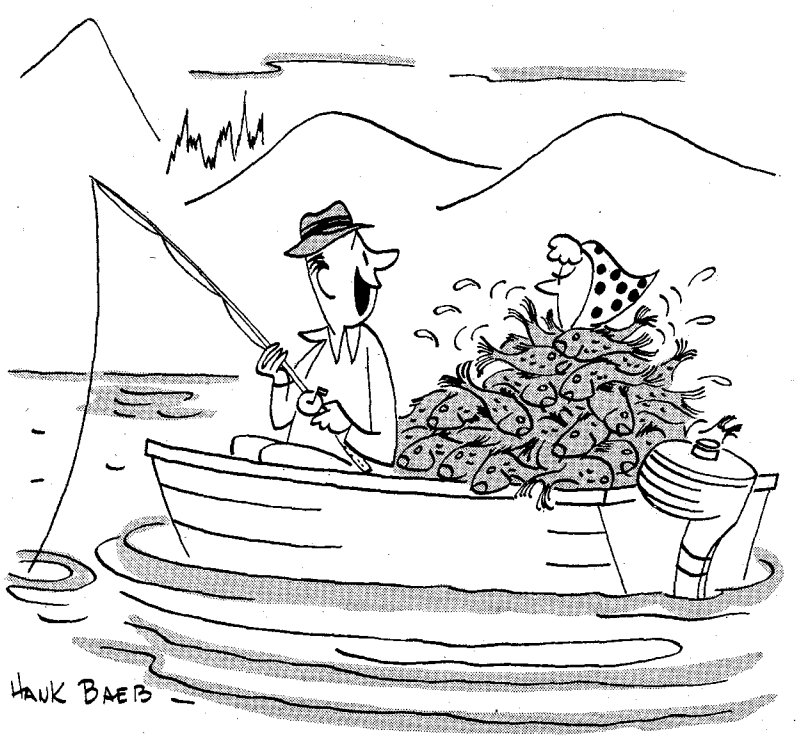
Joe gulped. Bob Sutton gazed at him balefully. Tony's fists were clenched.

Francesca said, quite pale, "Look, Joe! Pop and mom took you to raise. Pop was proud of you. He figured it was—something that counted more than raising us. He had to love us, but he—took you for his and—he loved you because he didn't have to! You were an awful brat, Joe! But I got to love you, and Tony and Mike—we were all pretty crazy about you—and you know mom. But pop—it just about broke his heart when he—had to tell the truth in court. And he's—grieved all the time you wouldn't write us or see us or let us do anything. Mom's tough! She can kid herself, no matter what you do. But pop—he's grieved, Joe!"

Bob Sutton turned from the window. He said bitterly, "He hasn't got out of the car! If I know him, he's afraid you hate him!"

Joe said thickly—and he didn't know why he said it—"I'm an ex-con! I—can't stay around here! Everybody'd be expecting me to—act crazy again! I—couldn't stand it!"

Tony snapped, "Who cares what you can stand? I'm telling you about pop! And mom! They care about you! And



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Boy! This is the life, eh, kid!"

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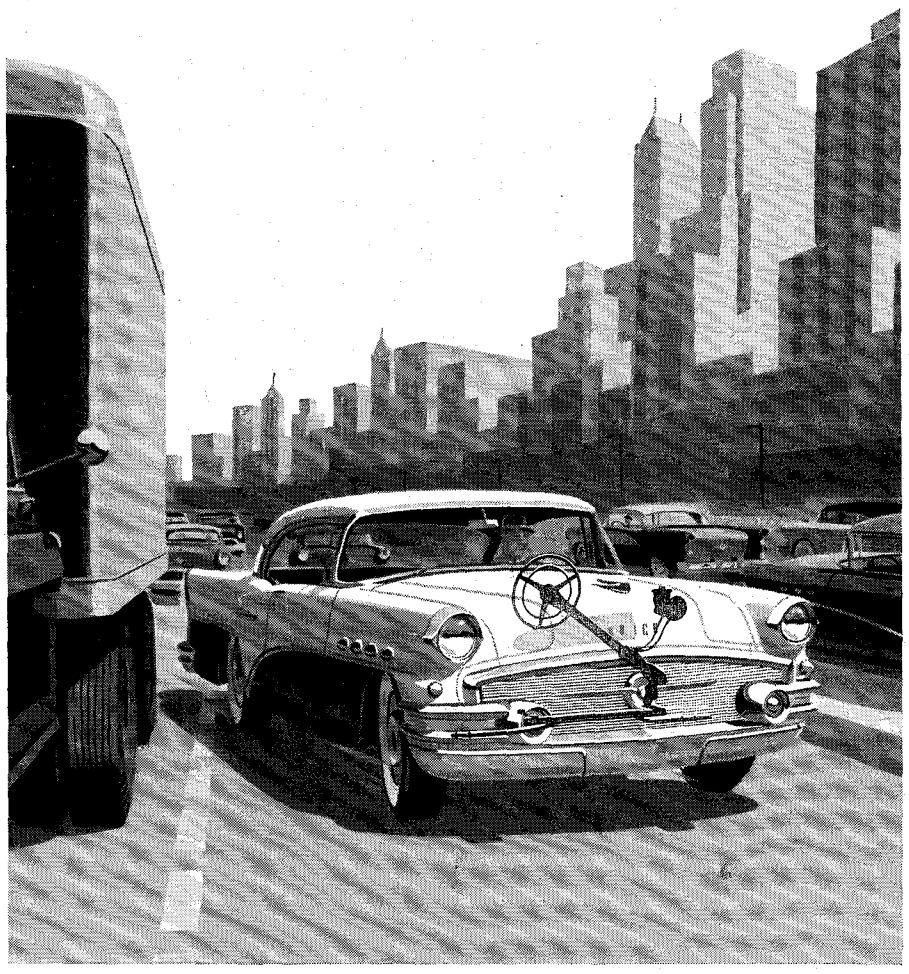

TRAFFIC isn't half as annoying with new 1956 *Safety* Power Steering under your hood! Stuck behind a truck? *Just spin your wheel*—you're in the clear in a jiffy. Sharp left turns from a standing start? *Just a gesture.* Threading through congestion's no chore at all with *this* magical mechanism supplying the muscle!

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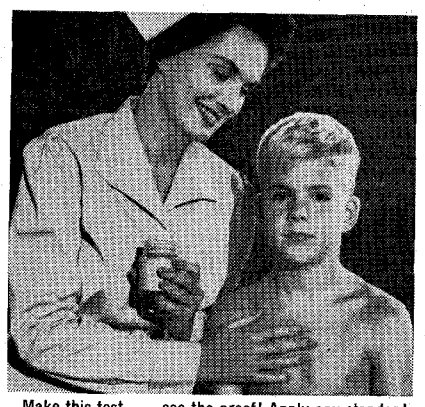
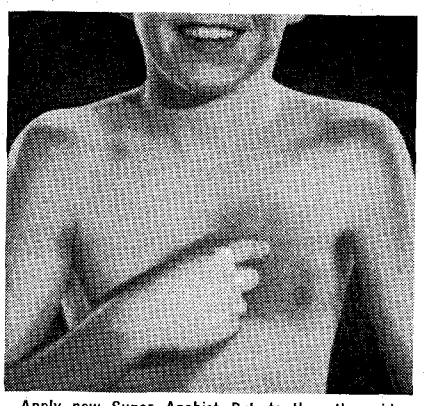


Make this test . . . see the proof! Apply any standard rub to one side of the chest. You will see no effect—no visible proof that the blood needed in the affected area is being stimulated!



Apply new Super Anahist Rub to the other side. Minutes after, you will see a healthy red glow on the skin—feel a tingling sensation of warmth—because of its deep-penetrating formula!

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damn you, before you treated us like dirt, not letting us see you, or hear from you, or do anything to help you—before you treated us like dirt, we cared about you! Now, what're you going to do? Treat pop decently? Or do Bob and I ——"

"You can't, Tony," said Francesca steadily. "You know it. Joe can be decent or not, and we can't change it. Pop's no fool. He'll know!"

Joe wetted his lips. He stood up. He choked. Then he said almost inaudibly, "Tell him I've—been scared he—wouldn't let me come home." Suddenly blindingly, he knew that it was so. "It's true. Tell him I—I'm shaking because I—want to stay so much and—he oughtn't to let me ——"

Tony's voice was very, very grim. "If you're setting up for a dirty trick, Joe, hanging will be too good for you!"

But he went out. There was silence. Francesca went quietly to the stove.

Joe said, dry-throated, "The sheriff said there was a sawmill starting up over by Bee Tree. Said I could—get a job there. I guess—he meant where I've been won't matter to them. But most places it will."

Bob Sutton said curtly, "Maybe for a year. Maybe two. After that, it'll depend on you. But with us backing you ——"

"But if"—Joe swallowed—"if I did the same thing ——"

"Yes!" said Francesca fiercely. "We would! Hire a lawyer who'd tell you to plead guilty if you were! And we'd try to come see you, and we'd write you, and we'd wait for you to come back, and then we'd beg you to—start all over. Like now!"

There were sounds on the porch. The heavy steps were Tony. The smaller, hesitant sounds were pop. Mom's heels clicked.

The other, later thumpings would be Mike.

The door opened. Pop looked in. His face was white and desperately anxious. He was grayer than he had been.

He looked at Joe, and he came into the kitchen and said in a shaking voice, "Hi, Joe. You come home to stay?"

"If"—Joe choked again—"if you'll let me, pop."

Pop started to cry. But he marched belligerently toward Joe, and he roared ferociously—while wet streaks appeared on his cheeks, "You try to get away! You just try! . . . Mom! . . . Mike! Come in here! Joe's home! . . . Francesca, you got a cake baking? Where's the chickens? We ought to have a turkey! We ought to have a pig! We should 'a' cooked a calf! What a business! Nothing to make celebration with! Mom!"

Pop tried to shake hands with Joe. But the arm that was not busy shaking hands went about Joe's shoulder, and he groped for mom and hugged both of them together while he lapsed into unintelligible noises.

And then there was Mike, grinning like an ape, and Tony looked relieved but wary until he saw that Joe was fumblingly trying to dry pop's cheeks with a handkerchief in his left hand. Joe's face was quite naked then.

Then pop drew back, blinking. He was short and stout and authoritative. He gazed sternly at Joe.

He said, "Joe, it's gonna be bad!" When Joe nodded miserably, pop said, "Like me, you got to learn things the hard way. I got my bad knocks. Now you got yours. Now everything's finished. When you are back, that ends the past. But the future ain't going to be so good for a while."

"B-but I think," said Joe unsteadily, "I think I can take it. I took what they handed out—back yonder."

"Sure!" said pop. "Nobody said you ain't got guts. They said you ain't got brains! You need somebody to make you think straight. . . . Tony!"

Tony stirred. Pop jerked a commanding thumb.

"Outside!"

Tony went out the door. Joe found that his left hand was being stroked by mom, who wept happily.

"We stopped on the way here," said pop sternly. "I said I was sure. But I wasn't. I promised to be more than sure before I brought somebody else in. Somebody has been waiting in the car until I could say honest I am proud of my son, Joe. I say it!"

The door opened. Tony came back in. He drew somebody in after him. It was Angela. She looked at Joe.

She said unsteadily, "Hi, Joe."

Joe went hungrily toward her. There was tumult. Even Jupiter, sensing great rejoicing, barked and scampered excitedly until he had to be put outside.

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, he tried to be mentally cruel to me, but I never gave him the satisfaction."

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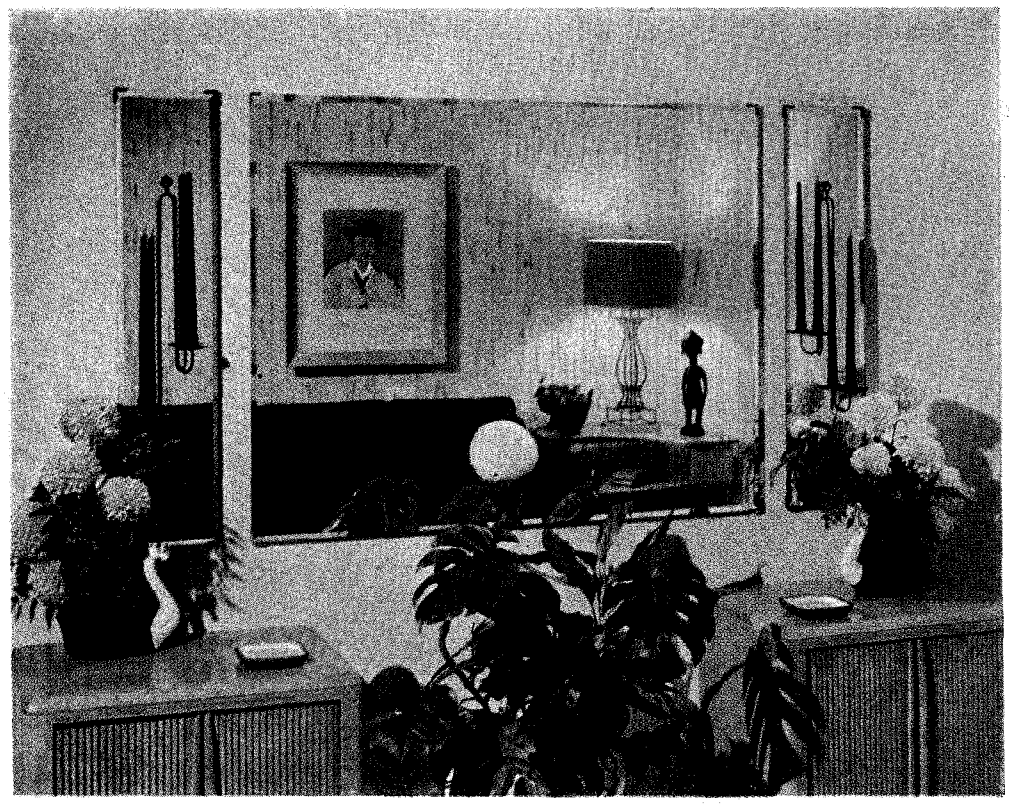
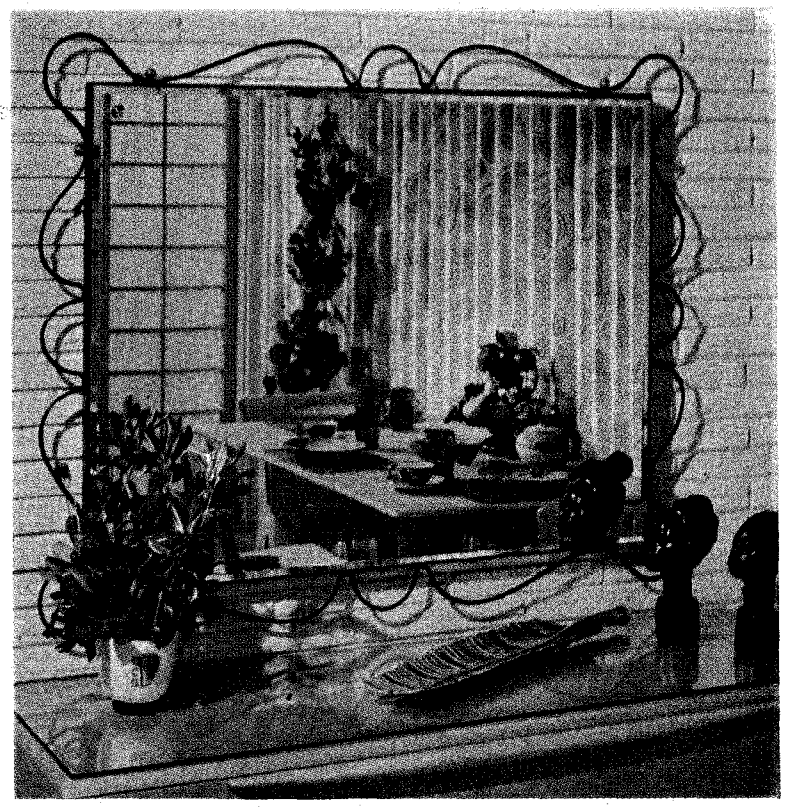


UTTER SOPHISTICATION is exemplified by this ingenious three-paneled, venetian-type mirror. What a brilliant, charming and tasteful setting it helps to achieve!



EXQUISITELY-FASHIONED frame around this ready-to-hang mirror, which is made from Pittsburgh Plate Glass, brings a gay note to the dining room.

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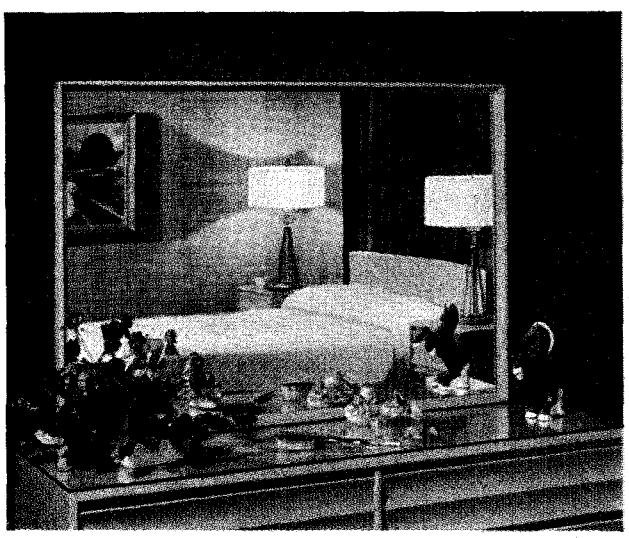

CLEAN, MODERN LINES are stressed by this mirror, with its matching wood frame complementing the up-to-date feeling of the glass-topped dresser. A truly smart ensemble.

Decorative plate glass mirrors add charm to any room

"HANDSOME" is the word for this mirror with its traditional frame. Here is quiet elegance and real beauty.

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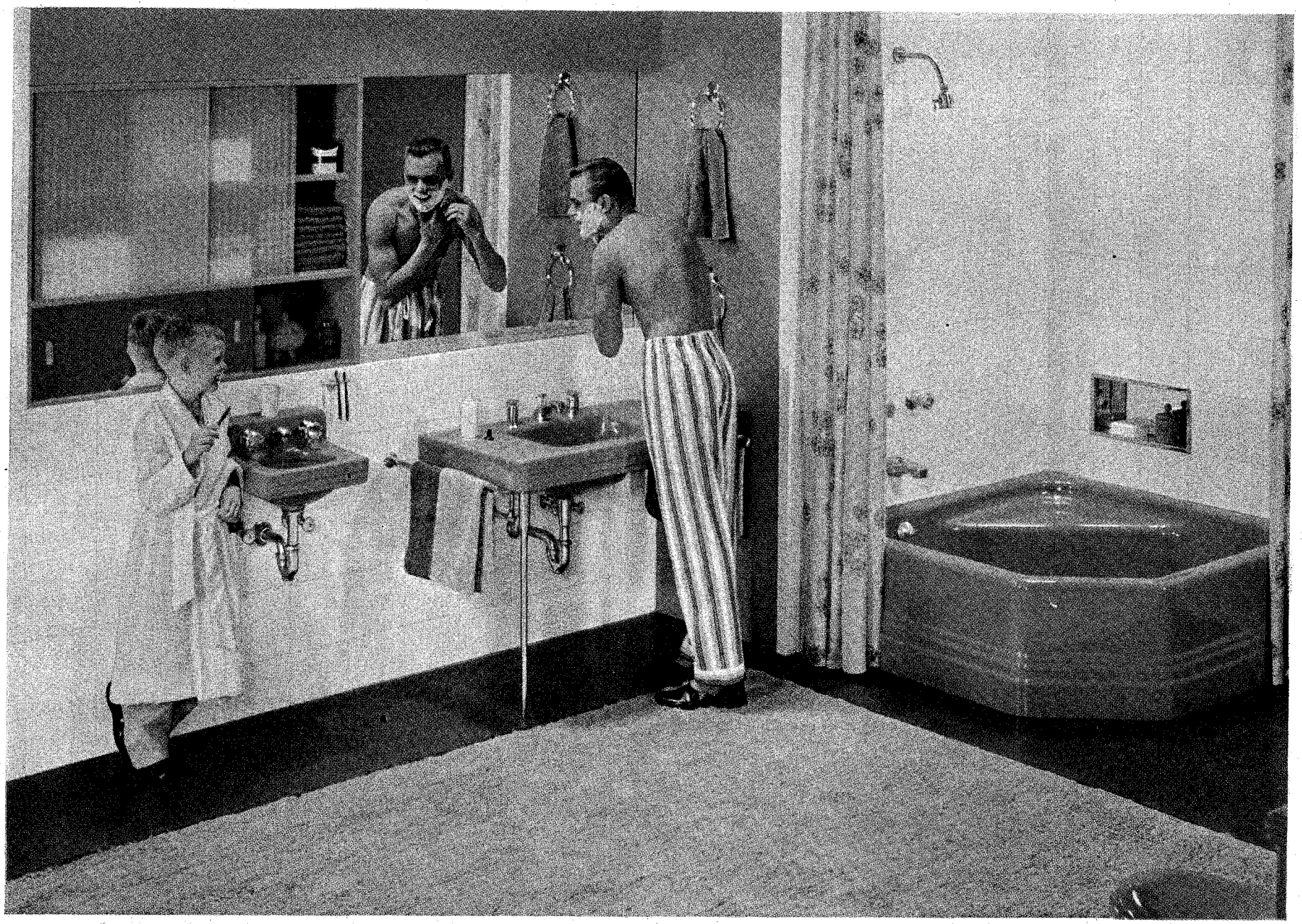
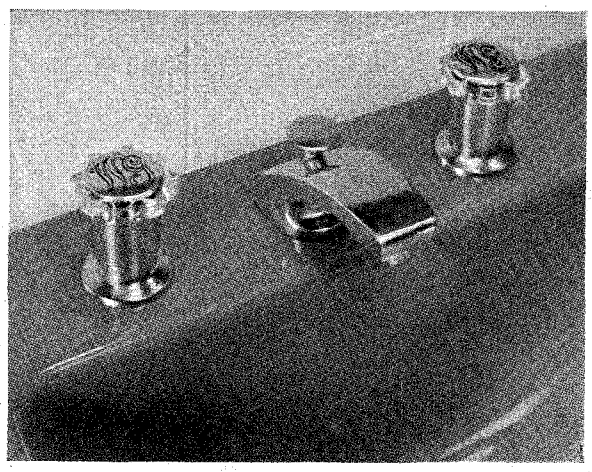


Firm-grip handles in clear crystal or these five colors add a smart accent to the new Monogram fittings.



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Well, It Was This Way (Continued from Page 41)

Seeing he had me, the director became pleasant again. "You'll have the screen all to yourself on this scene," he said. "You'll be the star. Make it good."

I was then informed that I would be dashing through an Indian ambush, carrying the message that would bring help to my surrounded buddies. Arrows would be flying all around me, and at the last moment, right in front of the camera, I was to go overboard as though shot. "And don't worry about the arrows. We've got the most expert archers in the business to see that you don't get hit."

Well, the horse they gave me was not the tired plug I had been riding in the morning. This one was breathing fire. When I got my signal, I touched him with my spurs, and was still trying to find the saddle when the arrows began whizzing around. I had been told about the expertness of the archers, but no one had told my horse. At the first "psssst" past his ear, he lost confidence in the whole deal, and began to go away from there. As the arrows kept whizzing by he let out more notches of speed. Just as I thought I had saddled an airplane, I heard the director bellow, "Hit the dirt!"

I went over the side. You don't like to think of that dirt hitting you in the face, so you try to absorb the impact with an outthrust arm and a shoulder roll over on your back. At my speed my arm folded, my shoulder crumpled, and I went over on my back so fast that I was whipped into a flying somersault on my second go-around. I just went up in the air and came down on my head.

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In every picture from then on, I was cast as the one-man-massacre, and as my fame as a horse-faller-offer spread, I was kept pretty busy. In those days the shooting time of an average Western was about ten days, unless it was an epic. Epics took two weeks. But that doesn't mean we cowboy extras were hired for the whole time. Usually we could hold up all the stagecoaches, shoot all the bandits, fight off the Indians and wreck all the saloons in one fast day, and that was it. The next day we'd be out on the sand dunes as the French Foreign Legion, holding off the Arabs in another picture. After a week of that, you didn't need rest so much as hospitalization.

If this sounds confusing, it was. Cowboy extras were a small fraternity made up of a few regulars and a larger group of cowboys who came and went, depending on whether there was a drought in Texas, a bad winter in Wyoming or a shortage of prize money around the rodeo circuit. We were sometimes called "corral buzzards" from our habit of hanging around the horse lots waiting to get hired.

Once we got to know our way around, jobs were fairly easy to find. Westerns were the stock in trade of Hollywood, and the mechanics of grinding them out was simple. You had a star, a leading lady and a villain who appeared in all the close-ups, did all the emoting and occupied nine days of the director's ten-day shooting schedule. The tenth day he would devote to the action shots in which we extras, if not supplying the acting, were at least supplying the animation.

Along Poverty Row, the same director who handled the stars handled us extras too. The bigger studios had unit directors who specialized in mob scenes, battles, chases, barroom brawls and all forms of mayhem. This specializing saved a lot of money. A good unit man could chase us over the same ground from three different directions, shoot the same stagecoach wreck from three different angles, throw in some Indians and come up with all the action needed for three pictures on the same day. Surplus footage could be saved to splice into two or three more movies. We were never told what pictures we were working in; probably to spare us the mental strain of playing four characters at once.

As I improved my acting technique, I advanced from five dollars a day to ten, and I was getting enough jobs to keep me occupied most of the days I wasn't laid up with contusions. Of course, more pay meant more responsibility. Falling off a horse was no longer enough. I had to fall with the horse, and preferably under it. As a five-dollar man, I had fought the bandits inside the stagecoach. Now I had to fight them on top of the coach as we careened around the edge of a cliff. Instead of faking a fight far back in the corner of a saloon, I had to slug it out with fists and breakaway chairs right up in front of the camera. A breakaway chair, smashed over your head by an expert, would raise a lump no larger than a small egg, unless he got excited and hit you with the corner. It was my tough luck that I never met an expert who wasn't excited.

The business of falling with the horse instead of off it was something else again. We had several systems not usually taught in dramatic schools. One was the taut rope or wire system. This was real bad. You galloped your horse toward this concealed tripper-upper, and when your horse hit it, he went down. It was hard on the horse; broken legs were frequent. And it was hard on you. You might try to time your horse's steps, but you could never be sure whether he'd trip with the left leg or the right, whether you'd be spilled on one side or the other. And in those split seconds before you crash, knowing where you are going to hit can save a lot of scalp wounds. We outlawed that system ourselves.

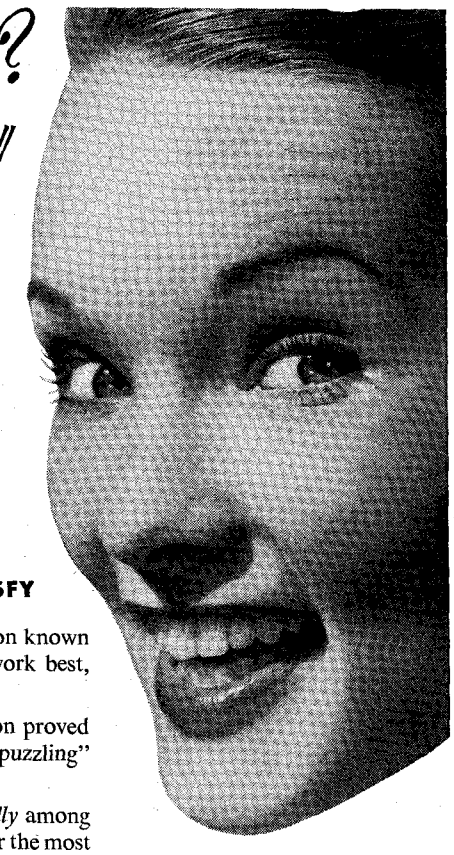
The next system was called the Running W. This gave you and the horse a better chance. The Running W consisted of a wire that ran from your saddle to a leather strap around one of your horse's front ankles. We didn't like it, and we protested against it, but until the humane society moved in a few years ago and backed us up, it was the only system we had.

Today we use only horses trained to fall. Training a tumbler is quite an art, but once the horse gets the idea, he seems to like it. Sometimes, in fact, he likes it so much that he will go into his act without a signal. We had a horse we suspected of having such enthusiasm while we were in Mexico making Vera Cruz.

This one was a long-legged, long-necked truly beautiful jumper. If you saw the picture, you may remember him in the wonderful leap he made across a wide gully. Let me admit that I didn't ride him on the jump. Slim Talbot did the riding in this case, as he often does for me. Hollywood holds the stars back from tough situations like this, not out of love, but out of reluctance to reshoot a picture because a star is missing in the finale.

Slim had a problem on Vera Cruz. This jumper loved to jump walls, and he loved

"Me complain? Never!"



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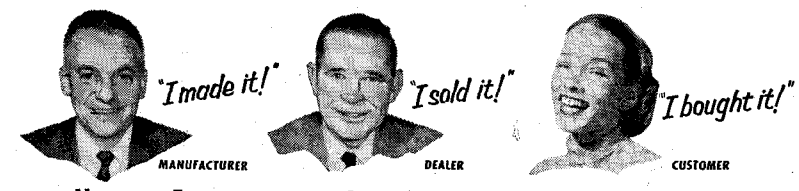

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to fall into gulches. Yet in one scene he was supposed to be dropped just as he was about to take a wall, and in the next he was supposed to leap this enormous gully without dropping. The jumper sailed over the wall a couple of times before Slim finally persuaded him to take it lying down. But when it came to the leap over the gully, Slim didn't feel so good. If that jumper decided to lie down in the gully on the first try, Slim was not sure he would be around for the second try.

I know exactly how he felt merely from my first six months as a cowboy extra. By that time I had held a horse for Billie Dove, patted Rin-Tin-Tin, and caught Tom Mix as he dropped from the saddle, full of outlaws' bullets. I knew all about the caste system—that there were stars and there were extras, and never the twain would meet. I also knew that the professional life of a movie star was notoriously brief.

At the same time, I could see where my life as a cowboy trick rider could be even more spectacularly brief. By this time both dad and mother were worried about me. I'd drag myself home, my face bruised, my eyes blackened and with my back so sore I had to eat with my face in my plate, because lifting a spoon was agony. Mother wanted me to quit—"I didn't raise my boy to be a movie actor"—but dad was impressed by the beating I was taking. He was inclined to believe that a profession that could wallop the tar out of his son must have something to it.

He was already far enough along with his estate case to be in contact with lawyers all over Hollywood. One of them happened to have a daughter in the business who had never worn a black eye in her life. Following up this clue, dad discovered that she was an actress-producer by the name of Marilyn Mills.

Dad was not impressed by her status. His son was in the business; his friend's daughter was in the business. What a wonderful coincidence. They must meet! That she dwelt in a world remote from cowboy extras never occurred to my dad or hers. They arranged an appointment between them, and as obedient offspring, we kept the appointment.

It took a lot of brains for a woman to become a producer, and it took a lot of beauty to become a star. Knowing this, I viewed my meeting with Miss Mills as an awesome experience. Marilyn Mills' specialty was turning out two-reel westerns starring herself and the late J. Frank Glendon. At the moment of my arrival they needed a heavy. I looked like one, with a black eye and swollen lip left from my last acting experience.

I was sweating my way through the interview, and rapidly stammering myself out of a job when I was saved by the appearance of their director, Bruce Mitchell. As soon as he learned that they were thinking of signing me as a heavy, he objected. "Never! Have you gone crazy? Look at the length of him! Look at those pointed bones! If that's what you want, I know where I can get a telephone pole that will be better."

I forgot about being awed by Miss Mills and Glendon, and began defending myself. I said that while my acting ability might not be of the highest quality, I had become imbued with enough of the spirit of acting to bring the quality up there in the next few days.

"Besides," said Miss Mills when I was through, "we can always give him some extra shirts and pants to pad him out."

All of a sudden I was in the movie business as a heavy. It was like being knighted. With Miss Mills I wouldn't be the anonymous character pointing to the pass—"He went that-a way." Here I would apply lipstick, powder and mascara. I would know what the story was all about, and I would emote. Instead of seeing the stars from a distance, I would poke one right in his mascaraed eye, and ride off to my den of iniquity holding the other in my foul clutches. My name would appear on the screen with the Cast of Characters. I would be an actor.

The movie in which I got my first featured recognition was called Tricks. The plot has already been outlined in the preceding paragraph. The only variation is that when I slugged Glendon according to the script, I did not rush out the door carrying Miss Mills with me, as directed. Glendon ad-libbed a poke in the chops after I had slugged him with too much enthusiasm, and I was flat on my back on the floor.

It was while making Tricks that I realized I was becoming a very serious student of acting. The question was: Just how deep was my interest?

The farm boy in me, as screen-struck as Merton of the Movies, and the artist in me, craving to get back to the easel, reached a compromise. I would give the movies the best whirl I could for one full year. If I was rich and famous by that time, the movies it would be. If I wasn't, it was back to the garret.

Helping me reach this decision was the fact that Hollywood was really booming in 1925. Every day the trade journals gave us extras something new to talk about. In New York, plans were announced for the Roxy Theater, to be built at a cost of $8,000,000. Small towns were building movie palaces big enough for cities, and in the cities new neighborhood theaters were springing up every day.

On the production side of the fence, Hollywood proved in 1925 that art and the movies could mix in a big way. The year brought out John Barrymore in The Sea Beast, John Gilbert in The Big Parade, Lon Chaney in The Phantom of the Opera, Rudolph Valentino in The Eagle, and Charlie Chaplin in The Gold Rush, to name a few. These classics brought in new movie fans by the millions.

Talking it over on the set, we extras agreed that the box-office momentum would even help B pictures, and that the B pictures would always need guys like us. None of us foresaw that in a couple of years a little thing called radio would scare Hollywood half to death.

Mostly, I was worried about my efforts to become an actor. I had rarely gone to the movies, but now I took them in every day to study the stars' techniques. For instance, Rudolph Valentino. I had ridden as one of the Cossacks with him in The Eagle, and had admired him. But when I watched him on the screen, I couldn't see any technique at all. He was so smooth, so fluid in his movements! How could I learn to control my flapping elbows when I could never see him move his elbows at all? The girl would be nestled in his arms, and I would never know how she got there. Certainly he didn't reach out and grab her with a wild flailing of wrists. But how did he do it?

Another one who mystified me was Ronald Colman. He was one of the first movie actors to realize that his audience was no farther away than the camera lens. While many actors continued to play to the top balcony, using broad gestures, Colman would give the camera the same effect with a faintly raised eyebrow. As a result, I found that I could learn no more about acting through watching Colman on the screen than I could learn escape tricks by watching Houdini. Nevertheless, I resolved that by some means I would learn to act.

Having made the decision, I bought a make-up kit, first spying around the drugstore to make sure that no friend witnessed the crack-up of my manhood. "The thing you have to remember about make-up," Miss Mills had told me, "is that you don't go by how it looks to your mirror. The only judge of how you look is the camera."

In those days there was nothing subtle about make-up for western movies. The main idea was to strive for plenty of contrast—chalk-white face powder, heavy lipstick and coal-black mascara. I practiced at home. I'd apply the stuff, and then rush out into the back yard, where my mother would take snapshots of my assorted grimaces. She was an expert amateur photographer, and she did her own darkroom work, so I didn't have to wait long for my daily rushes. Looking at them, I noticed a peculiar thing. The more ferociously I scowled, the funnier I looked. On the other hand, if I just looked at the camera impassively, and thought to myself, *You treacherous little box, if you don't make this one good, I'm going to tear you apart with my two hands, rip out the film and jump on you until you are pulp*, the picture of me would come out looking so mean I'd be shocked.

Having decided to give myself a year to make good in (*Continued on Page 95*)

"Herbert has a very inquiring mind."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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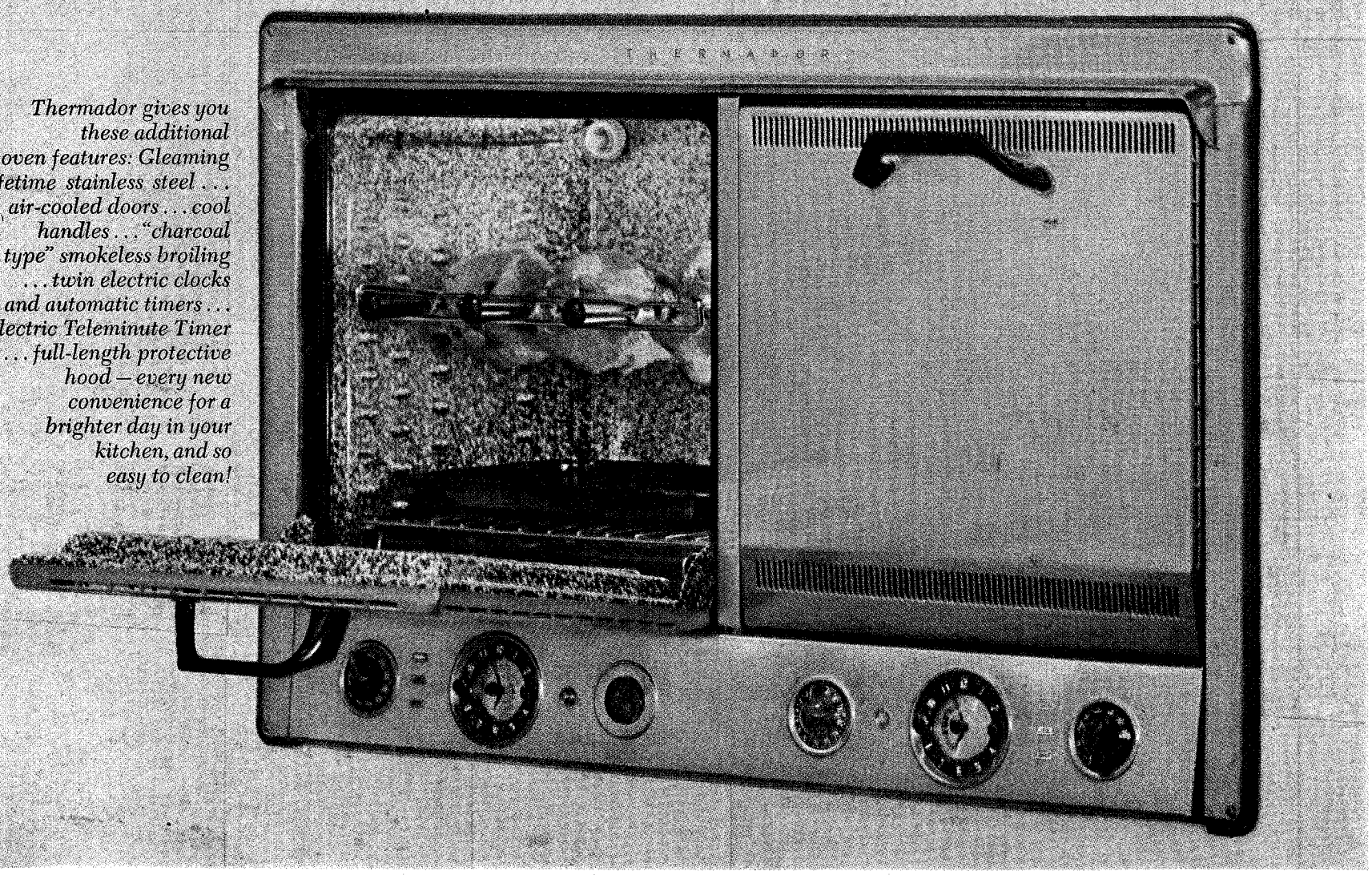

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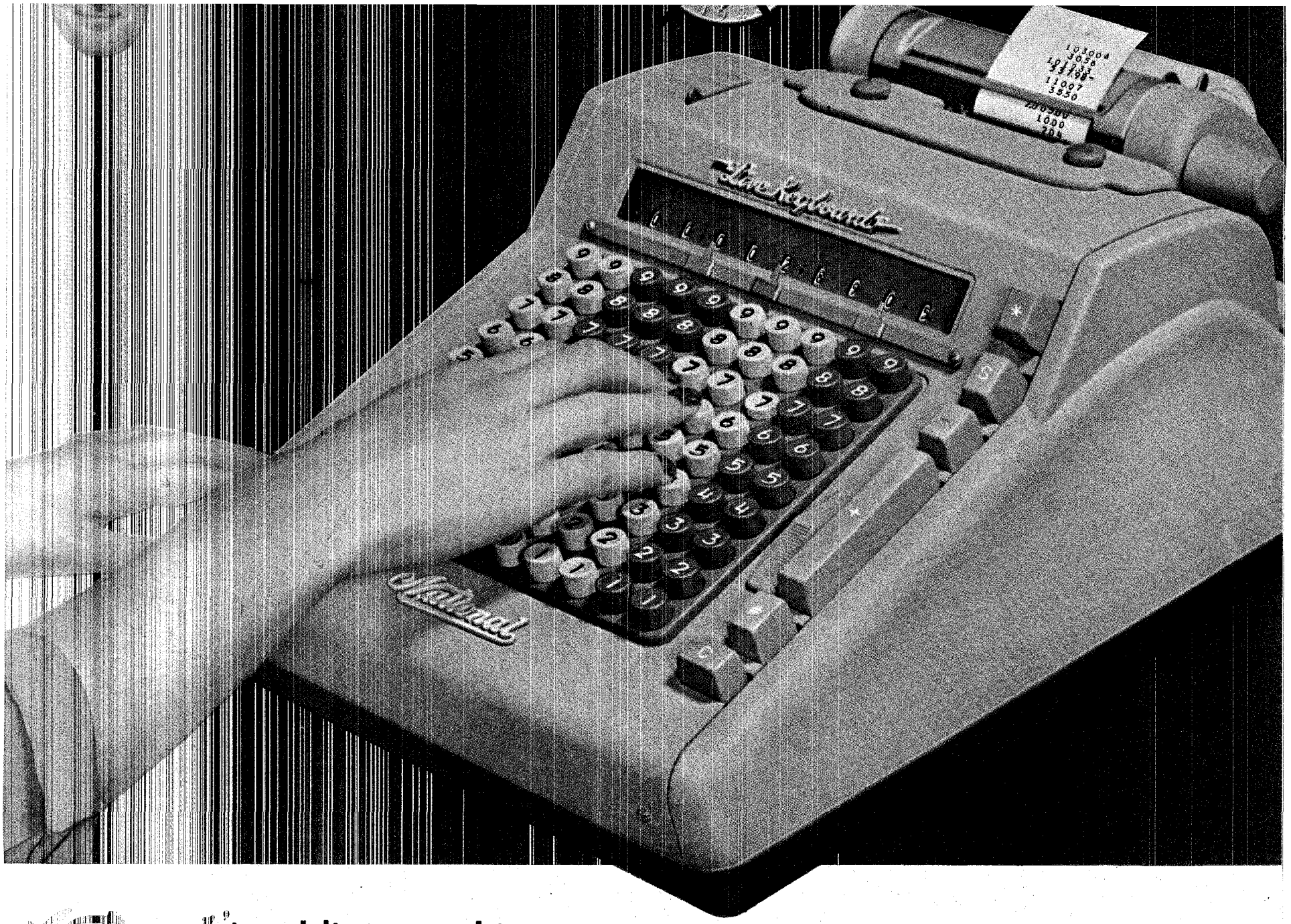

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(*Continued from Page 92*) the movies, I next had to learn that the movies should have been consulted about my decision. After my second picture with Marilyn Mills, called Three Pals, I was back on the street. Miss Mills and Glendon could ride off into the sunset at the end of countless films, but they could not be fighting the same old villain forever.

It was then that I decided to produce my own movie test to the tune of sixty-five dollars over on Poverty Row. I've already told about that, and about how I took it to Johnny Waters, the director of Zane Grey westerns for Paramount. He saw some stuff he liked, and promised to keep me in mind.

"This isn't a stall, friend," he assured me, "but there is nothing in the works right now. Give me another call in about a month."

Instead of waiting, I lugged my can of film over to the Goldwyn Studios to see what I could find there. By the end of the morning, I had progressed from fine offices to mediocre offices, and at last came to an old barracks building that had been salvaged from World War I. I went up the stairs, as instructed by my last well-wisher, and found myself in a sort of attic divided into two offices by cheap wallboard. Around the stairwell was a hall with some hard chairs in it. A hostile secretary directed me to sit there and wait. This wasn't Sam Goldwyn's office, but at least I was in surroundings that were more in my league, and I felt comfortable enough to hook my heels on a rung of my chair and relax.

I was sitting there, knees drawn up to my chin, watching the people go by, when a businesslike man came up and said abruptly, "I hear you have a screen test with you; is that right?"

"Yup, shot it myself," I said, unfolding out of the chair. He looked startled when he saw me at full length, but he reached for the can of film.

"I'll run it off when I come back from lunch," he said. "Stick around if you have nothing else to do."

He didn't impress me, until an hour later, when I learned that I had been talking to director Henry King, one of the mightiest at Goldwyn's. He was so good he didn't need a swanky office to prove it. Right now he was up to his ears launching a picture called The Winning of Barbara Worth, and, his secretary informed me, I was lucky even to have met him, let alone have him waste time looking over my screen test.

By the time he got back, I was petrified.

"You've got an easy way about you," he announced, first thing. "I noticed that while you were sitting in the hall. And you ride well. I liked the way you dismounted in this film of yours. Graceful. I can use that. If you always ride like that, I'll have the casting director sign you up for the picture. How about sixty-five a week?"

I could only gulp. He studied the gulp, interested

"If you can gulp like that again, I can use the gulp too."

What Henry King had in mind was to cast me as a dispatch rider—a role that would permit me to appear now and then as Ronald Colman's messenger boy. Colman was the hero, playing the part of a smooth, sophisticated Eastern engineer out to reclaim the West by building dams. Vilma Banky, publicized as the most beautiful woman in the world, was his leading lady. Their appearance in a picture meant that it would be more than Great; it would be Colossal. Even with a small part, this was my big opportunity.

As I've said, Colman was one of the actors I had studied most on the screen. Now I would have a chance to watch him work on the set, and maybe pick up a few clues to the secret of his success. And Miss Banky was one I had worshiped from afar.

When Rudolph Valentino became the great lover in The Son of the Sheik, and the women swooned, it was Vilma Banky who made the men movie-goers happy. She repeated her success by co-starring with Valentino in The Eagle. What was important to me was that during the filming of The Eagle she had once said a kind word to an extra named Cooper.

Can You Name This Star?

This chubby-cheeked young man of three was christened Reginald Truscott-Jones, but soon went on to better things in nomenclature. He grew up to be an amateur boxing champ, expert marksman, and horseman in the Household Cavalry, which guards British royalty. He made films in Great Britain, tried Hollywood, and didn't succeed. On a second trip there, Paramount gave him his first real opportunity. Now, at forty-eight, he is a great success with such hits in recent years as Bugles in the Afternoon, Something to Live For, and The Thief. Can you name him?

Raymond R. Stuart

ANSWER:

Ray Milland

There was a third big part in The Winning of Barbara Worth that had been assigned to a talented actor named Harold Goodwin. That was the part of Abe Lee, a tall, slim fellow from Montana. Goodwin was to represent simple Western manhood, Colman was to represent Eastern sophistication, and it was up to Miss Banky to choose between them.

Goodwin was still busy completing a picture for Warner Brothers when Henry King was ready to roll. Rather than waste time and money by holding up production, King decided to shoot around Goodwin's part. When King had completed all the studio shots in which Abe Lee did not appear, Goodwin was still tied up. With expenses mounting, King made a desperate move.

"You're as tall and skinny as Goodwin," he said to me. "If you still think you can act, I'll let you double for him on the long shots. O.K.?"

I was shaky, but I made good background. Then I was called on for medium-long shots. These, too, seemed to pass inspection. Still no Goodwin.

Two important studio scenes remained to be shot before the company moved to location in Nevada. One called for Goodwin to lurch into Colman's frontier hotel room after a desperate eighty-mile ride, and blurt out his message of disaster. King figured that with enough dust on my face after the eighty miles across the desert, he would be safe in using me as a double. But I couldn't seem to raise enough sweat to get dusty, and I never managed to look exhausted. After fifteen or twenty rehearsals and a dozen takes in front of the camera, I could look tired, but not bone-dry tired.

So one morning King started running me around the studio at seven A.M. An hour later I was showing signs of strain, but he reminded me of the Marathon racers, and art for art's sake, and I kept on going. After about ten miles of this, he'd meet me about every fourth round and throw dust in my face. When I didn't seem to be sweating to his satisfaction, he'd haul out a spray gun and settle the dust with a film of water. By the time he decided I looked exhausted enough, I was staggering, completely done in. He caught me as I came around, steered me onto the set in front of the cameras, and said, "Give 'em the message."

The lights and the heat hit me full in the face. I opened my mouth mechanically, saw the camera spinning around me, and fell flat. Colman caught my head just before it hit the floor. Sam Goldwyn, who was watching, said it was the finest bit of acting he had seen up to that point. So who am I to deny it?

The second scene was the one in which I had to die in Colman's lap. By this time it was beginning to look as if Goodwin wouldn't be able to finish at Warner Brothers in time to take over his role as Abe Lee. I was getting a hunch that if he didn't appear, I was a likely candidate for the part. I was a nervous wreck—afraid I would get the part, and afraid I wouldn't. My greatest worry was whether I was emotionally up to getting through the scene with Ronald Colman, the master of emotion. I didn't want to let him down, and told him so.

"Easy does it, old boy," he said. "Good scenes make good actors. Actors don't make good scenes. My own feeling is that all you have to do is take a nap, and every woman who sees the picture is going to cry her eyes out."

I took a nap in Colman's lap, and he was right. When I saw the rushes, I nearly cried, myself. How easy can acting get? I had yet to learn.

Editors' Note—This is the fourth of eight articles by Mr. Cooper and Mr. Scullin. The fifth will appear next week.

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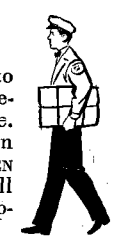

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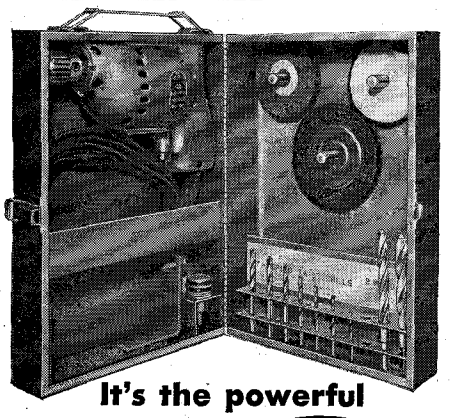

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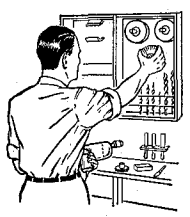

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My Adventures in Eating

(Continued from Page 29)

safe to eat in foreign parts. Or maybe the source of the trouble is the rather widespread American belief that nothing is really worth eating, anyway, except steak. At any rate, Americans abroad tend to be sadly nervous, timid and conventional eaters.

I have found on the contrary, during a good many years of wandering about the world in search of news on the spot, that adventurous eating is one of the happiest pastimes of the traveler. If you are in a city where the leading local delicacy happens to be newt, you miss a lot by saying, "No, thank you; I'm a plain steak eater myself." I speak with authority on this point, because I myself have tasted newt.

Or rather I have eaten the huge amphibian, exactly resembling a newt swollen to the proportions of a large dachshund, that lurks in the high, damp forest of Kweichow Province in South China. The Kweichow people make this *wa-wa-yu* of theirs into a marvelous, gelatinous stew that compares favorably with terrapin Maryland, our own most precious dish, which is also, remember, made of an amphibian.

Again, just as you must go to Kweichow to find a serious competitor for our noble terrapin, so you will find the best fruits in the world in the Hami oasis, on the fringe of the great Central Asian desert. They grow two kinds of melon there, one pink, one green, and both huge, that are more fragrant, delicate and refreshing than any other melons on earth. In addition, they are so sweet and firm-fleshed that strips are dried in the sun to make a datelike candy; and the whole melons are actually preserved in cool caves for months after the ripening season, for all the world like Baldwin apples in a New England cellar. If the communists will grant an export permit, someone should make a fortune by planting Hami melon seed in California's climatically similar oasis, the Imperial Valley.

By the same token, I am persuaded that the best of all red meats is not steak at all, although I am no enemy of steak. It is either saddle of Wyoming antelope as it used to be roasted by Bob Coe's cook in Cody, or maybe saddle of hare—hare, mind you, and not rabbit—as it is prepared in Horcher's rambling old restaurant in Berlin. I have never been able to decide between the antelope and the hare, because the general glory of that long-ago meal at Horcher's made it hard to judge the value of the individual dishes. We had Baltic oysters so fresh you imagined the waiter had just dived for them, the saddle of hare with wine sauce and chestnuts, gigantic, nutty-sweet asparagus, and a magical soufflé, with Moselle and Rhine wines from Horcher's superb cellar. Even in Paris I have never experienced anything more classically perfect.

But I am letting myself be carried away by happy memories. The point of my sermon is simple. Become an adventurous eater. As a true collector of the table, learn to try everything once. You will find that even the worst, such as jungle rats or the raw sea urchins that they eat in Southern France, is not so very awful; and you will discover the best where you least expect it. When you chance to discover the best, furthermore, you will know just how Andrew Mellon felt when he stowed away another Raphael in the National Gallery. This is how you win the game.

Akahane, the Tokyo place where they serve the fried bees, is the perfect illustration of the soundness of these preachments. I went there first in a pure collecting spirit, to investigate the two extremely special culinary traditions on which the Akahane cuisine is based. Their origins are very different, for Akahane has borrowed its dishes either from the traditional farm cooks of Japan's most remote country districts or from the even more conservative kitchens of the Emperor's household, where certain ceremonial foods have been prepared in the same manner for the last thousand years. Until Akahane (*Continued on Page 98*)

Pictured here are American versions of two specialties at Tokyo's Akahane: Braised wild duck with carrots in mushroom caps, and a risotto garnished with chopped duck livers and chestnuts. Crystallized ginger and soy sauce are served with these dishes.

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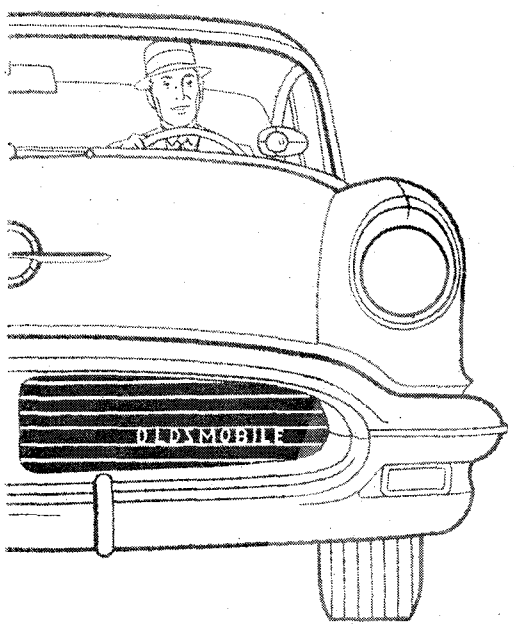

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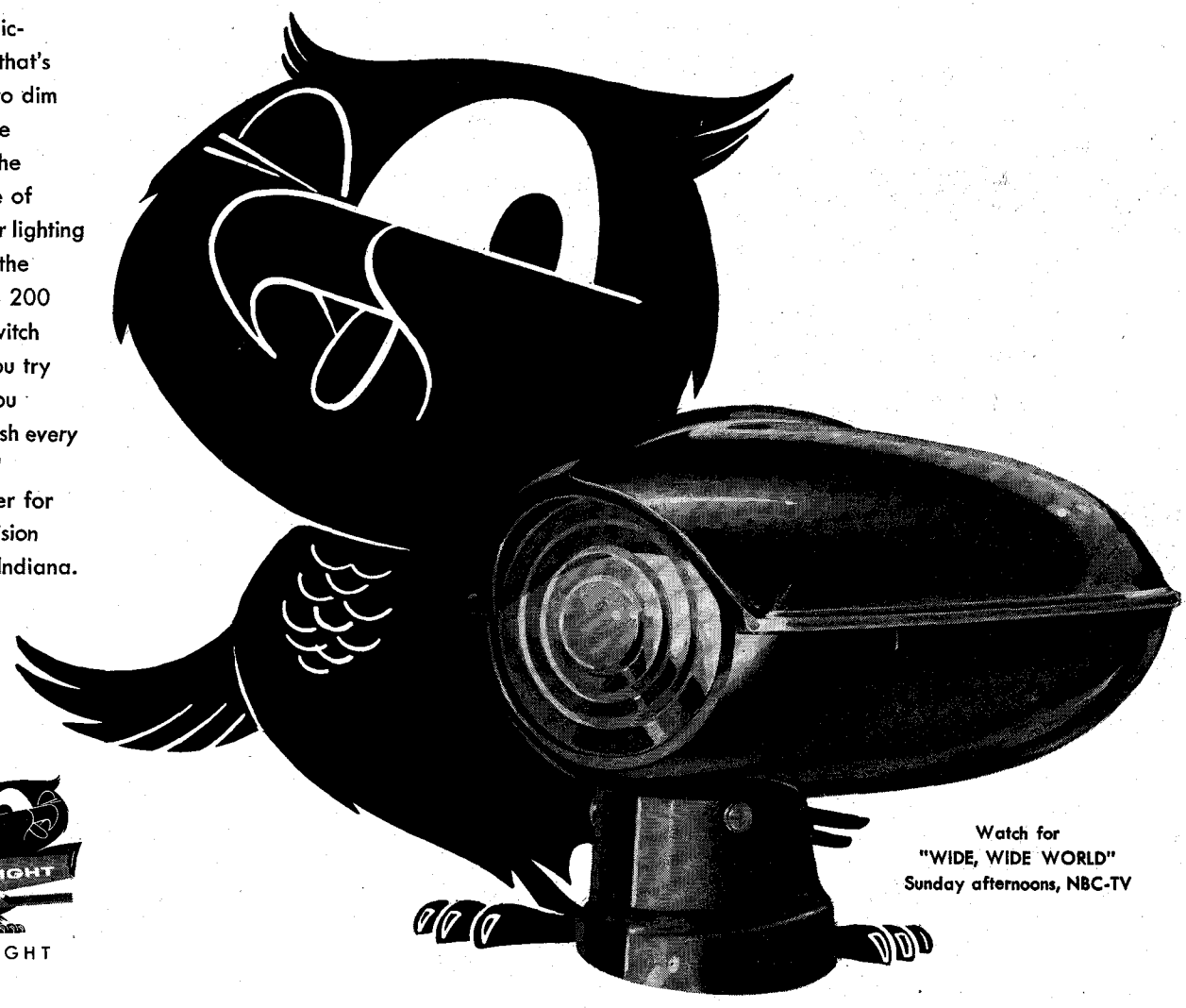

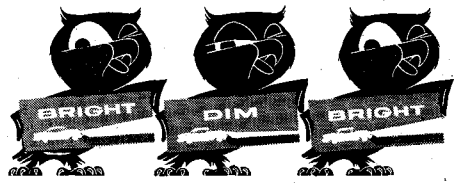

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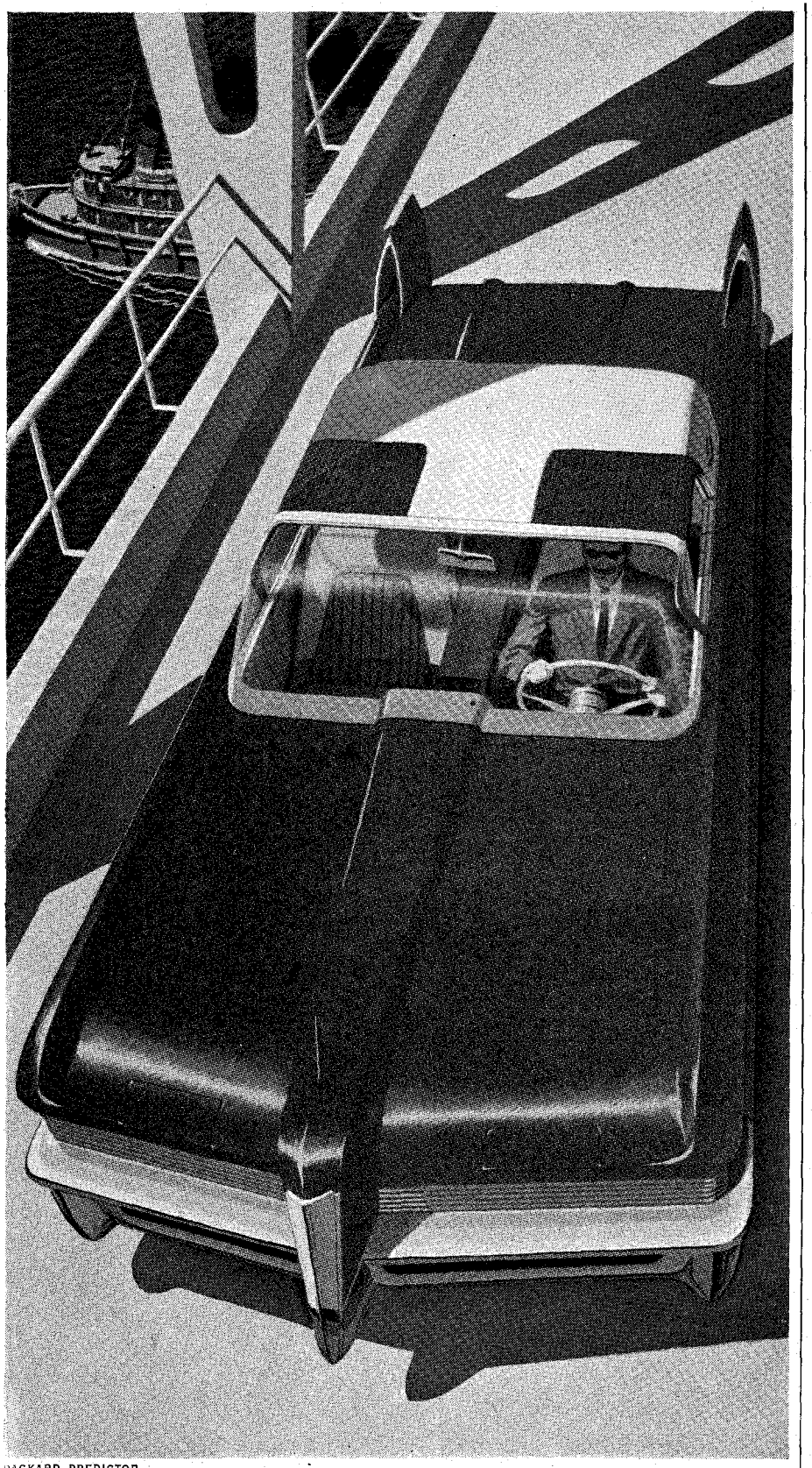

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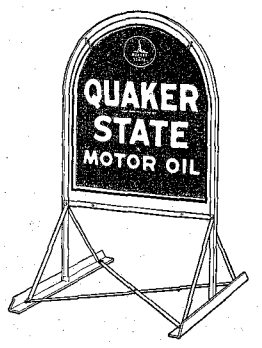

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(*Continued from Page 96*) introduced them, both kinds of cookery were altogether unfamiliar even to the most knowing Japanese gourmets. One kind was too low; the other, for persons without access to the imperial court, was immeasurably too high. In the old days before the occupation, Akahane's imperial dishes actually used to be imperial prerogatives. A commoner would no more have dared to serve "honorable pheasant sake," for instance, than he would have dared to sport the imperial crest of the sixteen-petaled chrysanthemum.

Pheasant sake is the ritual refreshment that has been offered, for many centuries, to the Emperor's higher-ranking New Year's callers. Before Akahane got permission to serve it, no one else had ever tasted pheasant sake except Japan's wartime *kamikaze* pilots, who were sometimes given a cup, as a final, signal honor, just before their last take-offs. All the same, I did not much like the stuff, which is just slices of salted pheasant breast steeped in hot rice wine. On the other hand, after the first mild shiver of recognition, I really rather enjoyed the bees, which are a peasant dish. The country children make a game of finding the wild hives, imitating the bee birds; their families pick the young bees from the combs, fry them and put them down in crocks; and this strange preserve helps to satisfy the fat-and-protein hunger that is so common among the poorer Japanese.

But if these *curiosa* of the table were all Akahane had to offer, the place would not be worth commemorating. I commemorate it now, rather, because this is one of the places where I won the game of adventurous eating. For in this small, out-of-the-way Japanese restaurant, where you take off your shoes to spare the matting and sit on the floor to eat in the Japanese manner, I discovered the most magnificent array of game birds available in any eating place in the modern world.

I had better say at once that the array includes such feathered friends as thrushes, siskins, skylarks and a delicious breed of sparrow that fattens in the rice fields to the plump semblance of a European ortolan. The Japanese regard songbirds as edible game, just as the Southern Europeans do. So the purer sort of bird lover, who is distressed by the consumption of any fowl less earth-bound than a chicken, had better give Akahane a miss.

But if you are a frustrated American game lover who objects to paying thirteen dollars a brace for our coop-reared pheasants and ten dollars a plate for wild duck in our fancier eating houses, then Akahane is the place for you. If the fowlers and netsmen in the country prefectures are doing really well, the Akahane menu includes quail, partridge, woodcock, snipe, water hen, green pheasant, Korean pheasant and the beautiful copper pheasant of the high mountains; mallard, teal and two or three other kinds of wild duck; at least three breeds of wild pigeons; wild geese and white and green herons. The geese and herons are rare because they are hard to catch with the nets and snares Japanese bird hunters still use. But almost all the other items in this astonishing collection of wild fowl can be eaten at Akahane all through the fowling season, which is roughly from November through March.

The Akahane diner need not starve in the off season, either. From spring through autumn, he can have unlimited quail, which the Japanese rear like chickens, primarily for the sake of their eggs. Or he can gorge on wild duck, which the country people catch alive and keep on feeding ponds after clipping their wings. Or he can feast on the exquisite little Japanese river trout, the *ayu*, which comes into season when most game goes out.

Of all this glorious wealth of good eating, Akahane's owners make light in the Japanese way. The founder and proprietress, brisk, charming Miss Umeko Akahane; her brother, Michishige Akahane, who presides over the kitchen; and Michishige's wife, Kayoko, who is general manageress, all insist politely, "Ours is a simple restaurant, intended for those who like to eat as our huntsmen and fishermen eat here in Japan."

And, indeed, Akahane is a simple place by the grandest Japanese standards. The lavish expense-account eaters who abound in Tokyo generally patronize *machiai*, which are places where the food is likely

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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to be supplied by a caterer, but the decorations and appointments, the celebrated geishas and pretty waitresses add so much to the tab that dinner for six may cost as much as $150. But for a foreigner, dinner at a *machiai* begins with frustration and ends in boredom. The great point is the ritual flirtation with the geishas. You are warned in advance that the flirting can lead nowhere. And no matter how lovely the geishas may be, endless, objectless, wholly incomprehensible flirtatious conversation gets pretty boring in the long run.

Then the really serious Japanese gourmets go to such places as Izui in Tokyo and Doi in Kyoto, which are true restaurants, with the approximate Japanese standing of the Café de Paris and the Pyramides at Vienne in France. Here you will find an expensive refinement such as cannot be matched by any other restaurants on the face of the earth. At Doi, for example, six gardeners labor all year round to provide pleasing views for guests who chance to look through the windows; and the more favored clients are given their green tea in roughly beautiful old pottery cups that tea-ceremony collectors would pay vast fortunes for. But the classical Japanese cuisine largely consists of an incredibly elaborate and subtle series of variations on the single theme of fish. If you are not a confirmed fish eater, a meal at Izui or Doi tends to seem a trifle monotonous after the ninth course.

Akahane, in contrast, has neither big gardens nor celebrated geishas nor ancient collectors' pieces for tableware; and its theme is not fish, but game. But for any Westerner, accustomed to the ugliness, the overcrowding and the indifferent service that are becoming more and more common even in our most famous restaurants, Akahane is likely to seem quite remarkably luxurious. You need a map to find it, for it is on an obscure Tokyo side street. The approach may put you off, for the street is squalid, and the entrance is marked only by a simple gate in a high, blank wall. But when you pass through the gate, the street is shut out, and you enter a different and more soothing world.

From the gate, a stone walk lined with plumey bamboos leads onward to the restaurant itself. On chilly evenings, the walk is lighted by an antique iron cresset filled with burning pine knots. If you have telephoned ahead—which it is wise to do—Teru-san, Akahane's senior waitress, will be kneeling and bowing her welcome in the spotless, black-tiled lobby. She helps you shed your shoes on the tiles; and then you pad after her, over wood floors polished to a warm brightness, past other little rooms resounding with the discreet sounds of Japanese dinnertime gaiety, to the private room that has been reserved for your party.

Some people go to restaurants to be seen; and for them Akahane is no good, for it has only private rooms. But for those who enjoy conversation with their dinner, and do not like the feeling that maybe you ought to invite the people at the next close-packed table to join the chat, the rooms at Akahane are ideally arranged. My favorite is not the biggest or the most costly, yet I think all American restaurant decorators ought to be compelled to take a look at that room.

It is no more than nine feet square. It has no furniture except the low table and its surrounding brocade floor cushions. It has no ornaments, either, except a handsome screen of portraits of some old daimio's favorite hawks and a fresh flower arrangement in the usual niche. Yet the brownish red of the lacquer table top, the pale gold of the reed matting on the floor, the checkerboard of wood framing and silvery paper in the window screens slightly opened to reveal a scrap of garden, and the pale, clean plaster and rich-grained hinoki cypress of the room's structure, all combine to produce an effect that is at once handsome and restrained, spacious and intimate.

In the cold months, you may find the room a bit chilly, for there is no central heating in Japan. But there is a kind of pit beneath the table, with a few pieces of charcoal glowing at the bottom and, at a safe distance above the charcoal, a wooden grating on which you toast your stockinged feet. And if this does not satisfy you, your sense of perfect comfort ought to be restored by the cosseting you will get from Teru-san and her prettily kimonoed colleagues, who hover over you with gentle, skillful, stylized attentiveness. The Akahane waitresses and cooks take tea-ceremony training; the cooks in order to heighten their aesthetic sensibilities, and the waitresses in order to acquire the correct polite grace. All the waitresses are graceful, and all of them seem to have the knack of knowing exactly what you want a few seconds before you really want it. The idea of more sake is barely forming in your mind before the

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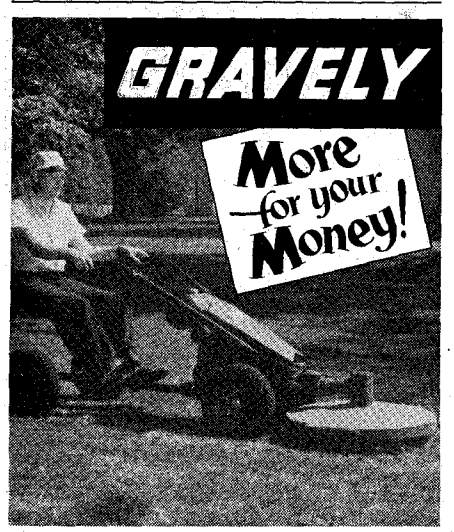

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Whether or not you ought to order a complete Akahane game dinner depends on your capacity and your adventuresomeness. At the height of the season, you will get ten courses, in which nine different birds are somehow represented. It may go as follows: First, honorable pheasant sake; second, hors d'oeuvres of raw wild vegetables, fried bees and salted thrush hearts; third, turtle-dove soup; fourth, copper-pheasant *sashimi*, a game-bird version of the Japanese raw-fish slices that sound so horrible and are in fact so good; fifth, a mixed grill, composed of broiled quail, two or three mouthful-sized assorted songbirds cooked *teriyaki*-style, and a couple of pieces of fried green and Korean pheasant; sixth, a salad of pickled birds' tendons and cucumbers (not so nasty as it sounds); seventh, copper-pheasant soup; eighth, wild duck, falconry style; ninth, a spicy, savory bean-paste soup to go with the bowls of rice; and tenth, fresh fruit, tea and little cakes.

Such is the general composition of the symphony. It may be varied considerably by the introduction of birds I have not listed, such as woodcock, snipe and partridge at one point or another during the meal. But the general idea is always to have a series of small dishes and light soups, to promote sake consumption, and then to bring the meal to a climax with the three principal dishes, which are the mixed grill, the game-bird soup and the wild duck, falconry style. Because it is the dish that has made Akahane's fortune, the wild duck is invariably served unless wild goose or one of the two kinds of heron is available as a particularly splendid replacement.

I cannot guarantee that you will like everything on this long menu, although I found almost all of it delicious and none of it worse than dull, which is the rating I would give the pheasant sake. But I would particularly recommend two Akahane specialties, which also happen to be the game dishes that are available throughout the usual tourist season, in spring, summer and early autumn. Since the production—if that is the right word for it—plays a considerable role in a Japanese dinner, imagine yourself seated at table, on your brocade cushion, with the general atmosphere already warmed by several pots of sake, which is an agreeable drink that promotes gaiety without causing excessive intoxication. The last light course is finished, and Teru-san kneels to place before you the mixed grill. Since this is springtime, all the emphasis is on the quail, but what quail!

The dish, in the first place, is a still life of great beauty; for one of the peculiar skills of Japanese chefs is the composition of edible still lives that would sell, in paint, for vast sums on 57th Street. On a broad, black-brown-pottery platter, the golden-brown quail rest on a bed of glossy, dark-green arborvitae fronds. The quail are balanced by deep-pink and golden-yellow slices of a special sausage made of smoked duck and fresh ginger, and by a fresh, fragile, pale green twig of young soybean vine, complete with leaves, tendrils and bean pods. From these pods the tiny beans are to be popped and eaten. The sausage slices are excellent too. But both are mainly there because they make a wholly charming picture.

The design, then, is high art; but the quail, you discover, is sheer ideal beauty. At different times and in different places, I have tried quail in all sorts of ways, from classically roasted to prepared by an ex-Rothschild chef who boned his quail and stuffed it with an ortolan, which had, in turn, been boned and stuffed with a fresh truffle. Of all gamebirds, quail is surely the finest, if only it is not cooked too dry. And Akahane's quail outclasses all the other quail I have ever tasted.

It is not complicated. It is just a small Japanese quail, split and broiled over hot charcoal for seven or eight minutes. To keep it moist while broiling, it is lightly brushed with a strong stock of fowl slowly simmered in wine and soy sauce, but it still tastes only of quail. Or rather, it tastes of the quintessence of quail, rich, delicate and meltingly tender. It makes you feel as grateful as I suppose the Israelites must have felt in the wilderness by Sinai, when the Lord broke their long desert fast with quail and manna.

After the quail, everything ought to be an anticlimax, but somehow it is not. The ensuing soup—which is likely to be made of pigeon in the off season—rather closely resembles what the French call a *bouilli*, being very clear, very light, yet with a concentrated taste of the bird whose breast is also in the bowl. And then, after removing the high, red and black and gold lacquer soup bowls, Teru-san indicates that your moment of high privilege is at last at hand.

With unhurried, almost hieratic gestures, she arranges on the table bowls of pink wild-duck flesh, baskets of rough mountain mushrooms and spidery wild-chrysanthemum leaves, and a pottery-lined, charcoal-filled table cooker, called a *konro*. This takes a little time, and as she makes her preparations, Teru-san explains that wild duck, falconry style, has been the main course, since the dawn of history, at the feasts in the field after the Emperor's hawking parties. It is served traditionally, too, at the dinner given after that strangest of all festivities, the Emperor's annual duck-netting party. And it used to be a customary dish at the ceremonial luncheons the Emperor always gave for his newly promoted generals and admirals, in the time before Japan renounced war.

When her preparations and explanations are both completed, Teru-san greases the griddle on the *konro* with small lumps of bright yellow duck fat. The fat soon melts, and she lays out strips of duck flesh to cook on the griddle in a neat, briskly sizzling pattern. A few seconds on one side, a few seconds on the other, and the cooking is done. And with swift darts of her long serving chopsticks, Teru-san distributes the first round of duck.

If you are used to the passionate debates of American duck hunters, about whether the bird should be seventeen or eighteen minutes in the oven, and about just how horrifyingly bloody it ought to be, wild (*Continued on Page 102*)

In her Tokyo restaurant Miss Umeko Akahane (center) serves guests wild duck, prepared over a charcoal-burning *hibachi*.

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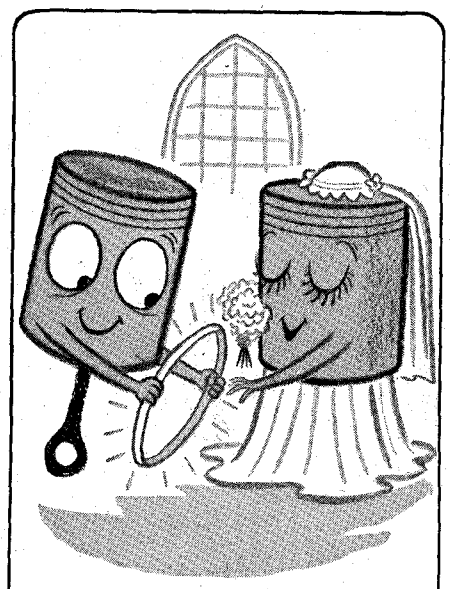

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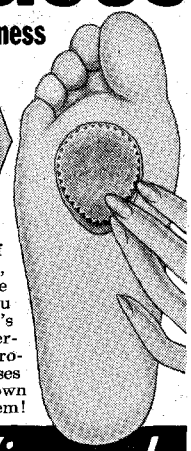

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(*Continued from Page 100*) duck, falconry style, will certainly come as a surprise to you. Yet it seems to me a wonderfully good way to deal with duck, for every slice is piping hot, perfectly tender, miraculously juicy, and with just the ideal character of gaminess. You can cook it a lot or cook it a little, taking it well done or rare as you prefer. Or you can give it a little extra scent and zest by dipping it in the bowl of soy sauce and Japanese horse-radish that Teru-san provides. I like it all three ways, so well indeed that I have got through a whole teal at a sitting. And when the duck is finished, you get just the right contrast to its richness from the last round of griddle-cooked wild mushrooms and astringent wild-chrysanthemum leaves.

Game does not often appear in my Washington kitchen, for obvious economic reasons, but I have a notion to try puddle duck, falconry style, one day soon. There are no special secrets to the dish, except that the flesh should be cut from the carcass against the grain, and must be marinated for a couple of hours in a half-and-half mixture of soy sauce and sweet wine before being cooked. Puddle duck, falconry style, would go rather well, I think, with a risotto made with stock from the duck carcass and garnished with chopped duck liver and chestnuts.

There is one other Akahane specialty, too—the fried Korean pheasant—that I believe can be adapted for Washington use. The pieces of pheasant are scored along the grain of the flesh, rubbed with raw, grated ginger, and washed down with soy sauce. Then, after being allowed to stand for thirty minutes, the pieces are wiped, dredged in a Japanese cornstarch that resembles arrowroot, and deep-fried to brownness in light vegetable oil. Even at Akahane, chicken is sometimes cooked this way when the game season is over. The result looks exactly like our own Southern fried chicken. But it is wonderfully juicy. It has a peculiarly delicious gamy flavor. And in short it has little kinship with the machinists' waste cooked in crankcase oil that is Southern fried chicken prepared by any but a master hand.

These culinary data I secured by following the rule of all wise adventurous eaters, which is to make friends in any place you really like. I got to know capable Umeko Akahane, hard-working Michishige and his gentle wife, Kayoko, the first time I dined in their restaurant. Their story, it turned out, was a sort of happy-ending parable of postwar Japan.

The Akahanes are an old landed family, and when Umeko and Michishige were young, their father owned rich rice fields and an old, smoky-beamed small manor house in the famous farming region of Shinshu. They still keep their Shinshu roots, by preference hiring Shinshu people to work for them, getting a lot of their game from old friends among the Shinshu bird hunters, and often visiting Kayoko Akahane's mother, who still lives there. But the manor house and the rice fields have been sold long since, for the Akahanes were ruined by the war.

Among Japanese in their situation, starting a restaurant was a rather common postwar expedient, and it generally turned out pretty badly. But where most others failed, the Akahanes succeeded, for two highly practical reasons. In the first place, they lived carefully and worked hard to learn the restaurant business for a very long time before they opened their restaurant. Michishige, for instance, spent three years of twelve-hour days transforming himself from a jobless engineer into a first-class chef. And then, in the second place, they brilliantly exploited a lucky accident of Umeko Akahane's past.

All Shinshu people are great hunters, and Miss Akahane being both independent-minded and fond of old ways boldly took up falconry when she was a young woman. Although the Emperor had a big hawking establishment before the war and still maintains a reduced one, the ancient sport of falconry was already rare when Umeko Akahane adopted it. A youthful, female falconer, moreover, was a nine days' wonder in prewar Japan. As a nine days' wonder, she attracted the interest of the Grand Chamberlain of the Imperial Household, Count Bojo, who had charge of the Emperor's falconers. With Count Bojo's permission, she went hawking with the Emperor's men in the imperial preserves, and on these expeditions she first tasted wild duck, falconry style.

The memory of this experience came back to her when the Akahanes were searching about for some means to give distinction to their new restaurant. Through Count Bojo, Umeko Akahane got formal permission from the imperial household to serve wild duck, falconry style, as well as pheasant sake and one or two more imperial dishes. These specialties, with associations that are still deeply romantic to most Japanese, gave the Akahane restaurant an ideal start when it was finally opened about six years ago.

It was a ticklish moment, that opening, for the Akahanes were down to their last reserves and the restaurant's entire staff consisted of Michishige in the kitchen with Umeko and Kayoko serving as waitresses. Nowadays, however, Teru-san and four colleagues, three young chefs and two kitchen maids share the quarters over the restaurant, in the old-fashioned Japanese way, with the three senior Akahanes and Michishige and Kayoko's two charming children. It is not a big place yet, but it is a successful place—all the more so because the Akahanes have kept the basic price of dinner down to 1500 yen, or about five dollars a head, plus wine and service charges; so there are a good many small cars among the expense-account limousines that crowd the Akahane side street during the luncheon and dinner hours.

Success has spoiled innumerable restaurants in every nation on earth, but the Akahanes have taken their success the right way, never slacking off, never cheapening the quality to increase profits, and always seeking to improve their food and their rooms. In the game season, Michishige still spends a week or so out of each month traveling on foot through the country districts to insure his game supply.

"The hunters," he says, "are mostly charcoal burners in the summer. They're very independent, and if I didn't go there myself, I'd never get the birds."

And last year, Umeko Akahane made a special trip to Gifu, to wheedle the traditional method of cooking river trout out of aged Yamashita-san, who is the fifteenth member of his family in a direct line of descent to hold the post of Imperial Cormorant Fisherman. Cormorant fishing, for those who have never seen it, is the method of catching fish with cormorants—the birds' necks being ringed so they cannot swallow the fish, which the fishermen take from the birds' beaks. Cormorant-fishing parties, like hawking and duck-netting parties, are an imperial diversion that has survived from the most ancient times. When the night's fishing is over, a bonfire is built on the beach by the river. The little trout are spitted, briefly roasted over glowing coals, and then transferred to heated slates, on which they finish cooking and are served. Akahane's version of *ayu*, cormorant-fishing style, is now a major summer specialty. It challenges comparison with the best *Truite bleu*, and Umeko Akahane is very proud of it.

"Each year," she told me, "we try to add something. I miss the old days. I'd like to go out hawking just once again. But running a restaurant is a fascinating business, and as long as we get a little better each year, I shall be happy."

THE END

"All I wanted was a match."

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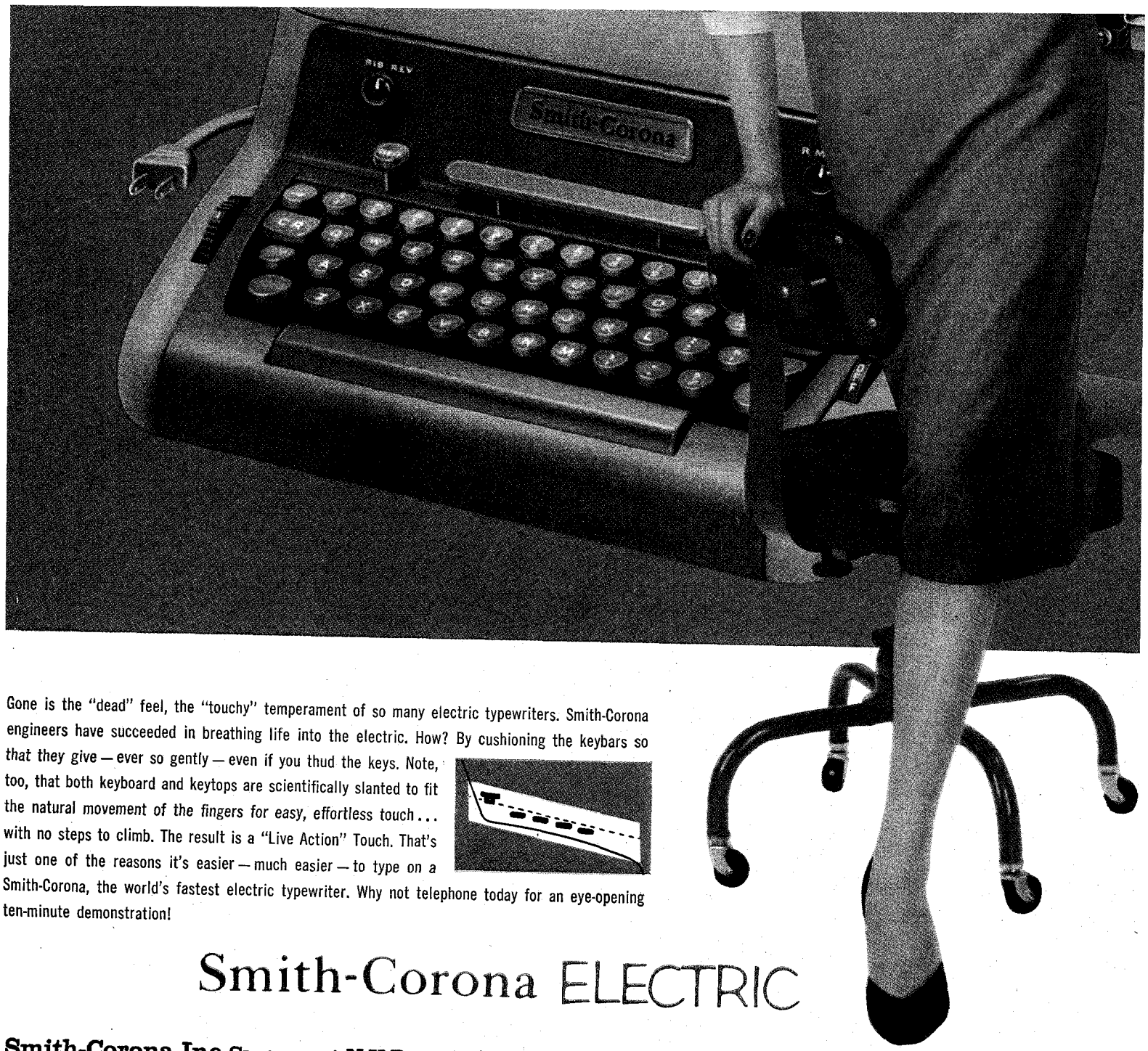

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They Always Ask Me About Negroes

(Continued from Page 33)

Our high schools, moreover, prepare their students for later life in a way that has yet to be duplicated anywhere. Italians are particularly interested in such American institutions as student councils, night schools and parent-teacher associations, which have few counterparts in any European country, even in England. Yet I was once asked by a student in a missionary school in Nigeria, a British colony in West Africa, why American education was so inferior to British education.

I wish I could have told him what an Italian said recently, after he had heard me explain the difference between American public education for the many, and European education, partly public, but still largely private, for the few.

"As I understand it," he said, "the American high school is like a church. Everybody is welcome and its doors are seldom closed."

My job here in Rome is to do everything I can to acquaint Italians with our cultural values and achievements. A generation ago I could not have been employed in such a capacity except in certain countries, including Liberia and the Canary Islands, to which the few Negroes in our foreign service once were traditionally assigned. A generation hence, if conditions continue to improve at the present rate, the fact that I was the first Negro cultural attaché to be assigned to an important European country will be of interest only to historians. In the meantime I am a curiosity. My mere presence in Italy, as an Italian writer put it, is worth more to us as propaganda than "10,000 press releases about improved racial relations in the United States."

Why was I, of all people, chosen to be the cultural attaché in Rome? The best answer, I think, was given to me by one of my superiors in the United States Information Agency.

"You got your job on merit," he said, "but the fact that you were a Negro didn't hurt."

I wish I could say that being a Negro has never hurt. But that wouldn't be true. My wife and I have been wounded often enough to understand the hopelessness of those who have been defeated. If we hadn't been able to console ourselves with the knowledge that the position of the American Negro is gradually improving, we, too, might have been defeated. As it is, we know that our own problems have been less painful than those of our parents, and that our children's problems will be less onerous than ours. We even hope sometimes that our grandchildren won't have any racial problems at all.

I grew up in Boston, where my father, who had hoped to be a physician, had settled for a civil-service job at the local Army base. He didn't settle for very long, though, because he soon became a regular officer. He retired a few years ago with the rank of full colonel.

As for myself, I attended the Boston Latin School and worked summers as a porter in a Maine resort. Later, with the help of scholarships, I attended Harvard University. In 1933 I obtained my master's degree, and in 1944 my doctor's degree, in classical philology—the study of the Greek and Roman cultures.

My father-in-law is a former president of a state teachers college, once "for Negroes," but now desegregated, in Pennsylvania. His daughter, Elaine, and I were married in 1934, after she had graduated from Oberlin College, in Ohio. In 1944, while I returned to Harvard to obtain my doctorate, Elaine attended Radcliffe long enough to obtain her master's degree in art. Before coming to Rome we lived in Washington. Elaine taught art in what is now a desegregated public school. I was the head of the department of classics at Howard University.

In 1938, with the help of a Rosenwald Fellowship, Elaine and I visited Italy for the first time. In 1949, after I had received a Fulbright Fellowship, we returned to Italy with our children. I had written a doctoral thesis on slavery in Pompeii, and I wanted to add to my knowledge of the social problems of the classical world.

I visited Italy again in 1953, lecturing for the State Department. My mission was to arouse interest in the department's "leader-and-specialist" program—to help foreign leaders and specialists to visit the United States, and American leaders and specialists to visit foreign countries. This sort of exchange has proved to be one of the most effective means yet devised of dispelling international misunderstandings.

I lectured in Senegal, the Gold Coast, Nigeria, Libya, Italy, Greece and Austria. Only one of my four prepared lectures dealt with the American Negro, but the subject came up in the question-and-answer period following every lecture I gave. It made no difference whether I spoke in a college in the Gold Coast, a missionary school in Nigeria or an athletic club in Libya—everywhere I found the same interest in the American Negro and the same ignorance of the progress he has made in recent years.

In Accra, in the Gold Coast, I was asked from what part of Africa my black ancestors had come. I had to admit that, like most American Negroes, I knew nothing of my black ancestors except that they were presumably African slaves. The chairman interrupted me to put in a word for his own country. "The professor says he doesn't know from where his ancestors came," he said, "but, to judge from his eloquence, I would say that they came from the Gold Coast."

In Lagos, Nigeria, I was asked why so few American Negroes take an active interest in their African brothers. I had to explain that Americans of African origin, unlike Americans of European origin, have no grandparents to look back upon in the old country. Cut off from any connection with our African forebears, we are unable to communicate, except as Americans, with our African contemporaries.

In Tripoli I was asked why North African Arabs are so often regarded as Negroes in the United States. In Bari, Italy, I was asked why, in American films, Pullman porters and dining-car waiters are always Negroes. In Linz, in Austria, I was asked if Negroes are freely admitted to American hotels and restaurants—and, if not, how such discrimination differs from Hitler's treatment of Jews.

Some questions were intelligent and some were not. Some were innocent and some malicious. All revealed such ignorance of American realities that it was easy to understand why the communists had chosen to exploit the color problem in order to embarrass the United States. I decided, therefore, in spite of my original intention to discuss only my special fields of interest, to include in my repertory a lecture on the American Negro.

Not all criticism of our handling of the color problem, however, has been inspired by the communists. Many intelligent foreigners are sincerely perturbed by the apparent contradiction between our democratic principles and our discriminatory behavior. As one friendly Italian newspaper remarked: "Americans should know that there are many noncommunists . . . who are well-disposed towards the United States, but who still wonder how a country founded on the denial of hereditary privileges can tolerate discrimination among its citizens."

While I was in Rome in 1953—prior to my appointment as cultural attaché—I was received by the American ambassador to Italy, Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce. After questioning me about my experiences, she said that she hoped I would be able to return to Italy the following year. I didn't know what she meant until I learned much later that Mrs. Luce was among the people who recommended me for the post I now hold.

I was still debating whether to accept my appointment when I was approached by a former career diplomat who felt that the time was not yet ripe for a Negro to assume such a responsibility. "You've got to think of your wife and children," he said. "They'll have a terrible time trying to mingle socially with white Americans in Rome."

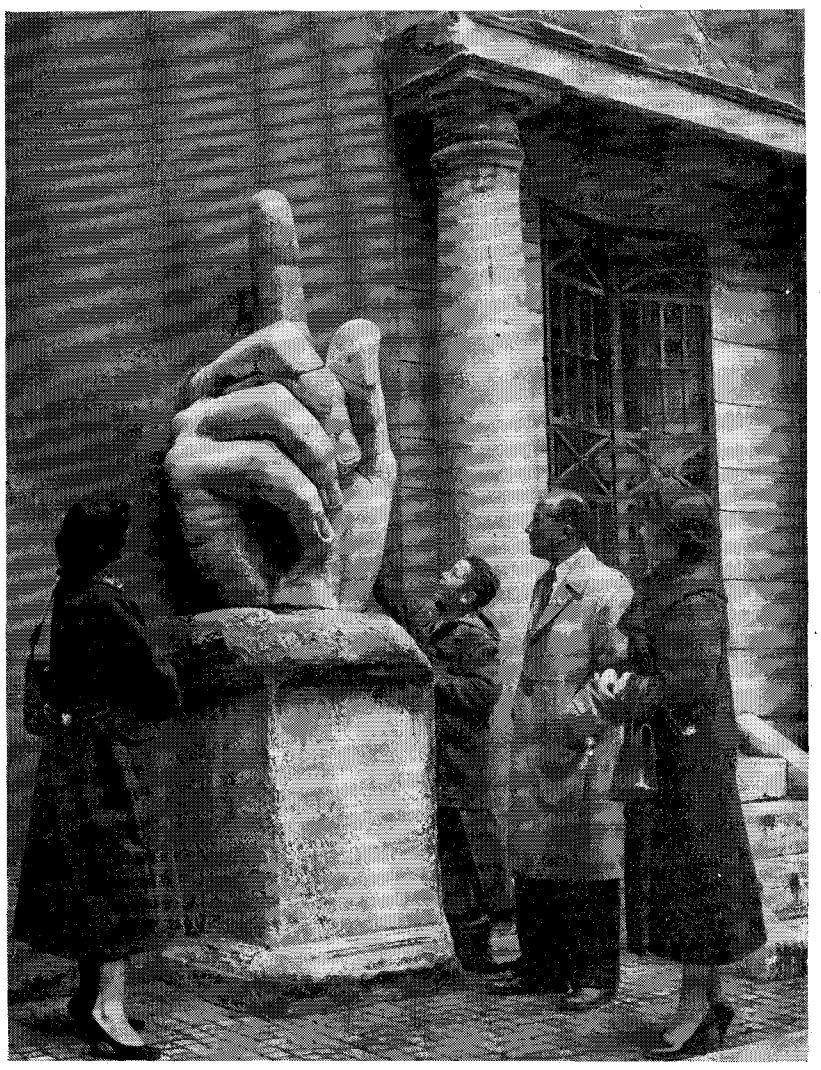
I did not accept his argument. I knew from my previous experience with Italians, and with Americans in Italy and elsewhere, that my family and I would have no difficulties that we couldn't overcome. Indeed, during three previous visits to Italy, I had come up against the color bar only twice.

The first time was when Elaine and I arrived in Rome on the Fourth of July, of all days, in 1938. We had reserved a room at a certain small hotel, only to be told on our arrival that no rooms were available. When I later telephoned, using a different name, I was not surprised to learn that the hotel was half empty. It turned out that a party of guests from one of our Southern states had protested when they saw us enter.

The second time was in 1953 on my way home from Europe. The American embassy in Vienna had reserved minimum first-class accommodations for me on a well-known American ship. Once on board, however, I was told that, instead of being asked to share a cabin with others, I was to be given a more expensive cabin to myself at no extra cost. In the dining saloon it was the same. At first I was seated alone at a corner table well away from the other passengers. When I protested, I was told that the captain preferred "one angry Negro passenger to a hundred angry Southern passengers"—in spite of the fact that some of the Southerners had already invited me to sit at their tables, to show the captain that they had no objection to my presence. The stewards, white and black, who served my meals at the table to which I was finally assigned were so embarrassed that they refused to be tipped on our arrival in New York.

I mention these incidents only because they are now becoming the exception rather than the rule. On my way back to Italy in 1954, I happened to travel on the same American ship. This time, of course, I was armed with a diplomatic passport. And, since I was traveling with my wife and children, the issue of separate accommodations did not arise.

Among the more than 200 letters of congratulations I received when my appointment was announced, five were from people whom I had met on the ship during my previous crossing. A member of the crew wrote to tell me that a clipping of an article announcing my appointment had been displayed on the ship's bulletin board. And I have since received a letter from the former diplomat. He has not only changed his mind but is now willing



Author Snowden's family sight-seeing in Rome. They are treated "as Americans," not as Negroes. Frank, nine, is an acolyte in an Episcopal church in Rome.

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to agree that being a Negro has been an advantage rather than a disadvantage to me in the work I am doing in Italy.

Our greatest worry on our return to Rome was the possibility that unhappiness might be in store for our daughter, Jane. She was then fifteen, a difficult age for any girl, and Elaine and I were afraid that she might be slighted by some of her American contemporaries. I am happy to say that our fears have not been realized. Jane, now sixteen, has experienced no racial problems of any sort in Rome. She is very much a part of the local American community. Indeed, she has been going to so many parties lately that our greatest worry today is that she may neglect her studies.

Both our children attend the Marymount School, a Catholic institution, but on Sundays we all go to the Episcopal Church of St. Paul's Within the Walls, where our son, Frank, is an acolyte. Frank, only nine, was to have the only unpleasant experience that either of our children has had in Rome. A boy at an American gathering offered some candy to several other boys, but not to Frank, whom he referred to as a "nigger." The incident hurt less than it might have if one of Frank's friends had not intervened.

"Here," he said, "take half of my candy. He's only trying to start a fight."

One of my greatest surprises when I lectured in Italy in 1953 was the reaction—or lack of reaction—of the communists. They knew that I was a living refutation of some of their most damaging charges against the United States. Yet, instead of heckling me at my lectures and denouncing me in their newspapers, they chose to ignore my existence. In Turin, at the end of one of my lectures on the American Negro, a man in the audience stood up to make a surprisingly friendly speech. He turned out to be a writer employed by the local edition of L' Unità, the official newspaper of the Italian Communist Party. The next day, instead of an article about my lecture, L' Unità chose to publish an article about a certain Negro entertainer who was once ejected from a fashionable New York supper club. The communists have been parading her as a martyr ever since.

Today I neither go out of my way to discuss the color problem nor to avoid it when it arises in the question-and-answer periods following my lectures on American education. In 1953 I had deliberately chosen to discuss the changing status of the American Negro because I considered it my duty as an American to do so. Even then I was heckled only once, and in Greece rather than in Italy. At the end of a lecture in Piraeus, the port of Athens, a man who was apparently a communist demanded why I hadn't discussed racial discrimination in Washington. Although his question was hardly pertinent, I told him that I was just the man to answer it because I then happened to live in Washington and knew from personal experience how rapidly the problem was being overcome. The man was somewhat embarrassed when the audience applauded my reply.

The State Department has never in any way censored my lectures. The only person who ever tried to influence me was a young American consul in a certain Italian city in 1953. After listening to one of my lectures on the American Negro, he asked me to be more careful in the future.

"I know I haven't any right to say so," he said, "but I wish you'd try to avoid questions about lynchings. I can just see the headlines in the communist press: AMERICAN NEGRO CONDEMNS LYNCHINGS, and so on. It won't do us any good, you know."

I have never dodged questions about lynchings or any other subject, however embarrassing, and no such headlines have ever appeared in Italy or anywhere I have lectured. I have learned how to answer questions in such a way that my replies cannot be misinterpreted. In dealing with lynchings, for example, I give the facts and then point out that lynching is a crime that has always been abhorrent to the American people as a whole, and a crime that is now a rarity even in the Deep South. This is news to many foreigners, especially to those who have been led by the communists to believe that lynching is an everyday occurrence.

Interested though they are in my answers to questions about American Negroes, Italians are even more interested in what I have to say about Americans in general. The fact that I am a Negro is less important to Italians than the fact that I am an American scholar trained in their own classical traditions. This is a point that has often been made by the journalists who have written about me in the Italian press. Although they realize that I am a descendant of slaves, they find it difficult to understand why I should be treated differently from anybody else in my position. As everybody knows, the ancient Greeks enslaved blacks as well as whites, and the ancient Romans did the same. No differentiation was made, however, between a black slave and a white slave. In the ancient world, a slave's inferiority to a freeman was essentially legal rather than moral.

Only in modern times was slavery identified with a single race. When black slaves were brought from Africa to assist white Europeans in settling the New World, slaves and Negroes came to be regarded as one and the same thing. And, because they were, people inevitably began to question the justice of the institution. Thus, slavery in the United States became what it had never been before—a moral issue. The result was the Emancipation Proclamation.

Almost a hundred years have elapsed since slavery was abolished in the United States. Our recent progress in improving racial relations has been creditable indeed. What continues to puzzle foreigners is that, having solved so many other problems, we should still be as far as we are from having solved the color problem.

It is all very well for some of us to say that the color problem is nobody's business but our own. So long as the communists can turn foreigners against the United States by emphasizing our apparent reluctance to live up to the principle of racial equality, we must make it our business to expose their propaganda for what it is. The way in which certain elements of the South, for example, have recently reacted to the Supreme Court's decision on segregated schools is difficult for many European observers to understand.

One of the most embarrassing questions I have ever had to deal with as a lecturer is this: Hasn't most of our racial progress in recent years been more of an answer to foreign criticism, much of it inspired by the communists, than inspired by any strong desire on the part of Americans to have done with the color problem once and for all?

In reply, I usually recall that the Emancipation Proclamation, though it freed the Negro legally, failed to provide him with the moral status in the eyes of his white compatriots that he needed in order to make full use of his legal freedom. Since emancipation, and especially recently, more and more Americans have come to believe that discrimination among our citizens is contradictory to the religious, political and scientific bases on which our scheme of values rests. If foreign criticism, communist or noncommunist, has helped to accelerate the process, it only goes to show that the American people are willing to profit from the criticism of their enemies as well as the criticism of their friends.

The foreigners most susceptible to communist racial propaganda are naturally those most likely to encounter racial barriers in the United States—Africans and Asiatics. But they, too, are willing to be convinced by an American Negro that conditions in the United States are better than our enemies have pictured them to be and that they are getting better all the time.

Soon after I joined our embassy in Rome, two East Africans came to call on me. They were natives of Italian Somaliland who had read an article about me in a Rome newspaper. One of the men was a coal-black Moslem who was studying journalism with the help of an Italian fellowship. The other was a coffee-colored medical student, a Christian son of an Italian noncommissioned officer who had married a Somali woman. Their only reason for calling on me, it developed, was to see with their own eyes that I really existed and to tell me how happy they were to know that an American Negro could become an officer of his embassy in Rome.

Pleased as I was to receive their visit, and pleased as I am with all the progress we have made, I would be still more pleased if I could be just an American and not a Negro American, a cultural attaché and not a Negro cultural attaché. The day that American Negroes can cease to be Negro Americans and become just plain Americans who happen to be black or tan will be the day that all Americans can cease to worry about the color problem.

Number One in the National League (Continued from Page 31)

past two seasons he has led all National Leaguers in total times safe on base.

Ashburn's true hitting stature is not something you recognize at a glance, and neither is the driving temperament that has put him where he is. Richie is one of baseball's real bear-down guys, but never advertises it with rowdiness. He doesn't start fights or get put out of games by umpires—although "I doubt if any of the umps think of me as the nice-guy type," he says.

Richie is by no means a shy or retiring personality. On or off the field, if anyone barks at him, he barks right back. Ashburn and Roy Hamey, general manager of the Phils, came to terms quickly on Richie's contract for this season, but they got into quite a shouting match over the telephone during a contract dispute the year before. However, traits such as courtesy, modesty and good temper are such an everyday part of Richie's makeup that he appears essentially mild and unassuming.

This surface picture is incomplete. Folks in Richie's home area in Nebraska can testify to the unflagging determination with which he has pursued baseball success since boyhood. Warren Cook, an older friend and adviser, declares, "Richie is as confident a kid as you'll ever find. In his own mind there's nothing he can't do. Why, he's got supreme confidence in himself. But he doesn't wear it on his sleeve. People around here like that."

Richie Ashburn is the product of a solid family life in the small Nebraska farm town of Tilden (population 1040), where he still makes his home. He was one of the original Phillies' Whiz Kids who became the darlings of the country in 1950 while bringing Philadelphia its only pennant of recent times. Richie was one of the most dedicated ballplayers on the club, and he still is, although age has brought normal modifications in his uncommonly strict youthful code of no smoking, no drinking, no swearing. He'll take a bottle of beer after a game now, for instance, instead of his standard beverage of milk; he recently signed his first cigarette testimonial. However, he continues to be a fellow who takes care of himself, as they say when discussing an athlete's living habits. And he still puts extra effort and application into his ballplaying.

Back in 1948 Richie broke in with a splash, batting .333 in 117 games and being acclaimed by The Sporting News as Rookie of the Year. There were skeptics, though, who dismissed him as "just a leg hitter," and said, "Wait until he loses half a step of his running speed and stops beating out those bunts and grounders. Then he'll hit about .200."

Ashburn is still comparatively young—he won't be twenty-nine until March nineteenth—but at this stage almost everybody, including Richie himself, believes that he has slowed up half a step. The defenses now are stacked to prevent him from bunting safely—he beat out only one bunt in all of 1955. Despite these things, he wound up the season with a league-leading average of .338.

So how does he do it? Richie never has developed any set batting technique. He keeps making alterations and adjustments from year to year, and sometimes from day to day—or even from inning to inning. He simply puts more time and thought and work into it than players with greater ability.

Ashburn himself would never make such a statement. When interviewers ask him about his hitting, he usually answers to the effect that he just goes up there and swings and hopes for the best. "The last thing I want to do," he says, "is to set myself up as an authority on hitting or give anyone the idea that I think I've got it all figured out."

Recently, however, Richie went into particulars about some of the "little things" he does to increase his effectiveness at the plate. None is decisive in itself, but they all add up.

"For one thing, I change bats a lot," he explained. "Sometimes I'll use a different bat every time up in a game. My bats are all the same size, but they vary in weight. Generally they run from thirty-two to thirty-four-and-a-half ounces. But I've gone as low as a thirty-ounce bat, and as high as a forty-ounce bat I borrowed from Del Ennis one day. He'd soaked it in oil all winter.

"With a heavier bat, you just meet the ball. I use it to get my timing back when I'm in a slump. You're just laying the bat out there.

"Also, I use heavier bats against the fast-ball pitchers. The ball isn't moving very much—it's (*Continued on Page 108*)

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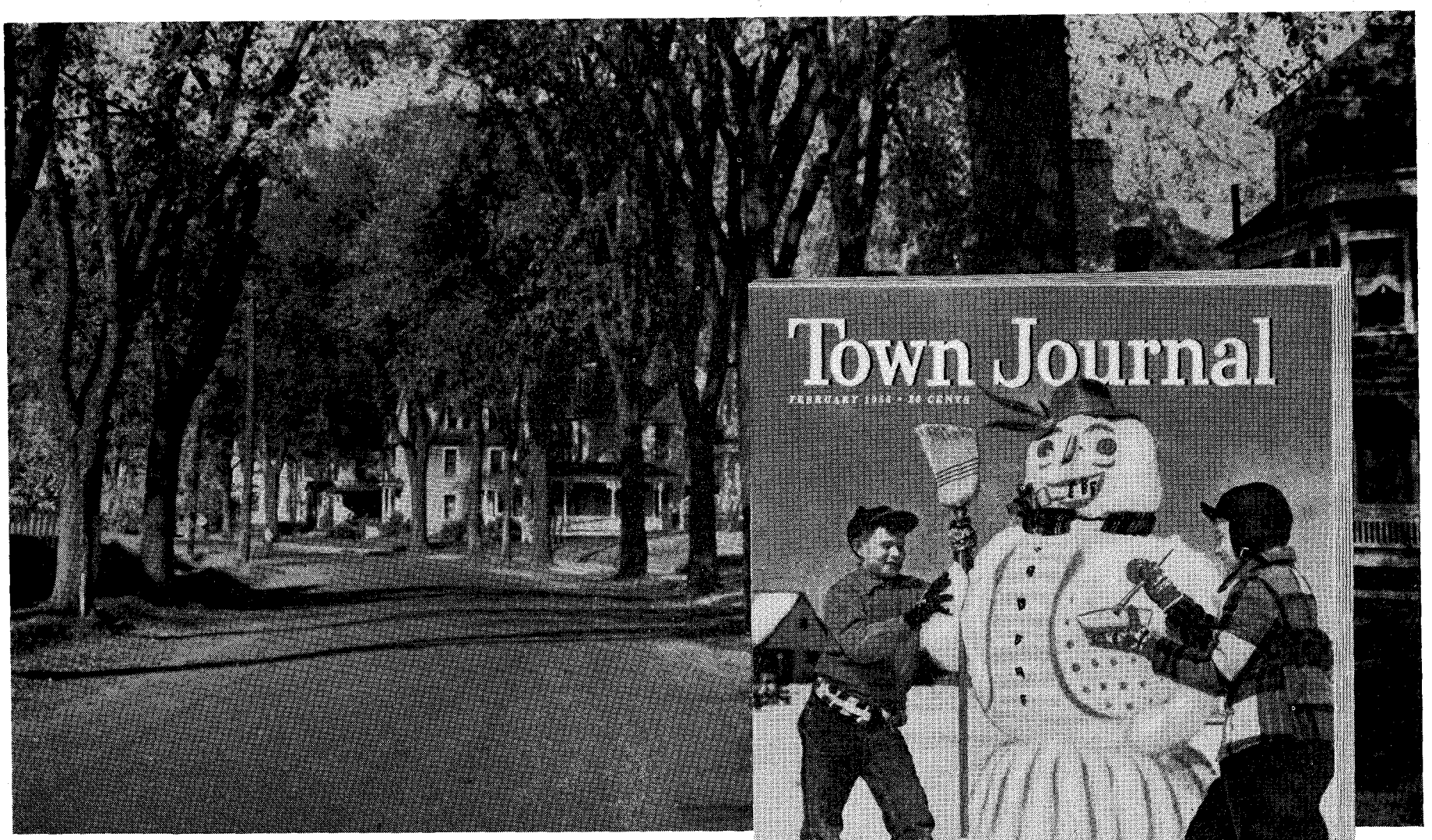
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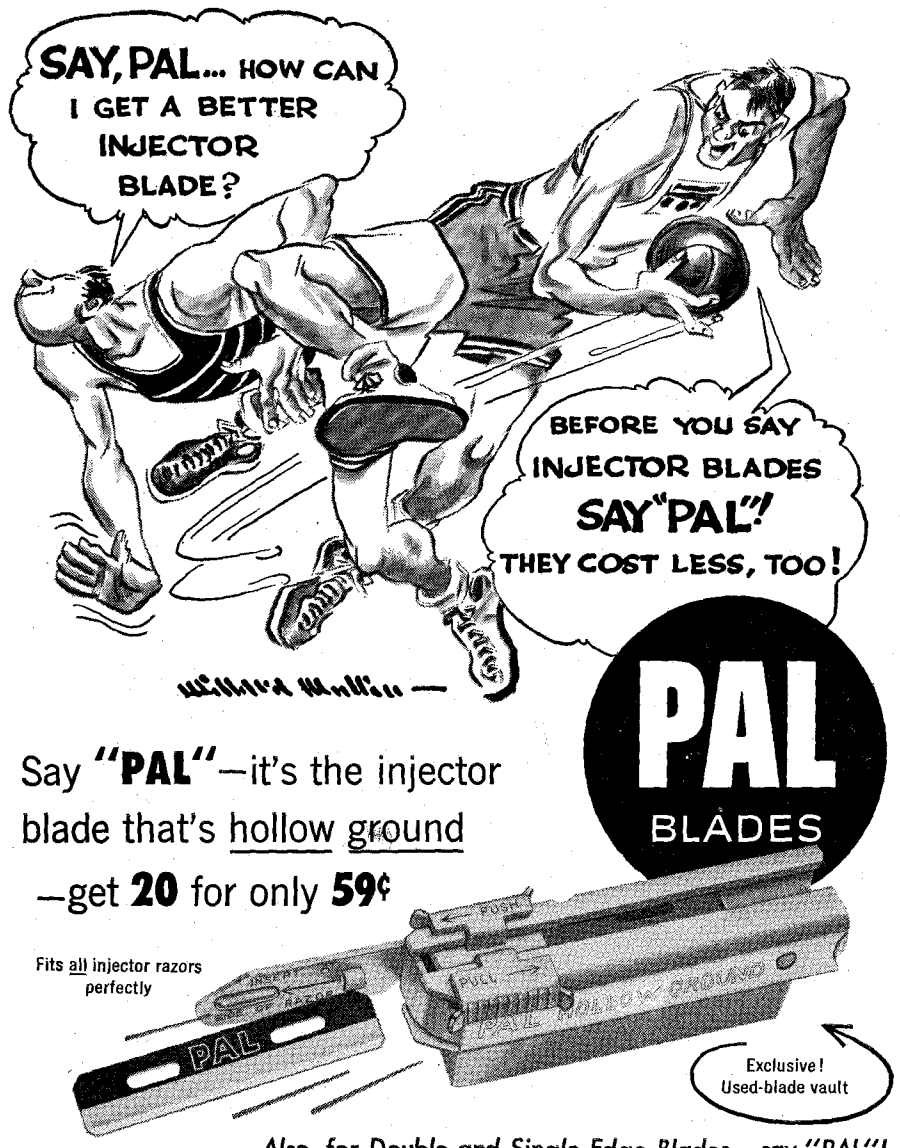
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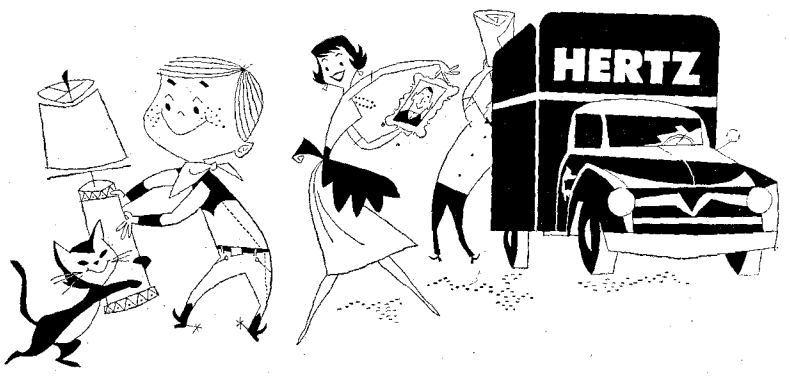

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(*Continued from Page 106*) coming in a straight line—but it's coming very fast. All you want to do is meet it. Against pitchers with sliders and junk stuff, I use a lighter bat. The ball is moving more. With a lighter bat you can control your swing better. But often I change bats just on hunches, especially when I'm not going good. My theory is that if you're not hitting well, you can't lose anything by trying something different.

"I don't know anything definite about hitting. There've been times when I thought I did, and then I'd start running into trouble again. I've been making changes ever since I came up. I used to go in for thick-handled bats. Now I use a thin handle. I used to move out in front of the plate to swing. Now I stay farther back in the box and take a longer look at the ball. And I began with a real closed stance. Then I went to an open stance. Today I have a sort of even stance.

"I love to hear fellows like Musial and Williams talk about hitting, and read things they've said about it. It doesn't always work out for you, though. There's no one way to hit. There are certain fundamentals, but the individual has to figure it out for himself."

Ashburn has done a great deal of figuring on the percentages of his own highly individual case. His big original asset was speed—all the more of an advantage since he bats left-handed. When he first came into the league, he kept everybody off balance, mixing in deft bunts with his solider smacks. However, he was clearly no long-ball threat. He is a bit small for distance hitting—just five eleven and 170 pounds—although very muscular. He also seems to lack the sharp wrist action that characterizes the real power hitter, and he doesn't try to be one—he chokes up several inches on the bat.

So opponents arrived at the defense they still employ against Ashburn. The third baseman and the first baseman play in on him to discourage bunting, and the second baseman comes part way in to guard against a drag bunt. The outfield pulls in too.

The obvious solution was for Ashburn to capitalize on the openings this gave him, as by poking the ball over the third baseman's head. But Richie learned that this wasn't the answer, at least for him. When he tried to place the ball, it threw his timing off, and he seldom connected squarely enough to do any good. He found that the best system was just to concentrate on hitting the ball.

Ashburn doesn't try to kill the ball, but he does try to hit it sharply. When he's in the groove, he consistently bangs out line drives and slashing grounders. The same drawn-in defense that has taken the bunt almost completely away from him has given him a better percentage on regulation hits. More of his smashes go through the infield, or are so awkward to handle that Richie can beat the throw to first.

The fact that he gets a flock of bases on balls in addition to his base hits is an unusual thing for a nonpower hitter. Ashburn was first in the National League in 1954 with 125 walks, and second last year with 105. He earned them all the hard way. The pitchers never walk him on purpose. They'd rather take their chances on pitching to him, figuring that if he does get a hit, it will be only a single.

Yet time and again Richie outlasts them. He forces them to pitch strikes—he is seldom fooled into swinging at a ball out of the strike zone. And he fouls off many of their best pitches. "I always like to see him in one of those situations where he starts spoiling one pitch after another," says John Wise, traveling secretary of the Phillies. "You know it's almost sure to end with him either getting a hit or getting a walk."

In civilian life, Richie Ashburn is one of the better advertisements for professional baseball. He is well-spoken, with nice manners and a Midwestern friendliness. Some ballplayers acquire poise. Richie had it to begin with. He comes from a family of intelligence and character.

The Ashburns also are people of warmth and humor. They were never rich, any more than most of their friends in the corn-and-hog country in Northeastern Nebraska. Richie's grandfather, R. W. Ashburn, and father, Neil Ashburn, operated a blacksmith, welding and farm-implement business in Tilden. This involved a lot of heavy work, but they were up to it.

Sitting behind the dugout at a Phillies' road game on a visit to Chicago last summer, Neil Ashburn told off a drunk who was making himself objectionable. A witness described the incident to Richie afterward and remarked, "I thought for a while your dad was going to have a little tussle on his hands."

"Why, he'd have pinched the guy's head off!" Richie exclaimed. "He's as strong as a bull. He could kill me without any trouble."

Neil Ashburn married a local girl, Genevieve Warner. First they had a daughter, Betty, and next a son, Robert. Then on March 19, 1927, came twins—a boy and a girl. They named the girl Donna Ruth and the boy Don Richard. Later they were told that through some slip-up, the boy's name had been entered on his birth certificate as Richie. This name has stuck, even though they were to find out much later that the birth certificate actually read neither "Don Richard" nor "Richie," but plain "Rich."

Baseball and Richie Ashburn have gone together for almost as long as anyone in his home town can remember. His big brother Bob was a good athlete too. Their father had played a lot of semipro ball around Nebraska—he stayed at it for some years after his sons were born—and he encouraged the boys on sports early.

"I knew Richie was going to be good almost from the time he could walk," Neil Ashburn declares. "He was so springy and quick in his movements."

When Richie was four, his father began showing him how to swing a bat. He trained him to hit left-handed, although Richie was and is right-handed in everything else. Baseball was not something the father had to force on the boy. If Richie wasn't in a game with other kids, he'd be throwing a ball against a shed by the hour or running through imaginary ball games by himself in the yard. He used four conveniently located trees as his "diamond." When he got tired, he'd come in the house and stretch out on the floor—still holding a ball in his hand, and from time to time tossing it in the air.

There were years during the depression 1930's when Grandpa and Neil Ashburn cleared as little as $1200 apiece from their business, and the boys had to earn their own spending money on odd jobs. However, the Ashburns always had the living comforts. If there is anything in Richie's background that contributed to his driving eagerness for baseball success, it is probably the fact that he got his growth late. As a boy he was always small for his age. He was constantly having to prove that he could hold his own in sports with bigger and older kids.

In his early years Richie got into a lot of fights, many of them on the ball field. He had a hot temper. Learning to keep it in check became one of his objectives, and his boyish fire matured into a controlled aggressiveness.

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At eight he broke in as a catcher—his chest protector dragging on the ground—with a team in a Tilden midget league designed for boys of nine to eleven. Says Hursel O'Banion, who supervised the league, "Richie loved the game. He was always the first boy to show up on the field and the last to leave." Richie's zeal has impressed everyone who ever handled him, from high-school and junior-college coaches like Harold Mertz, Dean Hales and Harold Campbell to the men who have had him in the big leagues.

At the Tilden public school, where the twelve grades are housed in one building, Richie was an above-average student all the way. In school athletics, he is remembered best as a basketball star. The high-school baseball season is very brief in Nebraska, and Richie was kept out of football—his brother Bob's best sport. The father, fearful of some disabling injury that would kill the smaller boy's chances for a baseball career, told Richie that he couldn't go out for football until he weighed 150 pounds. By the time Richie hit that level the school had temporarily dropped football because of World War II difficulties.

Meanwhile it had long since been taken for granted by the folks in Tilden that Richie Ashburn would be a major-league ballplayer. He had advanced at the precocious age of thirteen to American Legion Junior Baseball, in which many of the boys were sixteen and seventeen. For five summers he played on the Legion team in Neligh, about fifteen miles from Tilden. It was managed by Harold Cole, a rural mail carrier, whom Richie credits with knowing as many of the fine points of the game as the average professional manager.

Cole used Richie mostly as an outfielder the first season, then switched him to catching—always a tough position to fill on kid teams. Later on, when Richie converted back to the outfield in pro ball, he had trouble changing over from the catcher's snap peg to the outfielder's rolling style of throwing. He still doesn't have a really strong arm. However, this is one more branch of the game in which Richie has overcome natural limitations by hard work. He has schooled himself to charge the ball quickly and get rid of it fast—and accurately.

National League runners used to take some extra bases on balls hit to Richie's sector. Nowadays they seldom even try it. Phillies owner Bob Carpenter says, "Richie always seems to come up with the key throw when you need it."

The classic demonstration came on the final day of the 1950 season in the Phillies' pennant-deciding game at Brooklyn. In the ninth inning, with Robin Roberts pitching against Don Newcombe, it was a 1–1 tie. Cal Abrams led off the last of the ninth for the Dodgers with a walk. Pee Wee Reese singled him to second. Then Duke Snider lined another hit to center.

Abrams was off and running. Third-base coach Milt Stock waved him on home. But Ashburn came in fast, took Snider's drive on the first hop and whipped the ball to the plate. His throw beat Abrams by fifteen feet. That was all the help Robin Roberts needed. He took charge the rest of the way, and the Phillies won the game and the pennant on Dick Sisler's three-run homer in the tenth.

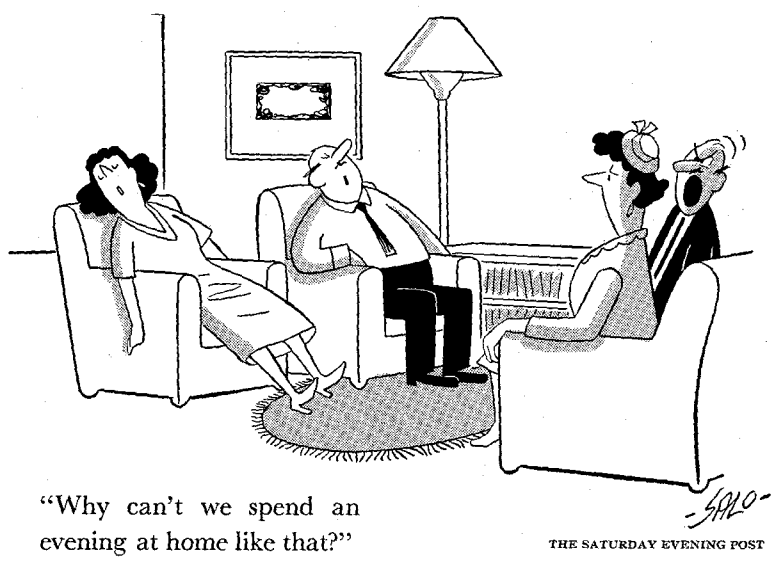
Brooklyn was one of several clubs which came close to getting Ashburn before the Phillies finally landed him. Big-league bird dogs began getting interested in Richie when he was only sixteen. A Cleveland agent actually sent Richie a contract at that callow age—an illegal procedure which impelled Commissioner Landis to summon the boy to his Chicago office for questioning. Landis ultimately fined the Indians $500.

There was another false start after Richie graduated from high school at seventeen in 1944. Cy Slapnicka, then affiliated with the Chicago Cubs, signed Ashburn to a Nashville contract on behalf of the Cubs. This deal wound up being nullified because the contract had an invalid clause specifying that Richie was to share in the purchase price if bought by a major-league team.

So Richie played out his last summer of American Legion ball in 1944, being picked in August for an East-West All-Star Game staged by Esquire magazine in New York. That put additional scouts on his trail—all told, he was approached by thirteen of the sixteen big-league clubs. However, this was before the era of big bonus offers. And Richie and his dad were rather gun-shy about baseball deals at this point. That fall, still unsigned, Richie enrolled at Norfolk Junior College, a state institution in Norfolk, Nebraska, about twenty-five miles from his home.

Richie had the idea then that he might pass up baseball after all in favor of his No. 2 ambition, which was to be a high-school teacher and coach. After one semester, though, he was finally persuaded by scout Eddie Krajnik to sign with the Phillies in February, 1945. The opportunity for quick advancement was an inducement, and there was also a $3500 bonus, which was about as much as any other club had offered him.

The Phils started Ashburn on a Class A farm team, the Utica Blue Sox of the Eastern League. The Utica skipper was Eddie Sawyer, later to manage Richie and the other Whiz Kids to a pennant in



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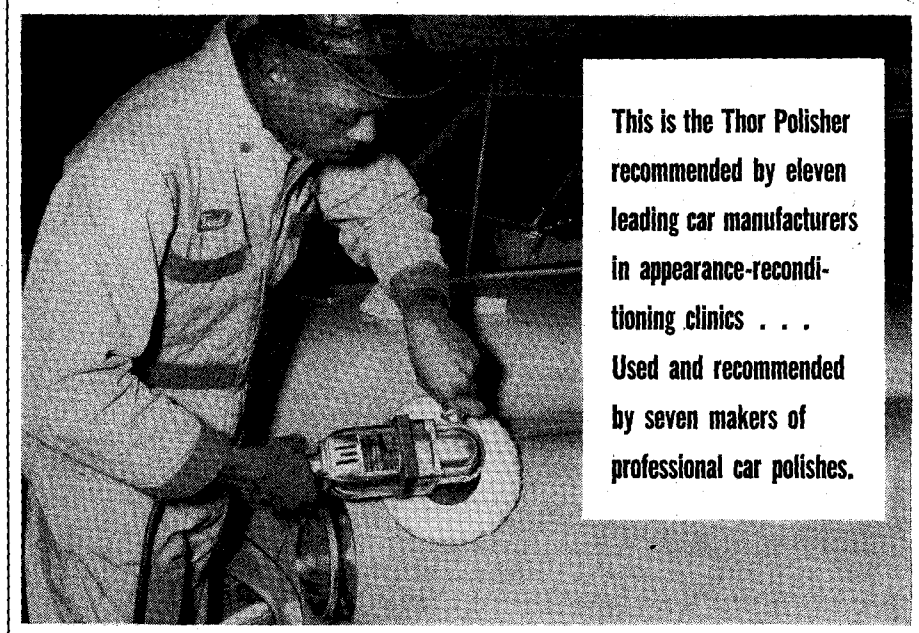

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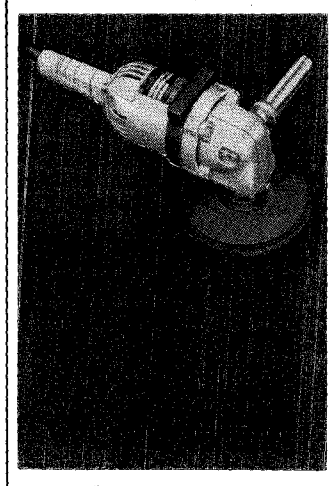

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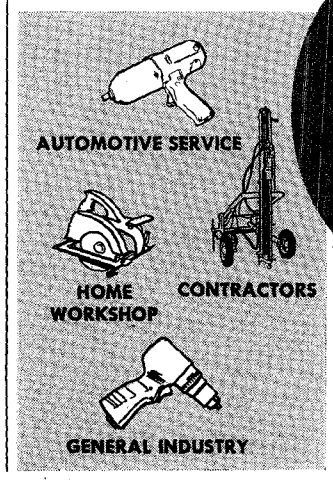

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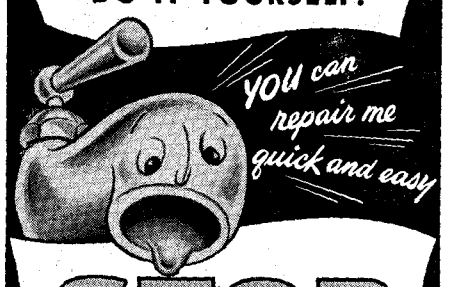

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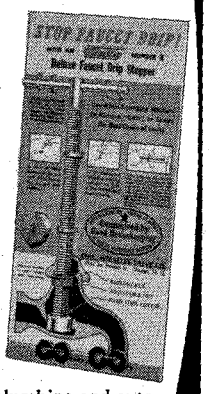

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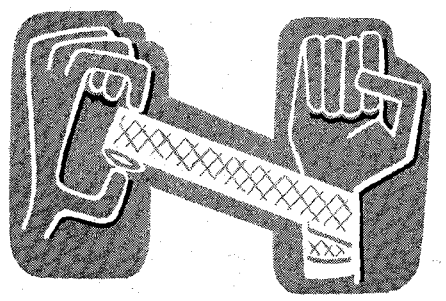

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Philadelphia. Sawyer used Richie as a catcher in about thirty games, then transferred him to the outfield. Richie was somewhat undersized to have a real catching future, and Sawyer also felt that constant stooping and squatting behind the plate would take some of the swiftness out of Richie's legs.

Ashburn hit .312 in 1945, then missed the 1946 season because of Army service, most of it in Alaska. He came back to Utica in 1947 and hit .362. The Phils took Ashburn to spring training with them the next year, although they expected to assign him for the season to Triple-A ball at Toronto. However, Ashburn got an unexpected chance to show his stuff regularly in the exhibition games. Center fielder Harry (The Hat) Walker—National League batting champion the year before—was side-lined much of the training period, first as a holdout and later by an injury.

The twenty-one-year-old Ashburn was so sensational that Walker never got back to center field until August twenty-ninth, when a hand injury put Richie out of action. Meanwhile, Ashburn had led the league in hitting for much of the 1948 season, played in the All-Star Game and won the base-stealing title, with thirty-two.

In 1949 Ashburn had a bad dose of sophomore trouble. His batting average fell from .333 the year before to .284. After the season, replying to a questionnaire from Lanse McCurley, of the Philadelphia Daily News, Richie forthrightly wrote, "It was my own fault. I reported to spring training with a swelled head and a 'big-shot' attitude, which resulted in my learning very little, not listening to people I should have, and thinking that baseball was just a little easier than it was."

Another explanation could be that Richie had failed to adjust properly to the special defenses the other clubs set up against him. However, he did adjust eventually. Richie has had other "off" years since then—he unaccountably dropped from .344 in 1951 to .282 in 1952—but he always bounces back up.

During his first two years in the majors, Richie's parents came to the Philadelphia suburbs for the baseball season and set up a unique family-style boardinghouse for their son and some of the other young ballplayers on the club, including Robin Roberts and Curt Simmons. That setup ended when the boys began to get married and establish homes of their own.

Richie was married after the 1949 season to Herberta Cox, the capable daughter of a Nebraska farmer. Herbie is brown-haired, attractive and highly personable. Richie met her at Norfolk Junior College, where he returned for a second semester in the fall of 1947. Herbie was studying to be a teacher. She had never seen a baseball game until she watched Richie in the 1948 All-Star Game in St. Louis. She put in one year of teaching before her marriage to Richie. They have two little girls now, both blond like their father—Jean, four, and Jan, not yet two.

Richie and his family rent a house in the Philadelphia area during the season, then move back for the winter to a handsome small ranch-type home they have built in Tilden. Richie remains very much a part of Tilden. He is quite a local hero, of course, but he refuses to act like one. His long-time buddy Wilson Bryant, a furniture dealer, says, "He's never gotten too big for the town."

Richie's mother and dad are still there—the father is in the cemetery-monument business now. Also in Tilden is his brother Bob, whose own athletic prospects were ended by an auto-accident injury shortly after his World War II discharge. Bob Ashburn is an insurance man and has four children.

Older sister Betty lives about fifty miles away. She is the mother of two, and a schoolteacher. Her husband, Edwin Cram, is a salesman. Richie's twin sister Donna—who could run about as fast as he did when they were kids—is a registered nurse and the wife of Dr. Frank White. They are in Oregon.

Over the winter Richie works out almost every afternoon in the Tilden school gym. Miss Lilian Wadsworth, who had Richie as a pupil, and other teachers like to hold him up as an example of conduct to their students. Richie officiates high-school basketball games about three nights a week, plays occasionally with an independent team, and makes the inevitable banquet appearances—he has come to enjoy public speaking in moderation. He also devotes some time to selling life insurance.

Ashburn is now in the over-$20,000 salary class as a ballplayer. Living very comfortably, but not lavishly, he has done a lot of planning for the financial future. He owns his home outright. He has been buying annuities. He paid $27,000 for a Norfolk store building which nets him about $280 a month in rental income, and he has been drawing more than that recently from an investment in a couple of oil wells which came through.

For business advice Richie often turns to Rep. Robert D. Harrison, the district's Republican congressman, whose daughter has been a close friend of Richie's wife for many years. Congressman Harrison says, "Richie set himself a very ambitious program. At one time I thought it might be too ambitious. But he has been able to fulfill it."

In Philadelphia during the baseball season Richie's life is less diversified—and less relaxed. "You get so keyed up during a game," he says, "that it can take you several hours afterward to unwind." For a time Richie had stomach-ulcer trouble, but he got it under control a couple of years ago.

Richie does a lot of kidding with his teammates, and gets kidded a lot in return—a sure sign of his popularity on the club. His close pals include infielder Granny Hamner and pitcher Robin Roberts. Ashburn roomed with Hamner on the road for a number of seasons. A reshuffling of room assignments last year paired him with Marv Blaylock, rookie first baseman.

Richie doesn't steal as many bases as he used to—he had only a dozen last year. This is partly because recent Phillies' managers haven't employed the steal very often. "I'm not a good base stealer anyway," Richie maintains. "I can't seem to get that jump on the pitcher." However, he continues to be a runner whose presence on the bases puts extra pressure on enemy pitchers and infielders.

Despite his headlong style of play, Richie seldom gets seriously banged up. For a while he seemed likely to break Gus Suhr's National League record of playing in 822 consecutive games. At the end of 1954 Ashburn had a string of 731. Manager Steve O'Neill helped him to keep his streak alive that year by having Richie make token appearances at bat for three days while a Charley horse was healing.

Last spring, however, Richie and Del Ennis ran full tilt into each other while chasing a fly ball in an exhibition game at Wilmington, Delaware, just before the start of the season. Both men were hurt too badly to see even limited service in the opener. Ashburn had a bruised chest and a twisted knee. He missed the first fourteen games of the year, but played in the last 140, although he was bothered at one stage by a pulled back muscle for which he took treatments after the season. The back seemed to be coming around in good shape this winter.

Those fourteen days on the bench in 1955 were rough on Richie—and everybody else. He couldn't sit still and he couldn't keep quiet, although normally he does no great amount of bench jockeying. Also hard on Richie was the thirteen-game losing streak that the Phillies endured early in the season. "Ashburn is one fellow who really hates to lose," coach Benny Bengough declares. In the clubhouse Richie was vocally unhappy about those defeats. At home his manner was subdued. "All he seemed to want those days was a shoulder to cry on," says Herberta Ashburn.

His own hitting was poor at first, but he improved steadily, and so did the Phillies, who ended up in fourth place. Manager Mayo Smith, who thinks Richie has a good chance to repeat as batting champion this year, explains, "He wasn't pulling the ball at all. The defense was overshifting to the left side on him. Then coach Wally Moses helped him to get straightened out."

Richie agrees. "My swing seemed to have spent itself by the time I got the bat around to the ball. I had no punch. Moses got me to try keeping my front shoulder tucked in when I started my swing. That put the snap back into it."

Along with the ending of his consecutive-game string, Ashburn had another streak broken last year, largely as a result of having to sit out those first fourteen games. For six straight seasons Richie had led all National League outfielders in put-outs. This is a significant statistic that Ashburn's supporters bring up whenever someone starts talking about how Willie Mays or Duke Snider can go get fly balls. It was Bill Bruton, of Milwaukee, who took over the No. 1 spot last year. Mays was second and Ashburn was third.

However, Richie did stay on top in another important department. He got on base more often than anyone else in the National League. His hits, walks and hit-by-pitches totaled 288. One American Leaguer outdid him—Al Smith, of Cleveland, with 294. The year before, Richie led both leagues with 304.

Few Ashburn fans would claim that Richie has quite the over-all value of men like Brooklyn's Snider, New York's Mays or perhaps the Phillies' own Del Ennis, with their great output of home runs and runs batted in. Richie himself speaks of rival center fielders Snider and Mays with obviously sincere admiration. "I wish I could swing the way those fellows do," he says. "If I tried it, I might get a few more home runs than I do now"—he has hit exactly sixteen in his eight seasons—"but my batting average would go down to about .180."

Curiously enough, two of Ashburn's home runs came in a single game last season in St. Louis. Richie says this phenomenon was as great a surprise to him as to anyone else—he was swinging in his normal way and just happened to pull a couple of pitches hard enough to drive them into the short right-field stands.

Richie will tell you that this was as big a thrill as any he's ever had, including his three successful All-Star Game appearances, which have brought him five hits in nine at-bats and applause for some sparkling defensive plays.

"To me the greatest thrill in the world would be to be a big home-run hitter," he says. "There's nothing I'd like better. But that's not the way I am." The way he is has been good enough to establish Richie Ashburn as one of baseball's best.

THE END

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Murder in Disguise (Continued from Page 51)

hard to get out here, and I've put up with a good deal from you. But enough's enough. Your mind is not on your work."

Mynnelu cast her eyes down quickly. She put her handkerchief up to her face.

"I suppose I'm really not myself," she said.

"No use blubbering about it," said Folly uncomfortably. "Won't do you a bit of good. By the look of you, probably you've been getting around men all your life with tears."

"Oh-h!" wailed Mynnelu.

"Hush!" said Folly, really alarmed. "Do you want Miss Amelia to hear you?"

"She might understand," said Mynnelu.

"Understand what?"

"About my unhappiness. About my husband."

Folly reached into her apron pocket for the gumdrops which she always kept

... ...

Monday, 8:00 A.M.

By Marian Gleason

I see his young, appealing face,
His cheerily saluting hand.
At this familiar time and place,
I sense the strategy he's planned.
As he stands back and holds the door
And greets me with a vivid smile,
His homework will be late. And more,
I will excuse it—for a while.
Even a wary teacher dreams
That courtesy is what it seems!

... ...

there, usually supplied by Ichabod. She leaned against a wall. She said interestedly, "What husband?"

Mynnelu risked a glance from under her handkerchief. "I didn't tell you! I didn't want to get a j-job on sympathy!"

"Well?"

"I'm a n-new widow! I just l-lost my husband!"

"Men," said Folly, with the greatest and most lugubrious satisfaction. "The cause of all of women's tears. Men."

"You don't understand. You're not married."

"Was once," said Folly. "The young fool got killed in the same cave-in that finished off Mr. Dooley. I was just twenty then, and I made up my mind, no more of that. You take my advice and do the same. Have all the men friends you want, but don't make it legal. What happened to your husband?"

"Murdered," said Mynnelu.

"Murdered!" Folly was properly impressed. She leaned forward, chewing hard. "I don't believe it!"

"It was in the papers," said Mynnelu triumphantly. "Last week. Pushed off a train, he was."

"That one?" Folly was staring at Mynnelu. "Well, I never! You poor little thing. Cast out alone in the world without a dime, no doubt."

Mynnelu nodded. "This week on my day off I went to his funeral. I couldn't bear to go on with our work without him. Anyhow, I had no partner. So I intruded my grief on this household, hoping I could somehow hold up my small part."

"Now don't you cry," said Folly, patting Mynnelu with such heartiness that she nearly knocked her down. "You're going to be fine."

"You're very kind."

"If you do your share, naturally," said Folly. "Now get those sheets counted. And don't try cheating. I know how many there should be, remember."

Mynnelu sniffled.

"Never was a man worth crying over long," said Folly. "Take a good stiff drink and forget him. I don't suppose you play poker?"

Mynnelu, who was an expert, said, "What makes you think I don't?"

"I'm going to be in a game tonight."

"Not yet." Mynnelu had no intentions of leaving Eagle's Point. "Give me a few days more."

"Why? He's as dead as he'll ever get, isn't he?"

"I'm afraid," said Mynnelu. "Suppose—suppose whoever killed him should want to kill me too?"

"You'd be perfectly safe with me," said Folly reasonably. "It would take quite a push to shove me off a train, wouldn't it? I'll take Mr. Dooley's pistol along if you want. I'm a crack shot."

"You knew Mr. Dooley?"

Folly smiled. "He was all right, Mr. Dooley. Best poker player I ever played with. And a singing voice that would charm your heart out. Knew all the words too.... Why do you keep hanging around that door to the hall?"

"I'm not. I just thought if I could go up to my room and freshen up a bit."

"Cold water next door," said Folly. "And none of your business what's going on in the front parlor. Oh, you're not fooling me, with your dainty little figure and your pretty legs and your innocent air. You've got your eye on that Raphael, haven't you?"

Mynnelu sounded shocked. "He's not for me!"

Folly laughed. "I've seen you watching those broad shoulders of his and trying to catch his blue eyes. You're not fooling me, miss. Not for a minute."

Raphael faced the man in the front parlor with a feeling of utter panic. *He couldn't be from the police. No way of their connecting me with Benjy Neils. Or with their finding Smiley in the river. If they found him. But this man said he was from the police and he certainly looks it.*

The man was tall and bony, with quick, nervous hands. His eyes were ice blue, his nose pointed, with no relieving beauty of feature. He was in his early forties, looking what he was, a quiet family man with a blond wife and three blond little girls, a small mortgaged brick house on the other side of the river, an inconspicuous five-year-old black coupé. But he also looked his profession: after college and a brief stint in the FBI, he had been a cop all his life, and loved it.

"Lieutenant Tom Verek," the man said now, showing his identification. "Homicide."

"Homicide." Raphael realized he must have said the word aloud, for Lieutenant Verek's eyes became suddenly watchful.

Raphael forced himself to smile and shake hands. "Lieutenant Verek," he said. "Homicide. I hope you don't think Aunt Amelia has murdered anyone?"

He saw, with satisfaction, that his words were effective. The Jordans had practically founded Waurika. They owned the mills, had given the park. Raphael

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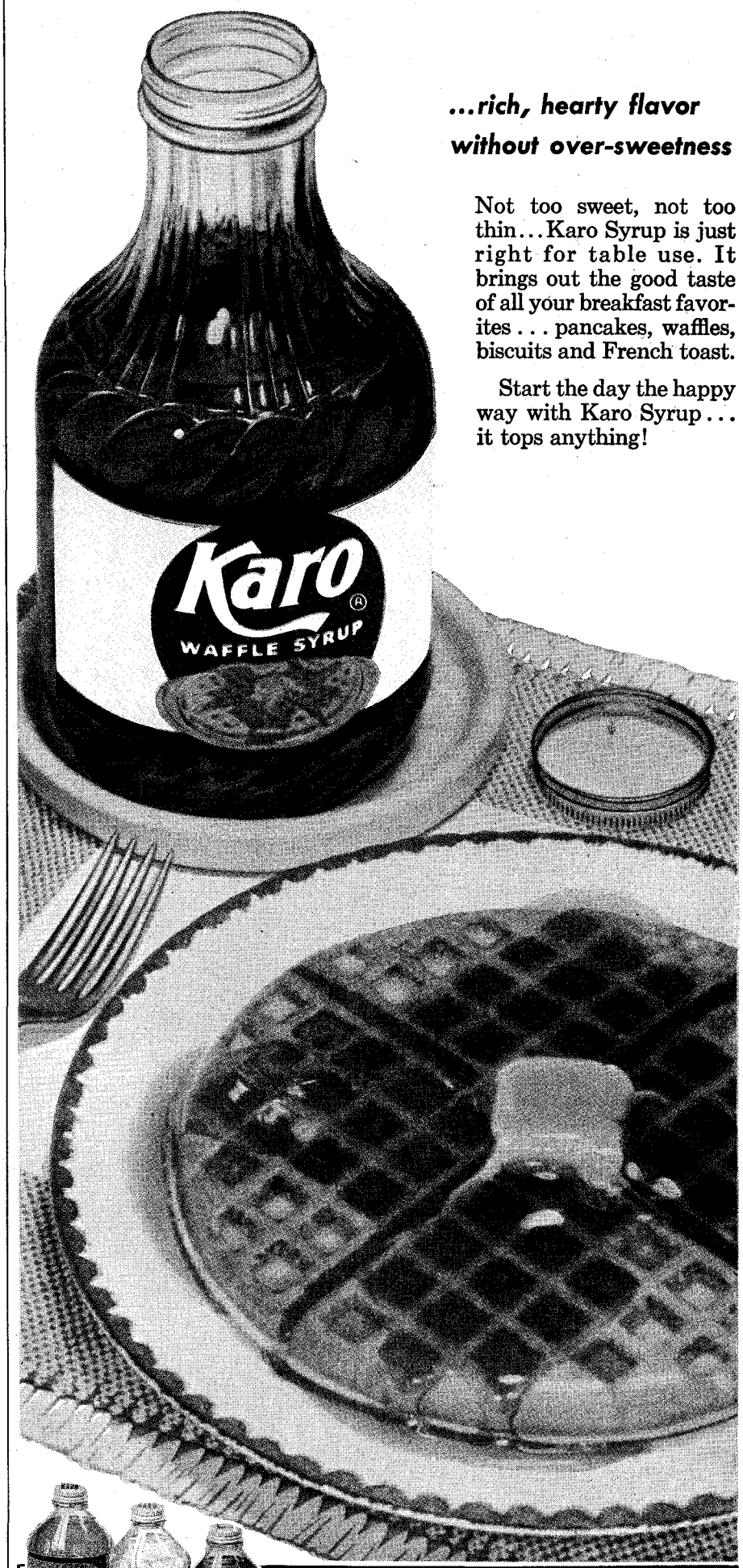

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was not now a nameless orphan. This was not a matter of accusing Nimble Schultz of murder. Now Raphael had the wealth and prestige of the aristocratic Jordan name behind him. Even Lt. Tom Verek would not dare to accuse a Jordan of a murder he could not prove.

But another look at Lieutenant Verek was not reassuring. This man would quietly build up his case until it was foolproof and come back and arrest a Jordan just as fast as anybody else.

Lieutenant Verek said, "Miss Amelia is in no danger from the law."

Then who is? Raphael did not ask. He kept himself under tight control. Not show any expression. No fear, no curiosity, nothing. Not ask any questions. Keep his hands in his pockets, in case they were shaking.

Lieutenant Verek leaned forward. "Know this man?" He produced a very bad picture of Smiley after he had been pulled from the river.

It was not a pleasant sight. Raphael swallowed. He shook his head.

"Do you have a gun, Mr. Jordan?"

Suppose he searched my room. Benjy's .22 is in the closet. He couldn't search without a warrant. Raphael said, "No."

"Just checking. We found this man's body in the river. From some slivers in his hands, we have established that he went in from Miss Amelia's boathouse."

"Aunt Amelia's boathouse!"

The lieutenant nodded. "No doubt about it. No place else along the river where planed wood that old could be found. Besides, a little girl saw him near the boathouse. Same little girl that saw that man pushed off the train last week. Her aunt is the cook two doors down and the kid apparently wanders all over and doesn't miss a thing."

Sue-Ellen. That child on the train. Living two doors away. The note on her dress said Riverview Drive, but I never thought of her being so close. If she sees me and says I was the man on the train! Or if she saw me in the boathouse with Smiley! She must have said something connecting me with it. Why else would Lieutenant Verek be here?

Raphael's hands in his pockets were wet with sweat. He caught himself licking his dry lips. He said weakly, "I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about, lieutenant."

By chance, this seemed to have been the right answer. For the first time, the bony policeman leaned back in his chair. He said, "I understand you did arrive the day after that train death, Mr. Jordan."

Raphael smiled. "I'm afraid I can't help you with something I know nothing about. Did Miss Amelia know this man in your picture?"

"Nobody knew him," said Lieutenant Verek. "That's what is so funny. This man was here at Eagle's Point and nobody knew him, nobody saw him except the little girl. But somebody knew him well enough to shoot him in Miss Amelia's boathouse. I haven't told her that yet. Didn't want to upset her."

"No. Of course not."

Lieutenant Verek crossed his legs. "That housekeeper, Folly. She's strong enough to throw a man into the river. Supposed to be a good shot too. And, even if you wouldn't think it to look at her, quite a gal with the men. How did you arrive in Waurika, Mr. Jordan?"

Raphael jumped. "By car. A friend brought me."

The lieutenant nodded. He got up. "Well, if you don't know this man —— Had to check." Lieutenant Verek shook hands politely. "Especially on all the strangers. Good-by, Mr. Jordan. I understand they have it pretty well settled by now that you are Mr. Jordan?"

"So it seems."

"Good thing for Miss Amelia," said Lieutenant Verek. "If she can find her nephew after all these years. Fine woman, Miss Amelia. The police were sorry they couldn't help her. Except that they have helped Ichabod to uncover a lot of fakes. Ichabod Carr and I are old friends. He helped me get to college, and when my wife was sick —— Good-by, Mr. Jordan."

Raphael stood where he was, watching the bony figure of Lieutenant Verek move down the hall toward the front door. He was not deceived by the lieutenant's quiet words or firm handshake. He was not meant to be. He was not being congratulated on being Miss Amelia's heir. What the lieutenant had told him was that the police were very interested in the legality of his status as Miss Amelia's nephew. And in the murder of Smiley.

You thought you were so smart. You thought you could shoot a man and throw him in the river and never hear of him again. And now you've got that bird-dog police lieutenant on your trail, and he'll never get off until he gets you hanged. Or you get away from here.

Raphael took out Benjy's wallet. With over three hundred dollars, how far could he get? Mynnelu wouldn't talk if he were really gone. But he knew that she would talk. Knew it more firmly than ever when he opened the wallet. Somehow, the three hundred dollars had been removed. He was in no doubt as to who had it. Mynnelu was taking no chances. No chances at all.

Raphael sat on a Victorian love seat in the cheerful big living room across from Miss Amelia. He was enjoying watching Mynnelu serve the tea. Watching her trim little body, unexpectedly neat in her tidy gray uniform, but stiff with the rage which he knew was consuming her. Domesticity was not for Mynnelu. She had left that behind her in Milwaukee years ago, turning toward the glitter and the brightness of night clubs and the stage. And if she had never been at best more than a featured entertainer in a third-rate night spot, Mynnelu enjoyed the lights and glitter, however tarnished.

As she set the tray down, Mynnelu flounced a little, from sheer rage at serving someone else's tea.

But her voice was deceptively sweet as she said, "Cream, Miss Amelia?"

"I'll pour, my dear," said Miss Amelia, smiling at her. "Thank you. If you would just pass the cookies to Mr. Raphael."

Raphael took malicious pleasure in keeping Mynnelu standing in front of him, plate in hand, while he ostensibly debated over his choice. He thought, knowing Mynnelu, that it must be all she could do to keep from breaking the plate over his head. He wished she would. If she got fired, and was out of the house, so that Raphael could move without her watching him, listening to everything he did ——

Mynnelu did not break the plate over his head. She waited, smiling sweetly. She said, "Only one, sir?" in her daintiest voice—a voice Raphael had not even known she possessed. She also slid a note into his hand.

Raphael was furious at the element of risk involved. If Miss Amelia had seen her passing the note, establishing a connection between Mynnelu and Raphael, the whole impersonation might have been given away. Three or four million dollars gone. But Mynnelu, whatever else one said about her, was certainly smart. So the message must concern a danger greater than the risk she was taking in giving him the note.

The words, in Mynnelu's scrawling handwriting, were terse and to the point:

That kid who was on the train is out in back. That cop was talking to her. If she sees you, you're dead. Get rid of her permanently. And now.

It's that kid or you. Take your choice.

Raphael crumpled the paper and put it in his pocket. He shook his head at Mynnelu firmly. *Not a child. I won't kill a child. Benjy and Smiley, they were different. Benjy's death was really an accident and Smiley was a blackmailing killer himself. I did the world a favor, disposing of Smiley. But not Sue-Ellen. No.*

He remembered Sue-Ellen on the train, her bright intelligence, the pathetic note pinned on her dress, the cups of water she poured over her head in the heat. Mynnelu did not like any children. He did. If he and Lynne had married —— No.

Miss Amelia went on talking in her gentle, almost timid voice. She had two favorite topics: dear mamma and dear Mr. Dooley. As she talked, she leaned forward, a faint, almost girlish flush coming to her cheeks.

"Just think," she said, "dear Mr. Dooley was one of ten children. He put himself through engineering school. He was nearly thirty-five when I met him. Waiting for me, he always said. He gave me these pearls. He liked me to wear lots of jewelry."

Mynnelu took the risk of coming around again with the cookies, though Raphael still had one in his hand. She gave him another note.

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Raphael dug his fingernails into the paper, shredding it into his pocket. He shook his head again. He tried to put his mind on what Miss Amelia was saying. A sprightly conversationalist, Miss Amelia. She had a store of bright little anecdotes about dear Mr. Dooley, about dear mamma, about dear Folly, dear Ichabod. Through them all ran a thread of love, of warmth, of the surprising strength of character that was Miss Amelia's. Tiny and frail as she seemed, aristocratic as she certainly was, Miss Amelia's every word revealed the courage and humor with which she faced life.

But even so, Raphael was glad when the time came for her to leave for her rest before dinner. As she went past him, she paused to put her thin lovely hand on his arm. She smiled at him. "Dear Raphael," she said. That was all. And yet there was a finality about the words. Raphael knew that, Father Tim notwithstanding, Miss Amelia had now made up her mind that he was her nephew. Her only relative, her heir.

For a moment the enormity of it staggered him. He, Raphael, actually heir to Eagle's Point, to three or four million dollars. Up to now, it had been a dream. A hope. An aim. And now here it was. He was in.

If Lieutenant Verek doesn't pin a murder on me. Lieutenant Verek of Homicide, who was here this afternoon, asking for me, asking about Smiley, connecting me with Benjy, talking to the child who probably saw me push Benjy off the train. The child whose testimony could hang me.

It's that kid or you, Mynnelu's note had said. *Her or you.*

Raphael turned toward the yard in the back of the house—the yard which sloped down toward the river. Sue-Ellen was there somewhere, Mynnelu had said. Children fell into rivers and lakes and pools every day. Nothing to connect him with her drowning. Nothing at all. *Her or you. Her or you.*

Wesley Olson lay stretched out on the freshly cut grass in front of the little white guest house where he lived. His long body was limp. His gray eyes were shut. He worked painstakingly on the fingers of his paralyzed arm. He tried so hard to move them that sweat poured down his face. He jumped as a grasshopper landed on his stomach. He heard a giggle.

Wes sat up. "I might have known."

Sue-Ellen giggled again. "Hello. I came to see you."

"So I see."

Sue-Ellen rubbed an earthy hand over her short hair. She wore the same blue dress she had worn on the train, only now she was barefooted. "Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Grasshopper and all?"

Sue-Ellen was delighted. "How did you know I threw the grasshopper at you?"

"I know little girls."

Sue-Ellen considered this, sitting down on the grass beside him and curling her bare toes in the grass. "You do, don't you?" she said wonderingly. "You know all about little girls. What books to read me and what presents to bring me, and how to talk to me. Nobody else ever really talked to me. I mean, and listened. How do you know how?"

Wes skipped a stone at the river. "Can you do that?"

Sue-Ellen retained her nine-year-old dignity. She refused even to look. "How do you know?"

"I have a daughter of my own. In Pennsylvania. She's a little younger than you." (*Continued on Page 114*)

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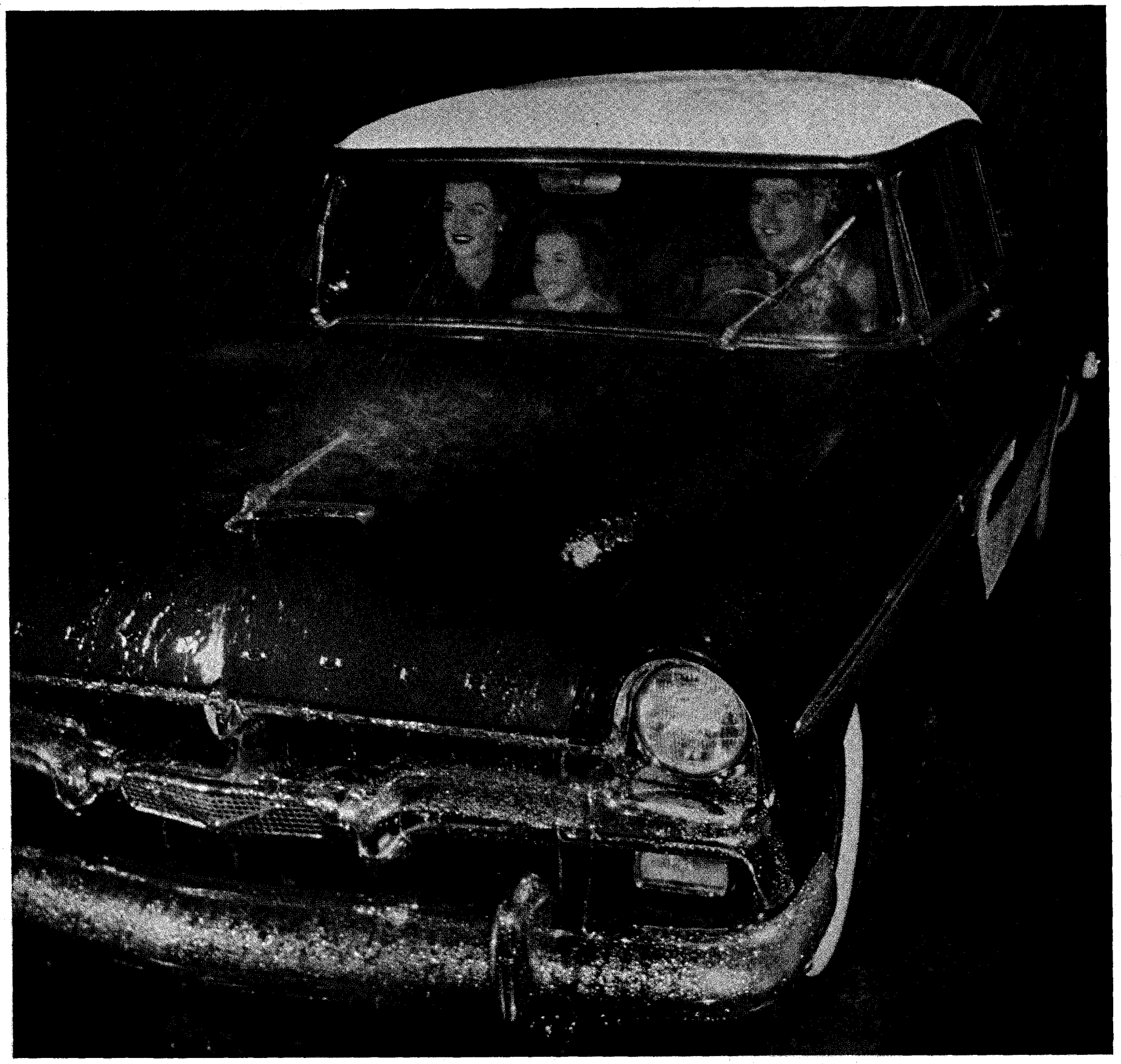

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(*Continued from Page 112*) "Then, if she's in Pennsylvania," said Sue-Ellen, "why are you here?"

"I sometimes wonder. . . . There's my phone. I'll see you later."

"Yes," said Sue-Ellen. She waited long enough to hear him pick up the phone and to be sure that the conversation was not of interest to her.

"Mom?" he was saying. "Happy birthday yourself! And how's dad? And the girls? I got your box and ——"

Sue-Ellen wandered on down toward the river. She liked the river. It moved. Every moment it was different. Different water, all the time, going by, faster, faster, toward the dam. There was nothing like this river in the flat, treeless land near her home in Chicago's far South Side. She lay down on the lawn and rolled down the hill toward the water. She often amused herself for hours doing this roll down, walk up, roll down again, waiting to stop until just the very edge. It was true that her aunt had forbidden her to do this or indeed to go near the river. But her aunt was two houses away, and that was a considerable distance. Besides, she was busy cooking a company dinner for eight tonight. And Sue-Ellen always operated on the comfortable theory that what grownups didn't know wouldn't hurt them. She was too absorbed now in the excitement of her game to see Raphael as he watched her from the old boathouse.

Sue-Ellen was rolling closer and closer to the boathouse each time she came down the hill. Raphael had only to dart out, give a little shove. Murder was so simple, really. Ridiculously simple. It just took nerve. And most people didn't have enough.

Still Raphael hesitated. Sue-Ellen was so young. She had never hurt anyone, including him. Her whole life lay ahead of her. But he saw Mynnelu's words, clearly, *It's that kid or you.* If this child recognized him, he would hang for murder. If she did not, he would inherit three or four million dollars. He drew a deep breath, his mind made up. It served Sue-Ellen right for sticking her nose where it had never belonged in the first place. For talking too much. She would probably have grown up to be a Mynnelu, driving some man to—to murder.

He put his entire attention on the mechanics of what he was going to do. Sue-Ellen was rolling a short distance from the boathouse as she came down the hill. She was stopping a scant foot short of the river. The only risk to Raphael was that someone might be looking out of a window of the house during the crucial seconds. But if anyone should be —— He found that he was sweating. He watched one last time. Sue-Ellen walked up the hill, started down it. Now. When she reached the bottom, he would move. Move rapidly, soundlessly. Be sure she was too far out into the water for any hope of saving herself. Then get back into the boathouse quickly himself. The strongest of swimmers could not survive in that current. Certainly Sue-Ellen would not have a chance.

Raphael waited. The seconds seemed like hours. Sue-Ellen came down, down, squealing happily. Now. This was the moment. He ran out. Never had a few steps seemed so long. He had a hand on Sue-Ellen. He was shoving.

Behind him he heard a shout. He turned his head to see Wes Olson racing down the hill toward him.

He must know what I intended to do. Why else would he be running and shouting? I could still shove the child in, take my chances on knocking him in after her. He has only one arm. What have I to lose now? Don't be a fool. Keep your head. Your life depends on it. What could he prove? Wait and see.

The moment was gone. Wes was there beside him. "What do you think you're doing?" he demanded angrily.

Raphael made his voice sound surprised. "I was coming out of the boathouse. I saw this child about to fall into the river. I grabbed her. What did you think I was doing?"

Wes pulled Sue-Ellen to her feet, none too gently. "What were you doing down here? I told you to stay away from the boathouse!"

Sue-Ellen tried to squirm free of his grasp. "You're not my father! You can't tell me what to do! I wasn't near your old boathouse!"

Wes did not loosen his hold on her arm. He said, "Were you going to fall into the river?"

"Of course not. He's crazy." Sue-Ellen turned scornful eyes on Raphael. "Who do you think you are, anyway?"

Raphael leaned against the old boathouse, weak with relief. *Maybe it's the mustache,* he thought. *That makes me look different to her. Maybe it's the suit. Maybe it's just that a kid that age couldn't recognize anybody after all this time. Anyhow, she doesn't know me. She doesn't know me from Adam. And I was going to murder her so that I wouldn't hang on her testimony!*

Raphael fought back a desire to laugh. To laugh and laugh and laugh, hysterically. He struggled to keep his voice calm as he said, "I only wanted to help the child."

Sue-Ellen was not looking at him. Her bright eyes were fixed on Wes' face, apprehensively. She said again, "You're not my father."

"If I were," said Wes sternly, "you'd be across my knee right now, getting exactly what you deserve. Now listen to me, Sue-Ellen. Since you can't be trusted to obey and keep away from the boathouse and the river, you're not to come to Eagle's Point again. Not at all. Ever. If I see you on the grounds again, I'm going to take you right over to your aunt."

Sue-Ellen stared at him. "But we're friends. I was only playing. I didn't do anything. I thought you liked me to come and see you!"

Wes' mouth moved, but he said grimly, "I mean it, Sue-Ellen. Don't come back here. And get going. Now!" He gave her a very firm swat on her bottom. Sue-Ellen shrieked and tore across the lawn.

I don't like the way Wes is looking at me, Raphael thought. *He loves that child. He wouldn't have sent her off and told her not to come back, except for her own good. He thinks she's in danger here. How much did he see? Nothing he can prove, evidently. But those gray eyes, watching me.*

Nonsense. If Wes were suspicious, why wouldn't he say so? All he could have seen was Raphael grabbing the child. He couldn't know that Raphael meant to shove her in.

The next morning Wes Olson sat in Ichabod Carr's office, soberly attired in his best brown suit. "You're wrong, Ichabod," he said. "Raphael is not Miss Amelia's nephew. He's a phony. A dangerous phony."

Ichabod said wearily, "We've got to be fair, Wes."

"You've leaned over backward to do what's right. You've certainly given him every chance."

"I at least owe him that," said Ichabod. "I should have talked to him long ago. For Cecily's sake. I wish I liked Raphael better. I've tried."

"Well, quit trying. Let's try disliking him, for a change. Personally I'm not going to have any trouble at all."

Ichabod shook his head. "We've checked his story, Wes. Checked his proofs. There's no question they're authentic. And the people at the Michigan orphanage have identified him. There's no discrepancy. Except Father Tim. And that isn't evidence."

"I know it sounds crazy, and I can't prove it, but yesterday afternoon I could have sworn Raphael was going to push Sue-Ellen into the river, not pull her out."

Ichabod raised his eyebrows. "I'm afraid you're letting your dislike prejudice you. Why should Raphael do a thing like that?"

"I don't know."

"If you felt that way, why didn't you go to the police?"

"I thought of it. But it was my word against his. No motive, no proof, nothing. Ichabod, there must be something wrong with his story. There must be."

"There isn't."

"But there must be." Wes smiled grimly. "I sound like Kathi."

Ichabod frowned, but said nothing. Wes watched him closely. "What's wrong?"

Ichabod ran his hands through his thick hair. "Nothing."

"What about Kathi?"

Ichabod sighed. "Well," he said, "in the course of the investigation, I had the detectives check everybody. You and Kathi too. And her references were faked."

"I'd give you a hand, dear, but if you're anything like I am, I know how you'd hate anybody bungling around your kitchen when you're trying to prepare a meal."

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"Faked!"

"Yes. Her background was just as she gave it. She went to the schools she said she did, her parents died when she said, she was in the WAVE's. Good record everywhere. Well liked. But the two places she said she had worked previously as experience to get this job, had never heard of her."

Wes said hotly, "If you think that Kathi ——"

"I don't think anything. Except that she must have wanted this job rather badly. Why? She didn't need the money. Her parents left her a small house and a little nest-egg. There were plenty of jobs in Minnesota."

"Did you ask her about it?"

"No," said Ichabod. "Do you want to?"

Wes was silent for a long moment. Finally he got up. "I may. I don't want to, but I may. But not because I doubt Kathi."

"If I thought there was anything wrong with Kathi except a hot temper and a heart that's too big for the rest of her, she wouldn't be at Eagle's Point overnight. And neither would Raphael."

"You really believe in him, don't you?"

Ichabod sighed. "Life isn't always as simple as it seems when one is as young as you are, Wes. Motives get complicated. I have to think what's best for Amelia, what Cecily would want, what Raphael's rights are. People get tired. We've got to be fair."

Wes said grimly, "All right. And if anything happens to Sue-Ellen, I'm liable to think it's fair to push Raphael into the river."

"Why don't you go home to Pennsylvania, Wes? You miss your own daughter. You need to go back to your own work."

"With one arm?" Wes' tone was bitter. "You won't help me to prove Raphael's a fake, then?"

"I can't."

"Why can't you?"

Ichabod shook his head.

"You don't mind if I do a little investigating on my own about him?"

"I can't object to honest investigation."

Wes left without further words. He did not look back, to see Ichabod at his desk, his head in his hands. Wes got into his battered car and drove it faster than any time in the year since he had hurt his arm. He drove straight up to the front door of Eagle's Point. He got out. He took the stairs three at a time. He knocked on the door of the upstairs sitting room in which Kathi worked. It did nothing to improve his temper to find Raphael sitting on the small sofa watching Kathi type.

Raphael's smile was pleasant. Too pleasant. Confident. His blue eyes were too bland against his lean, dark face. Wes felt an unreasonable desire to ram something down his throat. Furthermore, Wes did not like the way he looked at Kathi. He had a sort of proprietary air.

Wes clenched his hand into a fist. He waited a moment until his voice was steady. Even then, his anger showed. He said curtly, "May I see you alone, Kathi?"

Kathi's brown eyes reflected her surprise. She glanced at Raphael. "Raphael was just going to take a letter down for Miss Amelia to sign."

Raphael smiled at her without moving. Wes was infuriated to see Kathi's color rise. Kathi blushed easily, but why should she blush at this fellow? Almost as if there were something between them. Come to think of it, Wes had seen them together a good deal: walks, rides, sitting on the front porch and talking.

Kathi was just trying to find the flaws in Raphael's (*Continued on Page 117*)

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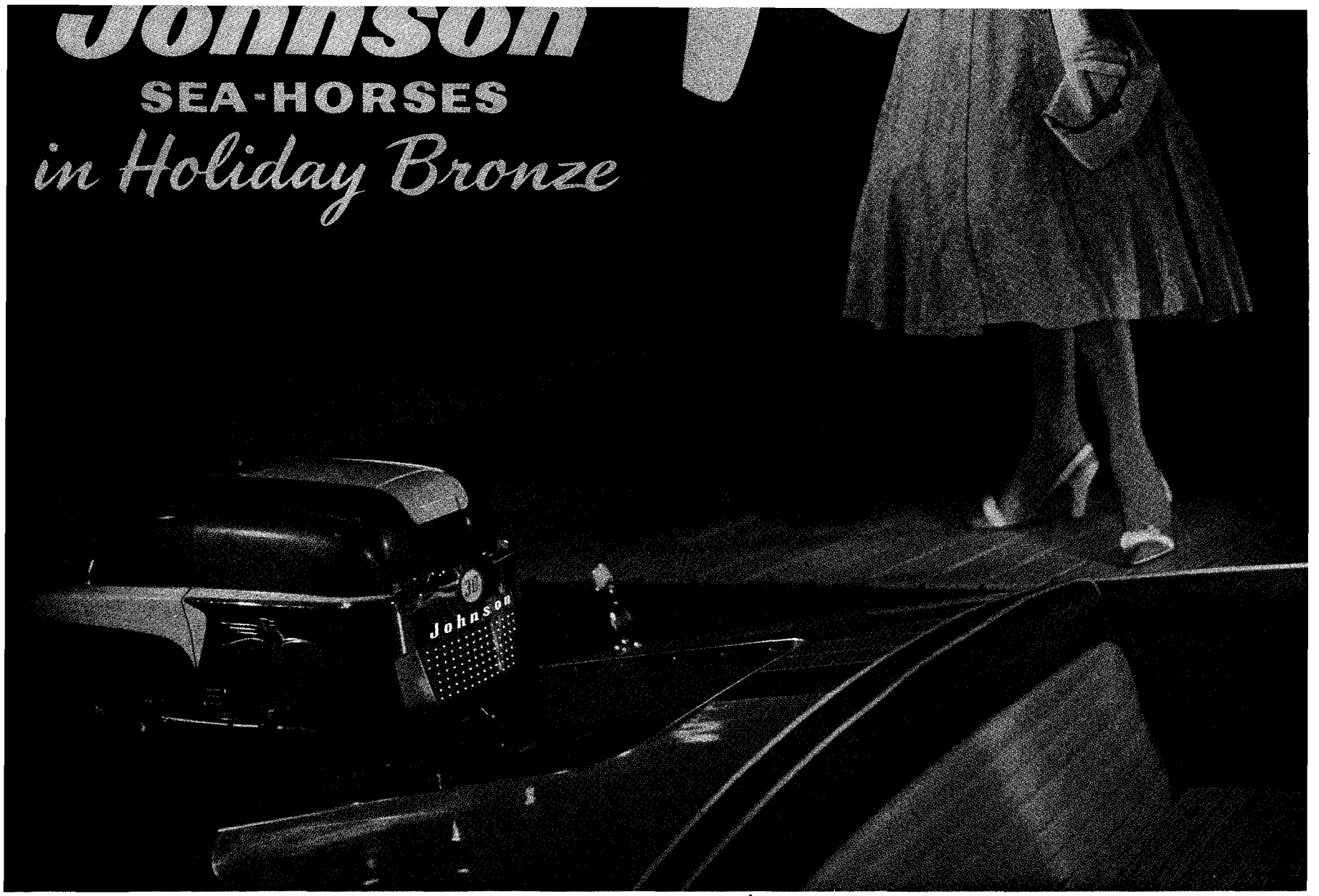

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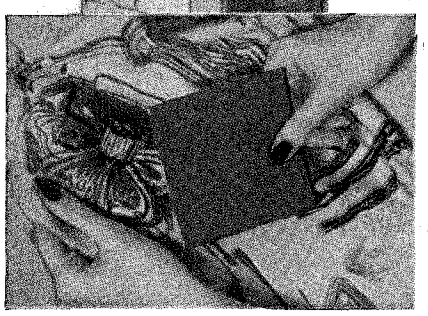

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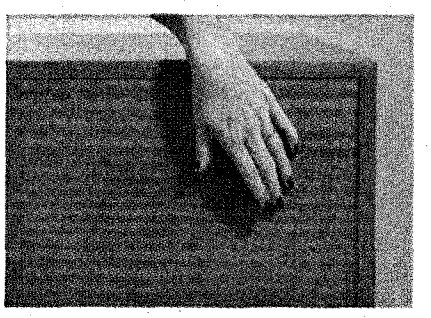

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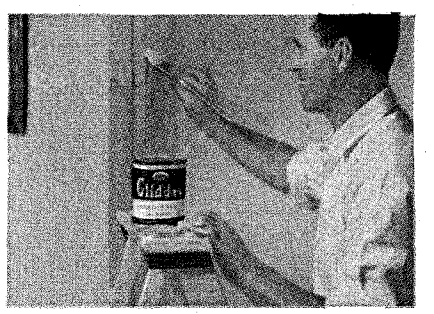

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(*Continued from Page 114*) story. She had to talk to him to do that, didn't she? Wes might have to talk to him himself. But did Kathi have to sit with her knee so close to Raphael? Did she have to smile at him in such apparently friendly fashion? Kathi took the letter from the typewriter and gave it to Raphael. Raphael's fingers touched hers lingeringly. Raphael stood up, a fine figure even in his cheap suit, his broad shoulders showing his very evident strength.

He has two arms. Two good arms. Why wouldn't she —— Wes pulled himself together sharply. What Kathi did was no business of his. No business at all.

Raphael moved slowly toward Wes. "How's the farm?" he asked.

It was a simple question, pleasantly put. And yet there was an undertone. An undertone that Wes should be working, not standing here, an implication somehow that Wes was working for Raphael or would shortly be. The confidence of a man who considered that the three or four million dollars were as good as his.

Wes' gray eyes were icy. But he matched Raphael's pleasant tone. "The farm's fine. Why don't you come out and see someday? We could use an extra hand."

Raphael's look swept down to Wes' useless arm. His eyes came up to meet Wes' blandly. "Yes. You could, couldn't you?"

He was gone then. Wes leaned against the door, looking after him, white-faced and grim. Kathi got up and ran across the room to Wes. Her short red-gold hair was mussed and there was a carbon smudge on her left cheek, but she looked very young and graceful in her soft-flowing brown skirt and yellow blouse.

"Wes," she said. "Raphael didn't mean that the way it sounded. He just didn't think. Raphael is never cruel."

"Isn't he?" said Wes. "You seem to be changing your mind about him."

Kathi looked worried. "He isn't Miss Amelia's nephew, Wes. I know that. But perhaps he really believes he is. I don't see how, but it might be possible. He's thoughtful and considerate; Miss Amelia really loves him. And after all, maybe the important thing is that he makes her happy."

"It doesn't matter that he's a fake and a fraud? That he came here deliberately to get her money?"

"Of course," she said slowly, "if you put it that way."

"How else is there to put it?"

Kathi's eyes met his. "No other way." She went back to her desk. She sat behind it very quietly.

"By now you don't like to think of him that way, do you?"

"No."

"He is very attractive," said Wes, "apparently. At least judging by the amount of time you spend with him. Which I can see hasn't been altogether in the interests of finding out whether he is the nephew or not."

Kathi's head went up. "I can't get him to talk about that, except the way he talks to Ichabod. Politely, carefully. So carefully."

"I suppose," said Wes, "that one does have to be careful. About lying."

Kathi sighed. "He can be such fun. He dances so well. And when he laughs ——" She sighed again. "There are times when he looks at me, Wes, and I'm sure he means it. When I'm sure there is nothing deceitful or wrong about him, but just the two of us together. And yet ——"

And yet he's a fraud, and you know it, thought Wes. *But maybe you don't mind that, Kathi. Your own references were faked. Why should you mind if Raphael's were?*

But when he looked down at Kathi, he knew this was unfair. A woman's feelings toward a man were governed by her heart, not her head. Particularly Kathi's. She simply liked Raphael now, and was troubled by that liking, but honest enough to admit this to herself and to Wes.

Don't be foolish about a woman again. You believed a girl once when she told you how interested she was in your work, how she understood that for a few years it must come first. Maybe Kathi is just telling you this too. She and Raphael are both here on faked references. Maybe they're in this together.

Not Kathi. Not a girl who met your eyes with Kathi's clear brown ones, who smiled with the real friendliness Kathi did. Not Kathi. He would stake his life on Kathi's honesty. He said, "I think I'm going to do a little investigating of Raphael on my own, Kathi."

"What can you find out that the detectives didn't?"

"I don't know. I just know I've got to try. I think I'll go up to Michigan and talk to the people at the orphanage where Raphael was raised. See if any of them remembers that ring and letter he says he found in the baby clothes. It always struck me as funny that somebody who would thoughtlessly abandon a three-year-old

Heavy, Heavy, But Not Too Heavy

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Were wealth the burden the
rich declare it,
Be sure they'd compel the
poor to share it.

child in a theater would thoughtfully provide him with a ring and a letter revealing his identity. Funny that nobody noticed them at the time they found him. Don't they try to find out who abandoned children are? If the ring and letter were found on him, whoever undressed the child must have noticed them. There should be a record. The Michigan orphanage didn't burn. If I could find even one person who worked in the orphanage then —— I don't believe his story about how he got the ring and letter. And if I can disprove how he got them, his whole story falls apart."

Kathi was excited. But then she sobered quickly and said in a very troubled voice, "Wes."

"Yes?"

"I don't want you to think I was snooping. I really wasn't. But it's part of my job to tidy and file Miss Amelia's papers, and this morning I found this."

Wes took the envelope. "What's in it?" As Kathi said nothing, he opened it. There was a short note to Ichabod Carr and another paper.

My Dear: Please forgive me. I know you do not want me to do anything until everything is settled. But it is really settled now, except for the formalities, isn't it? And if anything should happen to me in the meantime! You know I have been taking medicine for my heart, dear Ichabod, and while I shall doubtless live to be ninety, as dear mamma did, still one can't be sure. And it will make me very happy to know that if anything should happen to me, my dear Cecily's child is provided for. Forgive me.

AMELIA.

Wes looked up from the other paper. He said, "It's a hand-written will. Except for a few bequests, it leaves everything to Raphael."

"Yes."

"It's legal" said Wes. "Witnessed properly. Who are the witnesses?"

"I think one is Miss Amelia's hairdresser. Probably the others are girls in the beauty shop too. Miss Amelia must have been in there to get her hair done the day she wrote this, and thought it better to have total strangers."

"We've got to tell Ichabod."

"How can we? If we do, Miss Amelia will be furious at us for snooping. She might send us away. She might quarrel with Ichabod and leave the will the same."

"Only then," said Wes slowly, "she'd be alone. Alone with Raphael." He folded the paper. "Put it back where you found it, Kathi. Say nothing to anyone about it. Remember that. Say nothing to anyone. She's safe as long as he doesn't know she's written the will."

"You can't think that Raphael would hurt her!"

Wes said grimly, "I think a great deal worse of Raphael than you do, Kathi. You like him and don't believe he'd harm anyone. We'll see."

"Wes, you're going and you haven't told me what you wanted to see me about."

Wes hesitated only a second. "It wasn't important."

I can't look at Kathi and ask her why her references were faked. Tough as Ichabod is, he couldn't, and I can't either. What difference do her references make now? I've got to save Miss Amelia from Raphael. And there isn't much time.

He put his hand on Kathi's soft hair. She smiled up at him. He stiffened, making a warning gesture. He tiptoed over to the door and flung it open.

"What is it?" said Kathi.

"I thought I heard someone outside the door. Maybe listening. But there was no one there."

"Raphael was going to bring the signed letter back," said Kathi. "But he isn't in the hall."

"No. He isn't in the hall."

Raphael had abandoned his listening in the hall when Wes became suddenly silent. Raphael had heard all he needed; he had heard Kathi tell about finding Miss Amelia's new will leaving him, Raphael, everything. He slid quickly through the door of Miss Amelia's room, fortunately vacant. He stood there now, breathless, as they talked about the possibility of someone listening. But neither Kathi nor Wes thought of opening Miss Amelia's door.

I've done it. I've got the money. Well, almost. She's finally made the new will, leaving me the money. If Wes Olson doesn't spoil it.

Wes said good-by to Kathi and went down the hall. Kathi resumed her typing. Still Raphael stood, not moving, his heart pounding with excitement, and yet his worry growing. Stood in Miss Amelia's room, scented as it was with her lily-of-the-valley perfume, dainty with its pink curtains and pink ruffled bedspread on the great double bed. And still, after all these years, this was also Mr. Dooley's room, from his picture on the dresser to his pipe rack beside the big comfortable man's chair.

Raphael stood and fought the panic that was enveloping him. *I can't have gone this far to be stopped by a one-armed farmer,* he thought. *Not by Wes Olson. I've answered all the questions and I've acted a part. Acted it so well that I'm accepted by Miss Amelia as her nephew. She's made a will leaving me everything. I'm in. I'm heir to all those millions of dollars.*

But if Wes could find out that the ring and letter had not been in the baby clothes they gave Raphael when he left

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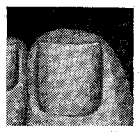

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the orphanage, it would be plain that Raphael got these things somewhere else, later. And that would prove Raphael was not Miss Amelia's nephew. The police would be called.

Certainly it was not impossible that Wes, concentrating on this one point of inquiry alone, might well turn up something the detectives had not, while checking a lot of points. Wes was very intelligent, very patient. If he found just one person who had handled the baby clothes and remembered them as not containing the ring and the letter, all Raphael's work and hopes were gone.

Raphael wondered where Benjy Neils had actually got the ring and letter. Could he actually have been Miss Amelia's nephew? The very thought of the aristocratic Jordan blood running in Benjy's veins was incredible. And yet, if Benjy was not the heir, where was the real one? Was it possible that he did not know of his good fortune? Or did he lie in some remote Minnesota woods with a bullet from Benjy's gun in his forehead?

Wherever he is, I hope he stays there. That's all I would need—for the real heir to turn up. Not think about that until when and if it happened. But the matter of Wes Olson had to be dealt with now. Right now.

I could kill him, Raphael thought coolly. *I would enjoy killing Wes Olson. But he's told Kathi what he was intending to do. Someone else could still go to the Michigan orphanage. Maybe Kathi wouldn't tell. She likes me. Maybe more than likes me. Not think about Kathi now. Plenty of time for her later. When I get the money. If I get it.*

I will get it. I must. I never realized until now how good it was to have money. To be able to buy things, hire people to work for you, go where you like, not worry about tomorrow. I'm not going back to cheap rented rooms and day coaches and grubbing for every ten cents. No matter what I have to do. The money is as good as mine now. Miss Amelia's made the new will leaving it to me. And Wes Olson and nobody else is going to take it from me.

Raphael sat down in Mr. Dooley's chair. He felt strangely uncomfortable, however. He rose and went over to sit in the room's other chair, a small, daintily upholstered pink one. Miss Amelia's chair. Even though it was far too small for him, so that his shoulders were above the back and his long legs stretched uncomfortably in front of him, still it was better. Silly not to want to sit in the chair of a man who had been dead over twenty years, but there it was. Mr. Dooley made Raphael uneasy. Very uneasy. In his picture now, looking at him, in his portrait in the hall, in any of his belongings.

Ridiculous. The fellow was dead. Very dead. Raphael must keep his mind on the problem at hand: How to stop Wes. Raphael tried to lean back, couldn't. He stretched his legs and kicked the wastebasket. It rattled. He looked in and found a discarded medicine bottle. Over the prescription number, in Miss Amelia's precise handwriting, was written, "Heart drops." The prescription read: Two DROPS, THREE TIMES A DAY. WARNING, DOSAGE NOT TO EXCEED THIS AMOUNT. Raphael threw it back. He devoted his thoughts to Wes.

An accident. Wes could have an accident. Somewhere else, not here. His station wagon, perhaps. But Raphael knew too little about cars. He toyed with such wild ideas as robbery and planting the stolen goods in Wes' room. But there was about Wes Olson an unmistakable honesty. Everyone might not like him, finding him too frank, too opposed to sham and pretense. Wes could be very brusque when his mind was on something else. But anyone, Raphael admitted regretfully, would trust him.

Raphael thought of Wes' private life. He had a child somewhere. If Raphael sent a telegram that she was sick—but Wes would only have to pick up a phone to find out that she wasn't. Even if Wes left right away, without checking the story, he could stop in Michigan on his way back from Pennsylvania, where Kathi had said the child was.

I've got to think of something. Something to prevent his going to Michigan, coming back to prove to Miss Amelia that I'm not her nephew. Then she'd tear up this new will leaving me everything. I'd go to jail probably, if I didn't hang for murder.

Raphael sat very still. For suddenly he knew. Knew exactly how to stop Wes Olson or anybody else from preventing him from getting the money.

He pushed the thought away. He tried to close his mind to it. No. The one person in his whole life who had been kind to him, who had given him love and warmth and affection. And he was fond of her. Genuinely fond of her. Nothing had been further from his mind than to harm her.

And yet the fact remained. The cold and stark fact. The one sure way to stop Wes Olson or anybody else from getting Miss Amelia to change her will again, disinheriting her spurious nephew, Raphael, was to probate the will. And for that, of course, Miss Amelia must die.

Raphael thought that he heard a thumping sound. For a moment he found himself listening, as Miss Amelia often did, for the sound of mamma's wooden leg. He could hear the roar of Mr. Dooley's Irish wrath. All around him he could feel the forces of Miss Amelia's life, her home, closing in on him. Protesting that he was going to kill Miss Amelia.

Nonsense. The thump was Kathi's typewriter next door, the roar was Folly giving her opinion of the way Mynnelu had put the sheets away in the linen closet. A house was just an inanimate building. Even Eagle's Point.

Anyhow, I'm not really killing Miss Amelia. Wes Olson is. If he had minded his own business, this wouldn't have been necessary. At least now. Of course, Mynnelu wouldn't have waited for her to live to be ninety. And neither would I.

Resolutely Raphael put aside the thought of Miss Amelia's brown eyes turned toward him. Her frail, aristocratic hand laid lovingly on his arm. She had had the money for a long time. Now it was Raphael's turn to have it. But how would he get it? Whatever the circumstances, Miss Amelia's murder would inevitably cast suspicion on the only person who stood to profit by it. On Raphael. It could not be murder then. An accident. Clear and simple. What sort of an accident? A fall? How could one be sure a fall would be fatal? The river? Miss Amelia had lived on it all her life. She would be unlikely to fall into it now. An apparent accident, like being struck by a falling object? This would always be open to the possibility of murder.

Natural death. That was it. Miss Amelia should die a natural death. Within the next day or two, and aided by Raphael.

He got up, quite deliberately, for now he knew what he must do. He searched the medicine cabinet. This was not a difficult task, for, like all of Miss Amelia's possessions, it was neat and sparse. Aside from a few standard preparations: iodine, nose drops, milk of magnesia, aspirin; there was only the one bottle which Raphael sought. The newly refilled prescription marked, HEART DROPS.

This was perfect. Fate had provided this bottle at exactly the right moment. Judging by the strong warning against an overdose, it might well have fatal effects. Miss Amelia dying of a heart attack, when she was already under treatment for a heart condition, and an autopsy revealing only evidences of the medicine which her doctor had prescribed. Unfortunate. Very unfortunate. But nothing, surely, to connect Raphael with it. Not the rich young heir, Raphael Jordan.

He put some of the medicine into the discarded bottle which had been in the wastebasket. Careful. Not too much. The new bottle must not be noticeably empty. But who would know exactly how full it had been in the beginning? This might not take much. He would have to experiment and see. It might involve a little time, even a day or two. But sooner or later she would get too much.

A few minutes later he went down to tea with Miss Amelia. She sat by the fireplace, smiling at him. He smiled back at her lovingly. It was too bad that Wesley Olson should make him lose as sweet an aunt as Miss Amelia. Still smiling at her, he put seven drops of the medicine into her tea.

TO BE CONTINUED

"Oh . . . you're the new girl, aren't you?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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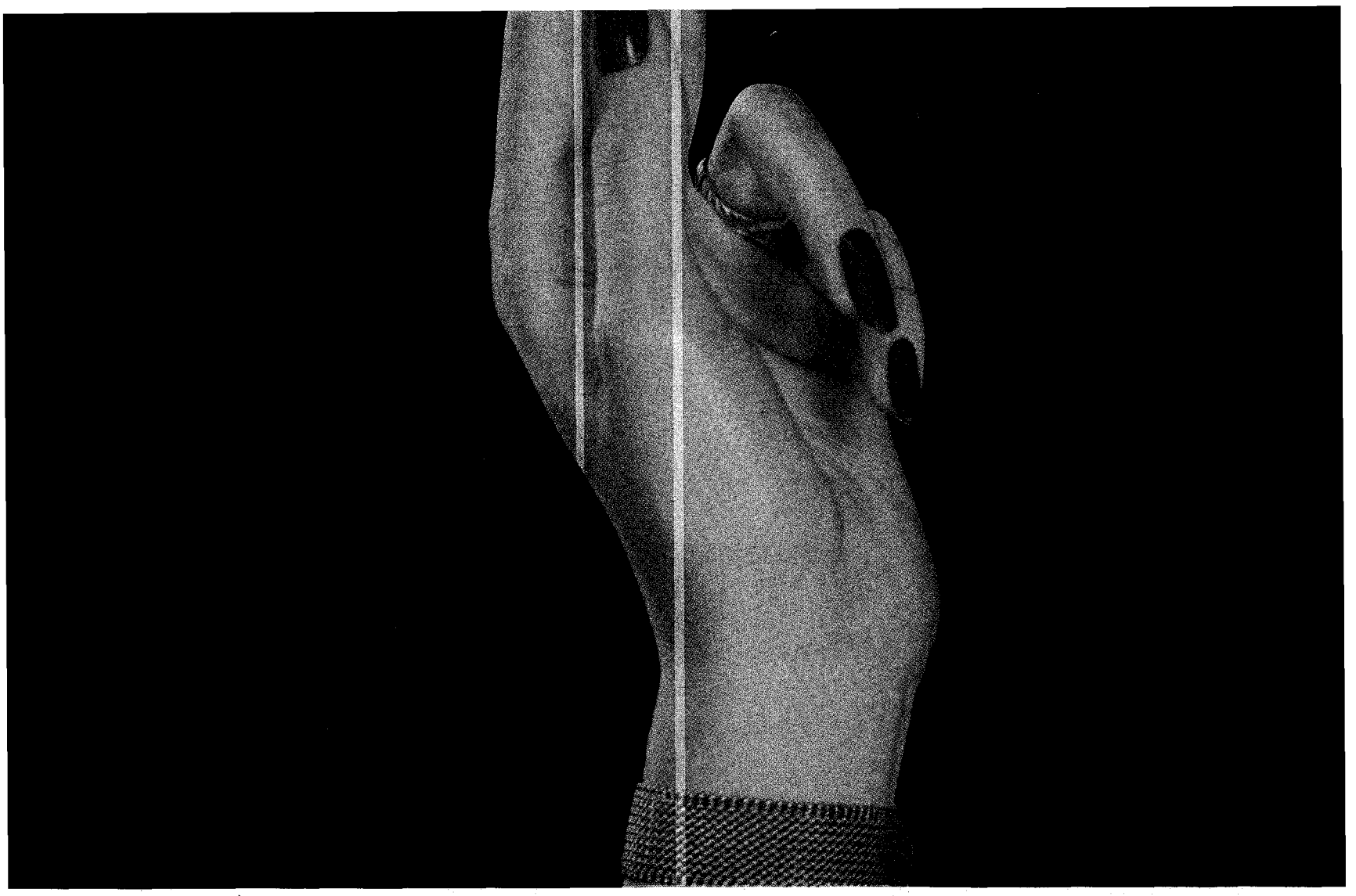

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Treasure at Tandem Key

(Continued from Page 24)

Crunch glanced at his striped forearms. "Nothing much. Used to it."

The tall young man uttered a single profane word and strode away. Des came, carrying garments and skin-diving paraphernalia. It was almost dark.

When they went down to the dining room, the Buddyboy party had already left for the bar. Crunch and Des were relieved; they had scant love for Alcott Drammel, the Buddyboy's skipper, or for his mate, Orson. And the four clients of the boatmen were equally unappealing: not anglers at all, but skin divers—businessmen from Tampa on vacation—loud men in their thirties who nightly drank too much before dinner and much too much afterward.

In the bar across the lobby, the Tampans were beginning what Mr. Bailey had called their "evening bray." The only other person in the room was Doctor Sayliss, an English physician who had retired to the island years before. He lived in a bungalow, but took his meals at the Inne—a sharp-eyed man with white hair who had worn the same unpressed linen suit since their arrival. Perhaps he wore it all the time. He nodded coldly at Crunch and Des.

As they were finishing their meal they asked the waiter if Mr. Shade was better. The waiter said he had ordered his meal in his room. Crunch then inquired its number and, after coffee, he and Des started up.

They met Shade on the stairs. His eyes were still visibly irritated; otherwise, he appeared to have recovered.

"I was just about to hunt you guys up. How about a drink?"

"Well," Crunch answered, "a beer. Feel O.K.?"

"Just about." The Texan led the way across the big lobby. It contained a desk at which no clerk was on duty, several worn chairs, and a number of tall earthen jars filled with sand which served for stubbing out cigars and cigarettes. The jars were stained from long immersion in the sea and some of them still bore attached shells, pieces of shell and bits of coral. They were *ollas*, in which, centuries before, mariners had carried wine, water, olive oil and other products—*ollas* retrieved from ancient wrecks.

The stools along the bar were unoccupied and they sat there. Doctor Sayliss had ensconced himself at a table in a dim corner with two other islanders—neither of whom had bothered to remove his wide-brimmed straw hat. A rum bottle stood in front of the three men.

Alcott Drammel, bear-huge, leaned away from his clamorous customers to hail Crunch sarcastically. "Taking it easy, eh, pal? Too bad your passenger got appendicitis. I'm real sorry!"

Crunch said, "Hi, Alcott. Wasn't appendicitis."

The captain's fur-thick, black brows worked with mean joy. "I saw a good dozen blue marlin jump out there today! Bet you're one sad Joe! Years, you've been talking about getting a chance to fish at Tandem Key, and now, wham! It goes up the chimney!" He cackled.

"You hanging any marlin?" Des inquired.

"Not a dang one!" Drammel was unperturbed. "My party's all skin divers. Use them there lungs. Get their fish personally. Good at it too!"

"Friends of yours?" Mr. Shade murmured dryly.

Crunch shrugged. "We tie up at the same dock in Miami. But Alcott and Des and I aren't exactly pals. Had a little trouble long ago."

Angelo, the barman, put down a tray, slipped behind the bar and smiled a friendly alabastrine smile in a face as near black as bitter chocolate. "Good evening, Mr. Shade! Captain Adams! Mr. Smith! What will you gentlemen have?"

The three men said, "Beer."

When the steins had been drawn and the "Good lucks" murmured, Mr. Shade began, "Can't say how grateful I am."

"Skip it!" Crunch smiled.

"I haven't had much experience in these waters. I've got a lung here, but, so far, I haven't used it. Just been looking at the reef near shore."

"It's fun," Des nodded. "Crunch and I do a little lung diving sometimes. Thing is, a lot of people"—his eyes moved toward Drammel's table—"kill too many fish and tear up the reef besides."

"I suppose they do," the Texan said. "Me, I just look. Spearing fish hardly seems cricket."

That pleased Crunch. He sipped beer and said, "There are places off the Florida Keys where already mobs of skin divers have ripped up every hunk of coral for miles. Every sponge. Every sea fan. Killed every big grouper and jack and half the small tropical fish too."

"Don't know much about fish," their host said. "I'm a geologist."

Crunch wasn't surprised. Scientists came to such remote places as Tandem Key.

The fact that Mr. Shade was a scientist explained the thick books he had read at mealtime. Crunch had guessed that the Texan was a teacher, perhaps even an associate or assistant professor, who also had once played end on somebody's football team.

In the warm dusk a native orchestra began to play, as it did nightly. Boys with guitars, a bongo drummer, a washboard player, and one with an instrument fashioned from old piano strings, a broom handle and an oil drum filled the night with Calypso rhythm and Negro voices. "Mamma she wants for me to be in Tandem Key," they sang—in a parody of an old Bahamian ditty. Then they switched to a spiritual, chanting of heaven as harmoniously, as rhythmically as they had of less pious places and pleasures. Des beat time; Pete listened, enraptured. Crunch's mind drifted back to his aching problems while his eyes roved over the picturesque room. He remembered how dramatic it had seemed when he had arrived.

Rusted cannon, fetched from the sea, guarded its entrance. Fish nets draped the entrance to the bar. Its walls were encrusted with relics of the days when the islands, with their harbor and fresh-water lake, had been a sanctuary for ships of the Spanish Main. Faded flags hung, undecipherable, in one corner. Pistols and daggers were mounted like wheel spokes above the bar. Everywhere were crossed muskets, boarding hooks, swords and machetes, many fouled with sea things. Among the trophies were numberless framed charts, old maps and documents.

It had been exhilarating, Crunch reflected, to land on the distant "out island" and stride into the melodramatic bar of Hatsie's Inne. Now, however, the bar was just another place where anglers and rum bums met to drink, and the island was merely one which the Poseidon would be leaving on the morrow—a ship in jeopardy, carrying two disappointed and deeply worried men.

Hatsie came in, dour-looking as always and, as always, polite and talkative. In a little while he persuaded two of the businessmen from Tampa to make a tour of his collection, and Crunch listened to Hatsie's monologue absently. He had already heard some of it. The proprietor had a knack of bringing old, grim deeds to life, but Crunch had no way of foreseeing how soon and how much those venerable acts would affect living persons, including himself.

"This island," Hatsie began in a vibrant tone, "was one of the first settled under British grants. Londoners put up the money and ships came—men, and slaves too. They grew things—coconuts, of course, and sisal for rope, indigo. You can still see where irrigation ditches ran on the South Key, through what is jungle now. But the main crop, of course, was Spaniards."

Hatsie waited for the laugh, and the men from Tampa obliged.

"When your Yankee Pilgrim Fathers landed, there'd been civilization in the Indies for more than a century—Spanish. Then the English—along with the French and Dutch—decided to muscle in. Matter of a war. The muscling was done by gentlemen who called themselves the Brotherhood of the Coast. Or buccaneers. John Endibbie, younger son of a duke, was granted land here on this very key by the king, in 1660. He was a powerful man and honest—a leading buccaneer."

"Honest?" A bald-headed Tampan who wore horn-rim glasses repeated the word ironically.

Hatsie rested scornful brown eyes on the man. "I said honest. The buccaneers weren't pirates. Not till later on. They were gentlemen sent out to exterminate the Spaniard. They made raids on the coast cities of Mexico, Panama, South America—even along the Pacific. They fought plate ships and took them as prizes. John Endibbie was treasurer for a buccaneer fleet. Every man shared, according to the custom of the coast. A man who lost an arm or an eye in battle was recompensed—two hundred crowns. Six hundred, if he lost two arms or both eyes. Fortune, in those days."

"It sounds," said the bald-headed man with spectacles, "like Social Security."

The men at his table laughed, and another of them joined Hatsie, who went on, "Endibbie was paymaster. Often, they said, a peg-legged buccaneer—even a blind man sailed in by a slave—would come ashore and collect his due, showing proper credentials, of course. He must have kept a mint of money right here for the purpose. Slaves too. The men would take pay in slaves."

"What happened to Endibbie?" someone asked.

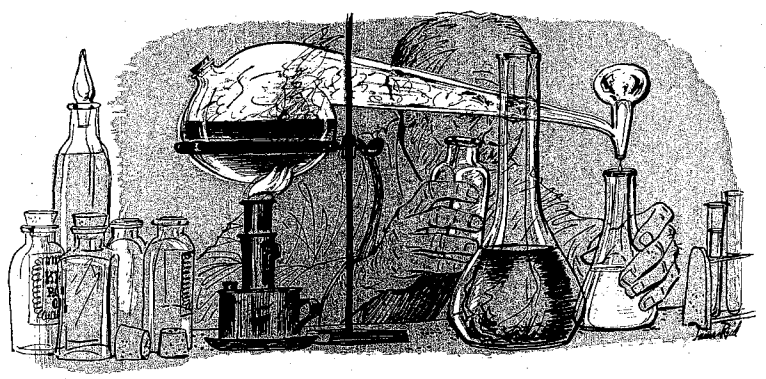
"Died of old age," Hatsie answered, "right here on Tandem Key, in 1715, and left a vast treasure. That insurance money plus a load of booty that came in a few months before the old man's death. Thousands have looked for it. Dug up half the south end of the key."

Alcott Drammel, carrying his drink, scuffled up. "Just a lot of corny legend!"

"Legend?" The Inne proprietor said the word with amusement. "Well, some legend is true. It's legend, of course, that Captain Louis Scanlemet came in here in 1715, hard pushed by the British—the king was hunting down all pirates by then—and personally had put ashore the loot of three Spanish ships and a town, delivering same to Endibbie, who hid it—wherever he hid things. But it's history, Captain Drammel, that in 1715 the king's frigates chased three privateers up this way, past Andros Island, where they were lost sight of for several days. It's history—you can read it in books in Nassau—that the same frigates overhauled the craft a few days later, fought it out with them, drove all three ashore and took the leader, a man named Scanlemet, prisoner. The crew escaped in the jungles. The English found evidence the three vessels had done ample raiding—the log of a plate-heavy Spaniard, among other matters—but not any loot to mention. Maybe the crew divided the spoils and carried the stuff into the jungle. History doesn't say. But, more likely, as legend says, Scanlemet had brought it all ashore here and Endibbie hid it for him. At any rate—history again—Louis Scanlemet was hanged in Nassau as a common pirate, though measures—you can imagine what measures, gentlemen—never got a word out of him about his plunder."

For a time, Hatsie dissertated on the ruggedness of buccaneers. Finally he approached a place near the bar and began to talk with a new intensity.

"I spoke of Endibbie and his treasure," he said. (*Continued on Page 122*)



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Robert Roberts

(*See page 122 for answer*)

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(*Continued from Page 120*) "Now I'll show you the proof. History again; not legend!" He took a framed document from the wall reverently. "This is parchment. It was written by Endibbie himself. Plenty of samples of his handwriting exist in Nassau on old documents—though the town was sacked around 1703. This item has sent people scouring around these islands the way gold sent Americans out to California in '49. It was found hidden in Endibbie's house after he died, and it's hung in this very Inne for more than a hundred and fifty years."

Hatsie held the parchment under the light of an ancient binnacle, but he recited from memory:

"*My treasure lies beneath the sea,*
But in the sea my treasure is not;
Where the brave may see, when they
cannot see
Till the oaken caskets round it rot."

Crunch, who had only half listened, felt his skin prickle. He'd often heard treasure talk in Florida. He'd known people who had actually hunted for pirate treasure. But he had never heard of the recovery of much of more value than old cannon.

Even so, in this room, on this remote island, the doggerel created a momentary sense that perhaps somewhere pieces of eight, doubloons, gems and gold ornaments lay in some spot elusively suggested by the riddle in the long-dead Englishman's verse.

Crunch was astonished, however, when Pete Shade said in an excited tone, "Read it again, Hatsie!"

Hatsie obliged. And the Texan emitted a long low whistle—an incautious sound that clearly expressed comprehension.

Everybody in the room heard it. Even Doctor Sayliss' shifty eyes came up.

"Mean anything special to you, Mr. Shade?" Hatsie asked, the restraint in his voice masking eagerness.

Shade dissembled too late. "Thought it did for a second," he said idly.

"You've been swimming a lot around shore here, Mr. Shade! Maybe you've seen something that fits in this poem? You've tramped over both ends of the island?"

The Texan smiled as if in self-depreciation. "I just thought, for a second, that if the 'caskets' mentioned in that doggerel were watertight, the booty would be under the sea, but not in it. And I thought if they'd been sunk in a lot of seaweed, you'd be able to locate, or 'see,' the treasure in a place where you couldn't literally see. And, of course, those old-timers thought all sharks were killers, so it would take a brave man to grope around in seaweed."

Hatsie turned away disgustedly. "Plenty of people figured that. Isn't a square yard of bottom around these keys hasn't been peered at through a glass-bottomed bucket! All the weed has been raked, one time or another. People quit even trying to find that treasure, by the time I was a schoolboy here."

Perhaps he was convinced that Shade had no other ideas. Crunch was sure the others were not convinced. From the furtive look of them, they certainly felt that the Texan having revealed a moment of inspired hunch, quickly invented his explanation as a cover.

The skipper looked at his mate, and his theory was strengthened.

Desperate's mouth hung open and his eyes were glazed—as if nothing in the room, nothing on the whole, turning earth, was of any interest to him whatever. It was a certain sign that Des was very alert.

Peter Shade said genially, "Another beer, fellows?"

Des shook his head a quarter of an inch. "Thanks. Time for us to hit the sack."

The Calypso orchestra had long since trailed away into the warm, fragrant night, strumming softly as the men walked under the bead-curtain rattle of the palms.

"Still awake?" Des murmured.

"Yeah." The skipper tossed on his bed.

"We didn't phone Sari."

"I decided I'd rather tell her face to face."

"Be a big shock to her when we walk in tomorrow night. She thinking she won't see us for three months."

"At least," Crunch answered, "we won't be apart!"

Des muttered, "Married people!" with a bachelor's unfeeling scorn. "That Texas fellow," he continued in a lowered tone, "did think he knew what the rhyme meant." Des snorted. "Be handy to dig up barrels of jewelry and gold—I mean for us, right now."

"Maybe there was loot here once," Crunch answered. "Maybe there was a guy named Endibbie. Maybe, when he died, he left a few caskets of stuff around. People have had nearly two hundred and fifty years to look for it—and people who find things like that often don't talk! I'd bet—if I had anything to bet—that there isn't ten pounds of treasure in the whole Bahamas."

Des didn't comment; when Crunch was that positive, comment was futile. He fell asleep. Crunch was still awake, figuring, puzzling, worrying, when he heard the thumps.

The building shook just a little, as if dynamite had exploded miles away. A moment later it shook again, oddly. Crunch got up and crossed the room. He opened the door to the hall. It was pitch-black. He could hear no more sounds. That was why he went down the hall, stealthily, like a ghost. If somebody had fallen out of bed, if somebody had stamped a tingling foot on the floor to renew circulation, that person would probably still be moving about.

He went from door to door, feeling his way; the numbers of the rooms were brass and easy to read by finger tip. No light showed under any door. The hall ran the length of the front of the building, and Crunch followed it, barefooted. It would be a poor time, he thought, to step on a scorpion; Ye Izaak Walton Inne was the kind of place scorpions frequented.

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 120)

About 1850, Samuel M. Kier began operating the nation's first oil refinery—capacity, one barrel—to produce kerosene-lamp oil from crude petroleum which floated to the surface of his salt springs. Previously, he had bottled and sold some of the petroleum as a patent medicine, "Kier's Rock Oil." The first sizable commercial refinery was constructed in 1860 by William Barnsdall and W. H. Abbott.

He found Pete Shade's number and stood still; if anything was wrong, it would probably involve Shade. The building creaked arthritically. Crunch pressed his ear to the panel of the door.

He could hear breathing. Hard, deep breathing of the sort that follows violent effort, but is repressed as much as possible. And it was not Pete Shade's breathing or, at least, Pete's alone; there was more than one man in the room, panting and trying to subdue the sound.

Crunch went back down the hall. The thing to do was to hurry downstairs and rouse the Hatsons. Or was it? What would Hatsie do? Send down the street to waken the constable, probably. What might be happening to Pete meantime?

Crunch had reached his own room, by then. He opened the door and a gray wash from the stars made it seem bright compared with the hall. He took Des firmly by the shoulder. That was how well he knew his mate. Des wouldn't mutter or shout; Des would do what he did.

The mate evidently opened his eyes. Otherwise, he showed no reaction to the firm touch. Perhaps three seconds passed. Then, quickly, Des rolled over and reached out a long leg, which swept the adjacent bed and learned that Crunch was not in it. If his foot had encountered the sleeping form of his skipper, Des would thereupon have yelled.

Since it didn't, he sat up and said in the mere breath of a whisper, "O.K. What's wrong?"

"Some guys—dunno who—in Pete's room. Breathing hard. There was a thud a while ago."

Des simply started for the door.

They listened, again, at Shade's panel. They could hear a scuffling, scraping sound, and the breathing. Crunch tapped Des as a signal, took the knob lightly, and made ready to try to open the door. It was lucky that he hadn't put on pressure; the knob began to revolve, slowly, silently.

Crunch took his mate's hand and let him feel the slow-turning knob. Then he gently pushed Des to one side of the door frame while he stepped to the other. Crunch knew what was happening.

The door began to open. A grayish light slit the bat-cave dark; the door creaked a little. They sensed the tiny sounds men make with their clothes. A waft of night-blooming jasmine eddied into the corridor and Crunch thought the bush must be right under Pete's windows. His attention flicked away from the growing oblong of the opening door. Somebody else was moving in the hall. Somebody passed so close they both could see shape and movement. Seconds later they heard quick, consecutive creakings on the big staircase. Then the little sounds in Pete's room became somewhat louder, purposeful, completely comprehensible—men were quietly dragging something toward the hall. It could only be Pete himself. He wasn't struggling, so he was presumably unconscious. That explained the thud.

Crunch got set. Two men would probably come out, pulling the arms or legs, with one or two behind. They'd carry Pete down the stairs and out into the jungle or out to sea in a dingy. Then they'd bring him to and start asking him what it was, about the treasure rhyme, that he'd figured out. If he didn t answer, they would do things to the Texan.

Crunch could not actually see men pulling an inert body over the threshold, but the dim motions of stooped figures sufficed.

It is not possible to be sure to knock out a man one cannot plainly see—even if, like Crunch, years of ring experience lie in (*Continued on Page 124*)

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WORLD REPORT
YALE & TOWNE

MINUTES AGO 2,000 JAPANESE WEPT AT HER DEATH

She died in the arms of a Samurai warrior, and 2,000 viewers in Tokyo's splendid Kabukiza Theatre gave way to unrestrained emotion. Once again, as for the past 300 years, the popular Japanese art known as Kabuki, a fascinating combination of dance, drama and music, had transported its audience to a unique land of magic. Here, all is spectacle —a king-size revue running to ten hours (from mid morning to early evening) and including flights of poetry, *samisen* music, pantomime, narrative chants and brilliantly rich costumes. The value of these costumes demands special protection—the reason why Yale* locks and hardware were placed on the doors of the Kabukiza when it was rebuilt after the war. Today when Kabuki artists tour abroad they receive the same security from famous Yale* locks in great hotels and theatres everywhere.

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POPS SO FLUFFY-SO TENDER
that's JOLLY TIME
EVERY KERNEL POPS-OR MONEY BACK!

(*Continued from Page 122*)

one's past. He did the best he could. When the stooped and occupied men were audibly beside him, he reached out and caught a muscular upper arm. That showed him about where the head would be. The time between his grasp of the arm and the landing of his fist was so small a part of a second that the man's gasp was interrupted by a sound like a maul hitting hard ground.

From the opposite side of the door, a split second after that, came a skidding blow, and then a solid one, as Des hit twice. The slugged men let go of something which flopped on the carpet. One man grunted; the other made a sound like a sob. Both regained their balance and followed the same impulse—they ran stealthily down the hall. The stairs creaked again.

There were muffled sounds inside the room. Crunch felt his way with his feet to avoid Pete's body. He could see two windows, rectangles of gray with palm fronds silhouetted beyond the veranda rail. Shapes materialized; the plastic screens ripped. The men darted through before Crunch reached the sill. There he collided hard with Des. When they leaned out through the torn screen they could see nobody. But they heard two soft thuds as the men dropped from handholds on the floor of the porch. Bushes rustled for a few seconds. After that, there was nothing but the sweet wind of night.

They dragged Pete back into the room, lifted him into bed, closed the door, felt around for matches and got a kerosene lamp going. Pete's feet were roped together and his arms were tied over his head. What looked like a whole spool of adhesive tape had been wound around his mouth. Blood ran down the tape on one side. There was a little blood, too, on the other, violently disheveled bed in which Shade had been asleep. His eyes were wide open—greenish-brown eyes that followed every motion they made.

What they call in Texas, Crunch thought, *a tough hombre*. As he thought that, he was unpeeling the tape, and every time he ripped it around, the man grimaced. Des meanwhile undid the knotted ropes. Shade began to massage his wrists while Des rubbed his ankles. Crunch stripped away the last of the tape and found the Texan's mouth stuffed with paper towels. Pete pulled most of that out, spat the rest, and lay for a minute, breathing hard.

Finally he said in a faint and croaking tone, "Aw-er."

Des rushed to the bath and came back with a tumbler of water.

Pete sat up, drank and lay back. "Like a damn fool," he said raspingly, "I didn't lock my door!"

Crunch shushed him and listened. There was no sound of people moving anywhere. After a little thought, however, he understood. Alcott Drammel and his mate, along with the men from Tampa, had the only other rooms in use—and they'd been drinking until late, so they would sleep hard—unless, of course, they had been the ones involved. Hatsie and Nettie wouldn't have been disturbed, for there had been no overt sounds during the entire grim time; a hotel guest getting up at night to pace his room, write a letter, take a shower or go out for a stroll could and would have made more noise.

Crunch then whispered, "How you doing?"

"All right." Pete replied feebly, hoarsely, but he grinned. "Head aches. Who was it?"

"That's what I was going to ask you."

"They were going to take me outside. Put the heat on me. They must have thought I'd tell them ——"

Again, Crunch gestured for silence. "No place to talk," he whispered. "Think you could make it to the dock, if Des and I gave you a hand?"

Pete sat up, rubbed his head and stood. He staggered, caught his balance, took the skipper's arm and walked a few steps. "Sure."

The Poseidon creaked at her moorings; her hull gurgled against the riffling tide. The men, wearing shirts and trousers and soft-soled shoes, stepped aboard. They gave Pete the fighting chair—he refused a bunk—and Crunch switched on a dim light. He threw something on a bunk.

"I found it," he said, "as we came down the stairs." It was a straw hat, island-made, broad-brimmed, stained with sweaty use.

Des said, "I thought, when we sneaked out of the hotel, I saw a light down here through the palms. Could have been on the Buddyboy."

The skipper looked at the silhouette of Drammel's cruiser. "Nobody there now."

Des shrugged. "Could have been somebody walking on the street. Or even a firefly that I thought was a light in the distance." He swung below. They heard the muted plop and hissing of the gasoline stove.

Crunch dropped into the portside fishing chair. "Cut on your head isn't deep. We can shave it and bandage it, come daylight."

"No need. Stopped bleeding. The iodine's enough. I sure owe you guys a lot! By now they'd have been working me over! I guess you two understand what it is that made them?"

"Sure. That verse. Treasure. What happened?"

"I was sound asleep and my head split open."

"What I figured." Crunch hesitated. "We heard the thump and came to have a look-see. A listen-hear."

"I came around when they lifted me off the bed. Thought I'd smother—that gag. They began inching me along the floor. I decided to go on playing unconscious—didn't want to be slugged any more." He was silent for a minute and then added in an apologetic tone, "Lord knows, I feel a fool! And grateful. If there's anything I can do for you two fellows—anything in the world!" He chuckled ruefully.

"Twice in one day! The man-of-war. And the raiding party. I ought to hire you guys as bodyguards! However, I've got another idea. Thought of it before I went to sleep."

Des came up the ladder with a tray. On it were three big mugs of hot coffee, a box of lump sugar, a can of powdered cream, spoons and a bottle of rum. He put the tray down. "Thought you might like your coffee laced."

Shade laughed a little. "Don't care if I do! Mind you—just a mere heavy slug."

Des grinned and poured. For a few minutes they occupied themselves with coffee. At length Crunch said, "Look, Mr. Shade ——"

"Pete, for the love of Mike! Pete Shade, of Shade Enterprises, Tambourine, Texas."

"Look, Pete," the skipper's voice grinned. "What do you want us to do? Report this business? Or skip it? I found that hat on the stairs, remember. It wasn't there earlier. Looks like one of Doc Sayliss' island pals. But it doesn't necessarily belong to the party that went after you. I heard somebody else in the hall while Des and I were waiting for them to bring you out. There were two parties—maybe more—who wanted to talk privately with you, tonight."

"I think we won't report it," Pete said slowly. "I think we'll just keep quiet about it. After all, they didn't find out what they were so curious to know. It

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might have been anybody in the bar. I imagine that by morning the whole island will pretty much know that a nitwit from Multiply County, town of Tambourine, tipped his mitt on the matter of Endibbie's doggerel. So, the less fuss we three make, the better."

Crunch said, "Right. If that's how you want it."

"You're funny guys," the Texan went on. "Hatsie told me a lot about you, the other day. I liked it all."

Des said, "More coffee?"

"Thanks. But no more booze. I feel eight times better and at least a quarter normal. I've been hit plenty hard before now. My brother"—his voice grated and he amended his tone before going on—"taught me to box. And I've fallen off a number of horses—hundreds. But those guys used a club, I think."

The man from Texas tilted his second cup of coffee, looked out at the starry night and sighed. He listened to the churning roll of a big fish feeding nearby and he rubbed his temples afterward, because his head hurt.

"Hatsie tells me that Mr. Bailey hated like hell to send to Miami for a plane and run out on you to be operated on. Hatsie says Bailey told him you two men were ——"

"—— on our uppers?" Crunch suggested quietly.

"To be candid."

Des broke in. "We're fishing men! We'll make out!"

"Suppose, then," the Texan went on, ignoring Des, "I offered to charter you—for a month, minimum. Would you stay here at Tandem Key and—take me out?"

The sea talked to itself in the long silence. "I think we would," Crunch said slowly. "Maybe it would be foolish, for a mere month. Maybe we should shoot back and try to line up every customer we can for the winter and spring. But a month here probably wouldn't hurt. We'd have a useful profit and be some better off, reaching Miami a month from now. There's one thing, though. Do you have any idea"—Crunch halted and seemed to force himself to go on—"how much it costs? I mean, we'd like to cut the rate for a fellow like you. A scientist. But we are mighty close to the edge ——"

"I'll be sheep-dipped!" The exclamation was followed by the Texan's warm, baritone laughter. "You never heard of Shade Enterprises?"

"Never did," the skipper answered. "Should I have?"

"Wait till I tell 'em that in Multiply County! I became a geologist because my brother thought the family could use one. Shade Enterprises is oil and gas, chemical plants and mines—even uranium now—and my father left me forty-nine per cent when I was eight years old and he died. My brother was twenty at the time."

Crunch was embarrassed. "I'm sorry! I didn't ——"

"I can afford the charter, man! My trouble is definitely not one thing: dough. It's my brother—and a girl with brown eyes and hair like a tray of diamonds—that ran me off to this siding alone! Skip that! I can easy stand the charter. A hundred a day and all expenses, right? And, of course, there might be a lot more in it for us!"

"Endibbie's loot?"

Pete nodded. "If it's still *in situ*—which I see you doubt. Me too. But if we find anything—we'll go thirds."

"That's ridiculous," Crunch said.

Pete sat up straight. "Of course, we go thirds! You and Des and me. If there's anything to cut three ways. You realized right away that's why I wanted to charter a boat and you guys?"

"It occurred to me," Crunch replied dryly. "But we'd do it for the charter money. After all, we won't know what we're doing. Only you will know. You evidently figured out ——"

The Texan shook his head. "I didn't know they still made 'em that modest, east of the Mississippi! No fooling! We go thirds. And, my Lord! We all three share in the Shade solution of the Endibbie puzzle. I may be a sap and a weakling—as my brother, George, believes—not to mention an idiot—which a certain girl thinks I am. But I wouldn't sign on with guys like you to hunt booty and not tell you the pitch! Ye gods!"

"I'm sorry," Crunch said. "Look at it our way. How many strangers with your kind of hunch would spill it?"

"We ceased being strangers out there in that tangle of men-of-war. We were pals in the bar. Life pals up in my room a while back. O.K.?"

"If you want it that way."

"I certainly do. Now here's the idea I had."

Des said, abruptly, tensely, "Hold it!" He walked to the gunwale soundlessly. He picked up a marlin billy on the way. He leaned out toward the babbling dark surface of the harbor and swung down. As he did so, there was a surge and a splash, followed by the smack and skirl of the club as it went through the sea. Des straightened. "Missed him!"

Crunch was at his side. "There he goes!"

For a moment they could see, and for another moment hear, bubbles rise in a stream that coursed away from the boat and the dock.

Des put down the billy glumly. "I heard something scraping the bottom. Thought it was a fish. No sea cows over here. Must have been the guy's flippers. Hung onto the boat and was listening. Had a plastic lung. You evidently did see a light on the Buddyboy, Crunch."

Pete was sitting, gripping the arms of the fighting chair. "That's three times! Three times in one day you birds have pulled me out of a hole. Quit it, willya? I'll begin to think you're like my brother, George. And that would break up a swell new friendship!" He chuckled. "If you think we can talk freely, I'd like to explain where that verse says Endibbie kept his ducats and stuff."

Crunch went below and came back with a powerful torch. He blazed it into the water around the Poseidon, out into the harbor, underneath the dock and even along the shore. He put it on the deck in a handy spot. "Guess he won't come back. All right. Shoot."

TO BE CONTINUED

Late Marriage

By Philene Hammer

Who to the state of lawful
marriage brings
Youth's fire, inevitably
misses
The welcome warmth of
slow-to-blossom springs,
And never knows what
perfect heaven this is:
To catch up on such extra
special things
As long-shelved dreams and
retroactive kisses.

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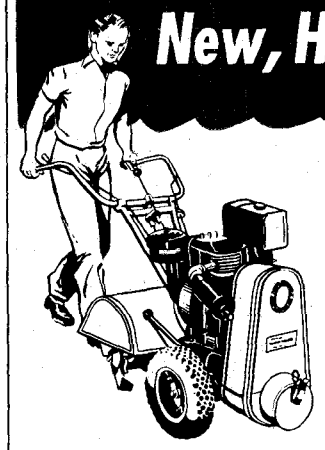

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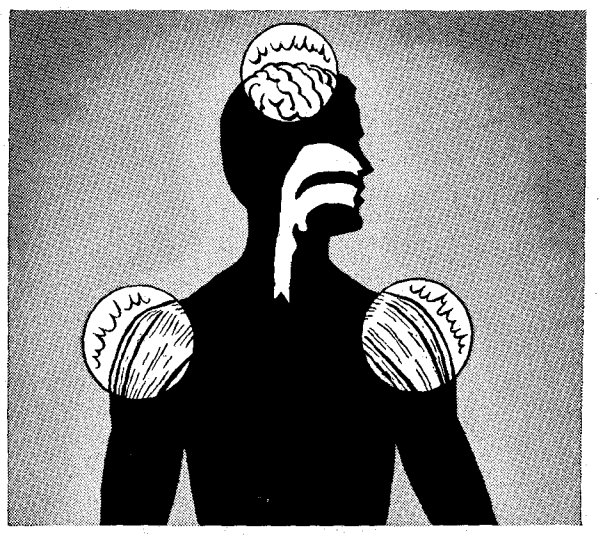

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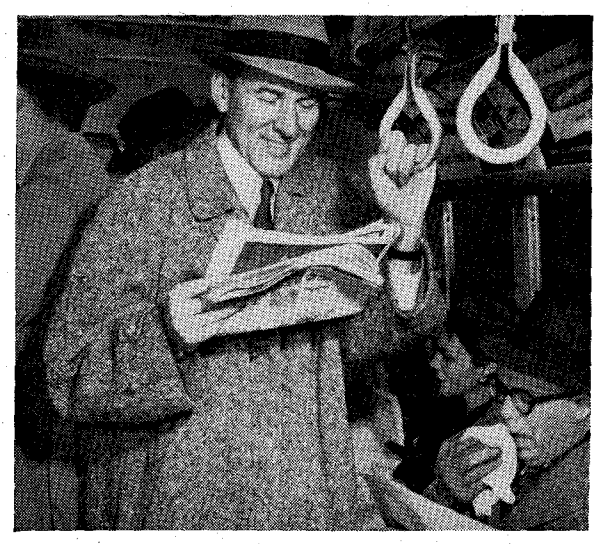

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The Company of Cowards (Continued from Page 34)

The cold quality in Steele's eyes deepened. "You say that you didn't ask to come here, captain?" he asked, still with that terrible softness in his voice. "I say you did. I say all of you did."

Jepson felt a flush begin to crawl up into his face. It was bad enough, he was thinking, with the anger growing in him, to be sent here to this stinking place, to begin with. He wanted no hard-rock exnoncom tramping over him with hobnailed boots.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said tightly, and watched tawny lights grow in the other's eyes.

"This is a leper colony, captain," Steele answered softly. "By being a leper, you asked to come. Do you understand? You're all lepers here, in my book, and I despise every damned one of you!"

The words slapped like an iron glove, and for a moment Jepson blinked, sickened a little by the naked hate in Capt. Saut Steele's voice. The latter stood up, implacably vengeful, and for the first time Jepson saw that the man did not stand quite straight, but sagged a little as he favored a leg which would never be quite whole again.

Jepson shrugged and started to turn, anxious to get away. "Have it as you like," he said, the apathy of the last days creeping into his voice again. "Just tell me where I'm supposed to sleep."

"One minute, captain," Steele interrupted, his voice taking on a harsher rasp. "I haven't finished welcoming you to our lousy midst yet. Did you ever hear of a Company Q before?"

"No," Jepson told him shortly. "Why should I?"

"It was first formed in front of Petersburg, in Virginia, in '64, captain," Steele said, biting at his words. "Made up of cowards not fit to wear the insignia of their officer's rank. Funny that it should crop up here eighty years later in Belgium, isn't it?"

"Damn you!" Jepson said violently, stirred out of his apathy for a moment. "I'm no coward! You can take that back or ——"

Anger, black and vindictive, flared across Saut Steele's thin face as he limped forward. "In Normandy I lost the best company of soldiers that ever put on the uniform, captain," he said, choking a little on the words. "Do you know why? Because some leper—like you—with no guts beneath his bars, lost his head. He was supposed to be protecting my right, but he didn't! You understand? He pulled back and let the Germans through! Their filthy tanks stamped my men into the ground like you'd stamp a land crab flat. All of them! Do you understand that? Now get out of my sight, damn you!"

There were five men sitting on makeshift bunks as Jepson went into the tent at the end of the muddy street. They cleaned rifles—a soldier's chore—and that sight startled Jepson a little. Stares met him as he stood uncertainly in the doorway for a moment.

"Come on in, friend," one of them said finally. "I take it you've just got your speech of welcome to the Leper Colony?"

It was a chunky lieutenant who had spoken, and there was a wry humor in his voice. Jepson moved on in and tossed his roll onto an empty bunk.

"I got it," he answered shortly. "My name's Jepson—if you've got room in here for another leper."

"Always room for one more," Moseby, the chunky lieutenant, grunted and pitched his cigarette to the dirt floor. "We have no secrets here. What was your brand of poltroonery, captain?"

Jepson studied that for a moment; then shrugged and fished for a cigarette as he felt the eyes of the others on him. There was a sort of brotherhood here, he understood suddenly. The brotherhood of the damned. The stigma of Company Q.

"Hürtgen Forest," he said tiredly. "We were having a bad time of it. Somebody thought I wasn't far enough forward."

"I messed up an order to attack," Moseby murmured. "Same difference. Same with all the rest here," and he waved his hand and named names to Jepson. "Monk Vidal—the one over there in the corner with the mustache—is dean here. He told his CO to go to hell when he was ordered forward again after he figured his company was used up."

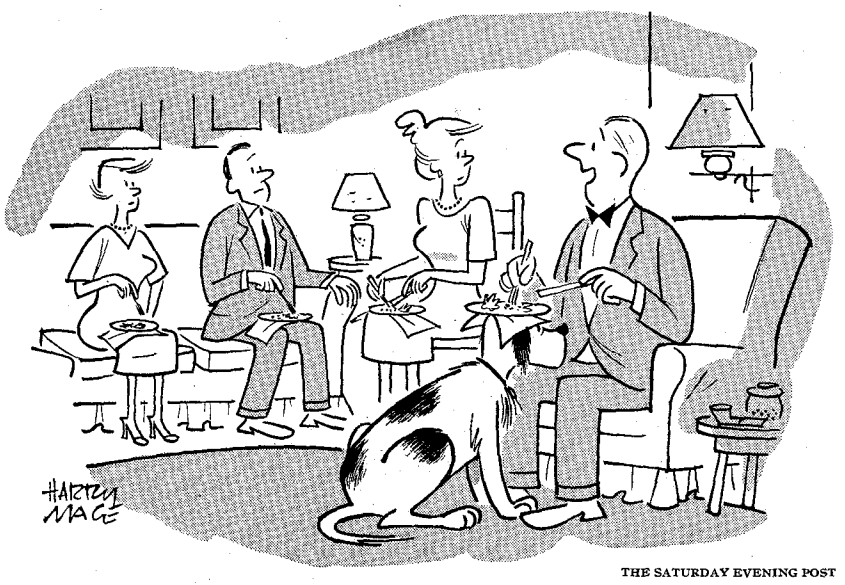
The lanky captain toward whom Moseby had waved lifted a corner of his thin mouth sardonically.

"You'll like it here, captain," he said in a bitter voice. "Drawn your rifle and equipment yet? Tomorrow you'll be drilling as a private of Company Q."

Jepson blinked. "Rifle?" he asked. "Private?"

"What else?" Vidal asked in a violent voice. "You don't think that there's any other rank in Company Q, do you?"

Monk Vidal hadn't exaggerated, Jepson found the next morning as he clumped up and down the muddy field flanking Camp Traveler, rifle on his shoulder, combat pack on his back. Equipment which



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ex-Sgt. Maj. Saut Steele had stolen somewhere. Company Q was drilling—close-order drill—with Capt. Saut Steele gimping along on his bad leg and barking orders in his sergeant major's voice. "Column right! Harrrch! Hup, two, three, four! Pick it up! Hup—cadence count—hup, two, three, four!"

It was fantastic, Jepson thought as he slipped and slid in the ooze. Seventy-odd officers here in this forgotten place which somebody had hastily designated as a collecting point for stray officers sent back from the front. Officers that nobody wanted; so, send them here and give them to Saut Steele. Who the hell cared, anyway?

"Hup, two, three, four—cadence count ——"

Who, indeed, cared, with von Rundstedt's legions smashing across the Our River some twenty miles to the east and with the 58th Panzer Corps already swinging northwest toward that unnamed crossroad. Confused rumors, creeping north along the Bastogne-Liége road, told of German armor crashing out of yesterday's foggy dawn. Described German infantry moving remorselessly through the snowy woods, gobbling up this outfit and overrunning that.

"Hup, two, three, four—cadence count ——"

But the war no longer had any point or meaning for Company Q, the leper colony, drilling in the mud at Camp Traveler. Completely fantastic, Jepson thought as the long day passed, was followed by another day, and another day after that. Company Q, tainted vessel for dishonored men.

It was on the fourth day that Capt. Saut Steele halted his weary company as dusk was beginning to come down. He stood spraddle-legged in the mud, while he looked at them with his hard eyes set far back into his hard face. A flutter of new snow was coming down and to the east the firs made black patches against the bastion ridge.

"There's a fight going on over there," Steele said, jerking his head toward the ridge. "A big fight. Eighty years ago, almost to a day, another Company Q went into another big fight at a place called Petersburg, in Virginia. It redeemed itself there."

He paused for a moment, seeming, somehow, to increase in stature as the darkness came down. Jepson could feel the weight of Steele's tawny stare; knew that the others felt it too. For a moment the angry resentment which had burned in Jepson for the past four days blurred a little; was replaced by a vague curiosity concerning that lone bitter man who stood out there in the mud in front of them.

Saut Steele said softly then, "I hope that you have that same opportunity—and that same good fortune. Dismissed."

Capt. Monk Vidal laughed harshly as they turned back toward the cheerless tents. "What that louse means is that he hopes we all get killed," he said, biting at his words. "Well, he'll not have that pleasure as far as I'm concerned! I'm through fighting!"

Moseby, beside him, chuckled sardonically. "You just think you're through, boy," he murmured. "You just think you're through."

Martin Jepson, clumping through the mud with his rifle on his shoulder, said nothing. There had been an odd note in Steele's voice as he had stood there, hands on hips, speaking those last words, Jepson was thinking. Something different from the bitter venom which usually seeped through Saut Steele's speech. And realization of what it meant came suddenly to Martin Jepson as he plodded back in the dusk.

He meant it, he thought, not too clearly. *That hard-rock ex-noncom really meant that redemption business.*

In his bare tent, Capt. Saut Steele lighted the lantern and pushed back his helmet as he sat down at the rickety table. Presently a mud-splashed jeep clattered down the street, stopped, and a weathered sergeant—Jim Orson, who had soldiered with Saut Steele in the old days—climbed wearily down and went into the tent without knocking. Steele was waiting for him, a map spread out in the lantern light.

"I got as far as here," Orson said, putting a muddy finger on the map. "The Krauts are everywhere—a hell of a lot of them, Saut. They're drivin' towards this crossroads." The muddy finger again.

Steele grunted softly. "Anything there to stop them, Jim?"

"Not much," Orson told him, running a hand through his graying hair. "A couple of companies lost from their outfits. A handful of stragglers. A major named Feiberg. That's about it, Saut."

For a long moment Saut Steele sat there with the dim light falling across his hatchet face as he drummed on the map with thoughtful fingers. Sergeant Orson fumbled for a cigarette and let his breath out tiredly as he waited. He and Saut Steele had soldiered together for a long time now; Saut would come up with an answer.

"The crossroads is the key," Steele said finally, clipping his words. "Maybe, if the Krauts are held up there for a little while, whoever is running this damn battle can set up a line farther back. Looks like we'd better go help those birds up there, Jim."

"Yeah," Orson said. "With what?"

Saut Steele glanced sharply up with the planes of his face looking more thinly joined in the uncertain light. "With Company Q, damn it!" he said. "Any objections?"

For a moment the graying sergeant looked back; then shrugged and sucked on his cigarette again. "I got none," he said.

"Grab off a detail and go to that supply dump up the road. It's only four or five miles. I want six trucks and all the ammunition and spare weapons you can lay your hands on, Jim! Got it?"

"Where in hell do I get trucks? Make 'em?"

"Take 'em away from anybody you see going toward the rear!" Steele snapped. "How long you been in this Army? Tell 'em it's Omar Bradley's order or Ike's—or the devil's, for all I care! Just get 'em and get back here!"

"Somebody'll crucify you good for that, Saut."

The tawny lights were bright in Capt. Saut Steele's eyes as he stared back. "The hell with that," he said. "Let 'em try!"

Martin Jepson was sitting on his makeshift bunk, automatically rubbing at the action of his rifle and still thinking about what Captain Steele had said, when he heard a jeep grind off in the darkness outside.

Then Saut Steele's harsh voice cut through the night, "Company Q! Outside! Shake it up!"

It was snowing harder as Jepson stepped outside the tent; the grainy flakes whipped against his face, drawing cold fingers along his cheeks as the wind drove in. Voices of the other officers made a low, angry mutter as they jostled in the mud. Then Captain Steele moved out in front of them again.

"We're going up!" he said, slapping his words at them. "Tonight! As soon as Sergeant Orson gets back with trucks and ammunition! I told you maybe you'd get your chance! Well, you're going to get it! Anybody got any questions?"

A voice lifted in the dark with a sour query and Steele's gritty voice flung the answers back. Answers about the unnamed crossroad—later they would call it Hogan's Crossroad, because Lt. Paul Hogan died there blasting at the tanks of the 2nd Panzer Division coming across the December snow—and answers about the gap that Sergeant Jim Orson had seen up there earlier today. A gap filled only with the remnants of two lost companies and with a handful of stragglers. But a gap which Company Q—lost legion spawned of the leper colony at Camp Traveler—was now going to help to fill.

When Saut Steele had finished, silence hung over the muddy street for the space of a dozen heartbeats while men thought of this, while realization of the hopelessness of it began to bore into them with the remorseless stab of a surgeon's probe. Because what in hell could seventy-odd men—seventy-odd misfits, outcasts armed with nothing but light infantry weapons—do against the surging might of a *panzer* division? It was fantastic! Suicidal!

Monk Vidal's voice came then, making a reedy sound through the falling snow. "I was sent to Camp Traveler," it said flatly. "I stay at Camp Traveler. To hell with any crossroad!"

The terrible softness was in ex-Sgt. Maj. Saut Steele's voice as he answered. "You'll go with Company Q, captain," it said. "You'll go or I'll try you by a drumhead court and shoot you before Q moves out! Make no mistake about it! . . . Jepson!"

Jepson started as he heard his name called; then heard himself answering, "Yes, sir," as he stepped forward in the mud.

"You're second in command as of now," Steele snapped. "Get the company organized into fire teams. When Orson gets back, distribute weapons and ammunition. You can do that, can't you?"

"I can do it," Martin Jepson said.

Sergeant Orson came after a while, six trucks following his jeep with their headlights boring down the road. No need of blackout precautions now, for the snowy sky had settled tightly atop of Camp Traveler. The chunky Moseby, almost cheerful, worked with Jepson as they doled out ammunition and the other tools of war.

"A rough bird, that Saut Steele," Moseby murmured. Impending action, after the futility of Camp Traveler, was running through both men like a tonic. "A very rough bird, friend. But competent."

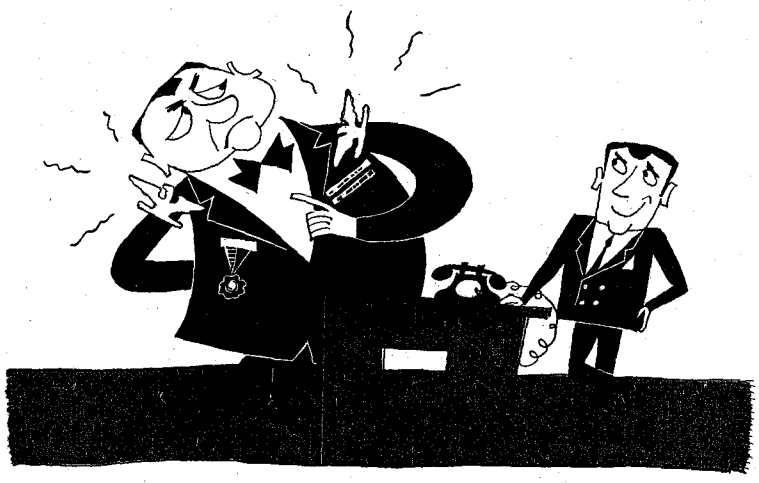
"You think Vidal will refuse to go?" Jepson asked.

Moseby shook his head. "I wouldn't know," he answered, suddenly sobered. "Monk's a funny character and he's about reached the breaking point, I think. Anything could happen."

"Company Q," Jepson said then, his voice a little wondering. "Why are we doing this, Moseby? We're men with no pride left. Why don't we just sit down here in the snow and refuse to move too?"

There was no levity in Moseby's voice as he replied, "You remember what our hard-handed skipper said about that other outfit at Petersburg, friend? Maybe that's the answer. I don't know."

It was well after midnight before they were ready (*Continued on Page 130*)



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"And how," asked Tundro, frowning, "did you address your superior officer?"

Said Grouver brightly, "Corporal."

Joan F. MacDonald

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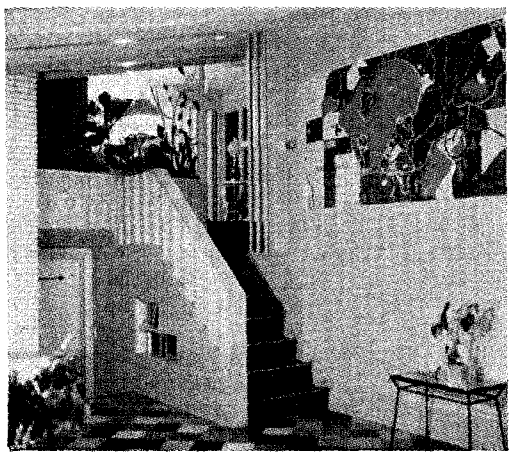

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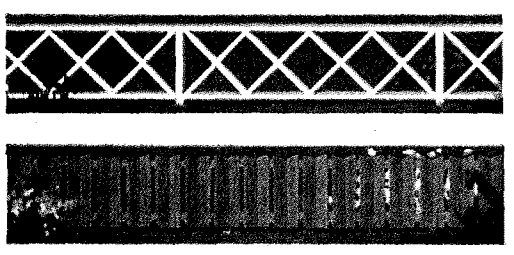

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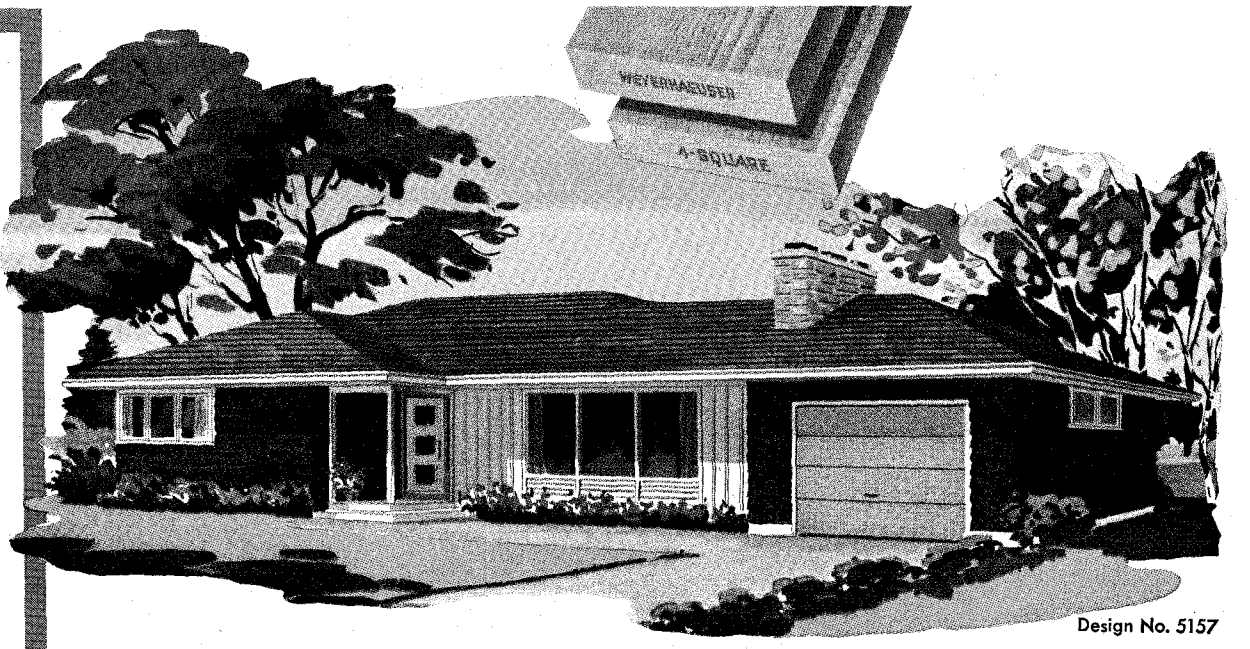

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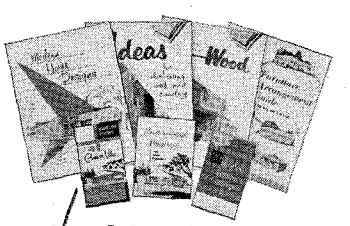

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(*Continued from Page 128*) finally, and Jepson carried that word to Saut Steele in the tent at the far end of the line. Sergeant Orson was there, and the two looked at Jepson with their faces, burned red by long years of soldiering, showing nothing.

"Ready to load, sir," Jepson said, the "sir" seeming to come naturally to his lips now. "Shall I give the word?"

"I'll give it," Steele said.

He gathered them around him again in the snowy darkness of the single street. The wind was colder now, sweeping down from the ridge to toss the white flakes in ghostly swirls. The headlights of the jeep limned Steele's short, slender figure.

"We're going up," he said, biting at his words. "The chances are that damned few of us will come back. That's all right, but I want you to know one thing. What happens up there is up to each one of you—and no man in Company Q needs to die with the leper stink still on him! All right! Let's go!"

So they went, huddled into trucks which rolled south toward where Hogan's Crossroad waited for them in the foggy dawn. South to keep a rendezvous with the *panzers*, which presently would come through the frocked firs with feral snortings and their guns spitting flame. Company Q, a tainted vessel for dishonored men, going south to keep a tryst similar to one another company had kept eighty years ago.

In the back of one of the trucks Capt. Monk Vidal ran a hand slowly up and down along the stock of his rifle, and his face was twisted as he stared out into the darkness. There would be a chance, he was thinking, to settle accounts for good and all where they were going. He'd have a last bullet for Capt. Saut Steele.

The snow had stopped as day began to break, but the clouds sagged low to finger the tops of the sad hills, and there was a chill presence in the wind. As though the Dark Angel already waited here, secure in a grandstand seat of this arena in the hills where men would die today. As the trucks halted, the fringes of the night began to wear away, so that the fir clumps made darkly sinister patches across the valley and a deserted Belgian farmhouse became a lonesome sentry in a snowy field in front.

Scattered woods lined either side of the road here, climbing to the crests of low hills on either side. Not too bad from a defensive viewpoint, Jepson's mind said automatically as Sergeant Orson stopped the jeep. A man, plodding through the snow with a vast weariness, came out of the trees and moved toward the jeep. Dirty stubble covered his thin cheeks and he held a carbine loosely in his hands while he stopped and looked at Steele.

"I'm Major Feiberg, commanding here," he said and the tiredness in his voice was something as tangible as the cold blue blade of a knife. "What outfit is this?"

Captain Steele stepped down from the jeep and saluted with the ease of long practice. His voice, lifted a little, carried back through the cold air to the men listening in the trucks.

"Company Q, sir. Captain Steele, commanding."

The major's eyes warmed with a dull glow for a moment. "Company Q?" he asked. "What the hell kind of a company is that?"

"Assault troops, sir," Saut Steele said, and his voice was hard. "If you've got a job for us to do, we'll do it."

The major shrugged. "I can use you," he said, and let it go at that. "Deploy your men on the right of the road, captain. Dig in. All hell is going to break loose here before long, I think."

Saut Steele saluted again, and his rough voice came back, "Unload! Jepson . . . squad leaders . . . report here!"

Monk Vidal dropped down beside Jepson, rifle in his hands and his thin face twisted. "A sergeant major bucking for a medal," he said between his teeth. "I'll see that he gets one! A lead medal!"

It began two hours after dawn, with the light still a somber gray on the hills and the fog wraiths rising from the snow. Jepson, lying beside Moseby at the edge of a clump of woods, saw the dark hull of a tank lift slowly into view a mile away across the uneven ground. Then another came and, in between little clots of infantry feeling their way cautiously forward.

Moseby murmured, "The ball's opening, friend. Shuffle forward and shuffle back. May I have this dance?"

Somehow that comforted Jepson, and he suddenly knew that he no longer was afraid. He had left that dark horror, which had ridden him for the past weeks, somewhere back along the snowy road which led from Camp Traveler, and now he felt clean and free, an exhilarating feeling which warmed him here in the morning like old brandy.

Capt. Saut Steele's voice came harshly from the right. "Hold your fire until my signal!"

Farther still to the right, Monk Vidal snugged himself deeper into his hole and smiled mirthlessly. He'd hold his fire, all right. And when the time came he'd use it where he wanted, by heaven! Memories ran roughshod over him as he lay there, paying no attention to the tanks in front. He hadn't asked to come to this damned

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war; he hadn't asked, either, that anybody pin bars on him and give him command. They'd done it all on their own and now they—those fools like Steele, who lived for wars—could damned well pay for it. He, William Herrod Vidal, was through. But he'd take his price for the things that they had done to him before he put the final period on everything. The thought warmed him as he lay there.

The tanks came on. No headlong rush; just a steady, cautious advance. A half dozen of them now, sniffing along like hounds with their noses to the ground while their accompanying infantry moved slowly out in front. For a moment cold doubt assailed Jepson. What the hell could they do with a handful of bazookas against the tanks of a *panzer* division? Then he put the thought angrily away. They'd do what they could, damn it. That was all anybody could ask.

It was twenty minutes later and the tanks were a scant eight hundred yards away when the "boom" of a heavy gun echoed hollowly through the notch in the hills; was followed by a salvo, and Jepson started; then settled back as a warmth flowed through him. He had forgotten about the tired major and the others who fought here with Company Q.

Shell bursts blossomed like red-cored flowers out there in the snow, and the tanks halted, their own guns sniffing the wind. Then gun muzzles flamed orange out there, and the woods of the notch quailed beneath the scream of shells, and the battle was joined. In front a tank slewed suddenly and began to leak black smoke and, after a little, its companions turned and waddled clumsily back to the shelter of the woods. Then the infantry came on in—little groups, far flung and creeping remorselessly forward. . . .

The battle grew with the day; it became, finally, a confused pattern of little vicious fights. A dozen times Germans penetrated the position where Company Q lay, and a dozen times counterattacks, led by Capt. Saut Steele—gimping along on his bad leg and with his harsh voice lifting above the roar—threw them out again. And so dark came down finally on the end of the first day, and Company Q still lay solidly in its holes flanking the road.

Not all of Company Q, though. Lt. Paul Hogan had already died at the crossroad which was to be his monument. Died in the spatter of fire from German machine guns, and two others had died with him there. Sgt. Jim Orson, lying far out on the flank, had answered "Here" to his last roll call. A dozen more. Either lying in the snow where the searching metal had flung them or biting their lips while they stared up into the coming night in the makeshift aid station back among the trees. Company Q was holding, but it was eroding.

Jepson lay in the snow beside Saut Steele as darkness came down. The hate had burned out between these two now. They spoke as equals, each with the respect of a fighting man for the other.

"We can hold them another day, I think," Jepson said, his voice tired. "Maybe another day after that—I don't know. Company Q will be down the drain by then, I'm afraid."

"Company Q will hold them as long as there's one of us left to squeeze a trigger," Saut Steele said, biting at his words in the old way. "Q is no ordinary company, Jepson. Just remember."

Jepson caught the faint note of pride that was in Saut Steele's voice as the slender man said that. He saw, dimly through the gloom, the smile that eased Steele's hard mouth for a moment. Then an answering pride began to run through Martin Jepson, and he understood what the other meant. This was Company Q, by heaven, and it would stick! It had the weight of eighty years of tradition behind it.

Afterward, Jepson could never clearly remember that second day, nor much of the third. Dawn broke each time with the ghostly fog rising out of the ground and the dark firs limned against the hills. Always the Germans came on. Company Q was melting away faster beneath those hammer strokes now—Moseby was gone and Jawolski and Dunn. A dozen more, but Company Q still hung on—grimly and with its defiance flung solidly into the teeth of overwhelming numbers.

It was on the afternoon of the third day, when the assault was reaching its screaming crescendo, that it happened. A penetration up the middle, and Capt. Saut Steele, a half dozen wild-eyed men at his back, flung forward and there was a howling melee there in the gathering dark. Then the enemy was falling sullenly back again and German shells were coming in to crump down where the fight had been. The men of Company Q drifted back to their holes—all but one. Saut Steele lay where a bullet had found him, face down in the snow as the shell bursts began to flower around him.

Jepson watched with a numbness beginning to grab at his stomach. Not Saut Steele! Not —— Then he saw that another dark figure had broken free of the woods again and was creeping out there into the slashing scythe of the shellfire. It was Monk Vidal, Jepson saw, with a slow wonder growing in him, and presently Monk Vidal was coming back with Steele across his shoulders. Carrying him easily, as a mother carries a child, through the trees toward where the makeshift aid station was. Monk Vidal, who'd had a debt he'd meant to pay.

Saut Steele was lying in the snow and Vidal, his thin face oddly at peace, was kneeling beside him when Jepson got there. Vidal had Steele's shirt open; was working with swift fingers. There was something new in Monk Vidal's eyes now—a kind of fierce pride as he ministered to Saut Steele. Somewhere in the hell of the last three days, Monk Vidal's bitterness had been washed away.

Now he, like the rest, belonged to Company Q, Capt. Saut Steele, commanding.

"Get on back to the fight, son," Steele said then. Weakness ran in his voice, but the old indomitable spirit was still there. "No time now to waste on crocks."

"I'll go in good time," Vidal said between his teeth.

One final assault slammed in just before darkness came completely down, and for one final time Company Q hurled it back. But that would be the last time, Jepson knew, lying in his hole at the edge of the firs and with weariness riding his shoulders with the weight of a huge stone. Company Q had done all that it could. Company Q was down the drain now. After a little, he roused himself and began to make his last tour of the line, moving like a man terribly old.

So few left. So very few. He crept on back to his hole finally and dozed a little as night covered the field and the battle died, except for the spiteful "wham" of the shells as they crumped down. He slept fitfully, off and on, unaware of the creeping cold. . . .

Dawn was coming once more when he came fully awake again. Dawn of the last day—the day before Christmas. A white Christmas for Company Q, he thought dully. Well, Q had earned it.

Then, dimly, he was aware that new voices were coming through the woods to the rear and a man was shaking him by the shoulder. A voice was saying, "What outfit's this? Who's in command, captain?"

The woods were filled with shadowy figures moving forward, Jepson saw, and his brain finally grasped the fact that help had come. He got to his feet, staggering a little.

"Company Q, sir," he said thickly, and saw the other staring at him—didn't care. "Capt. Saut Steele in command."

Then the other was saying, "Well, you've done a damned fine job here, son. Pull your outfit back; we'll take over."

So Company Q went back through the woods, taking Saut Steele with them. And Company Q marched proudly—what was left of it. Stubbled chins up and bloodshot eyes looking straight ahead and tired legs pistoning feet down into the snow. For Company Q had bought the right to march so and, in the days to come, it would be any man's accolade to say that he had fought with Company Q.

And, at the rear of the column, beside Capt. Saut Steele on his improvised litter, marched Capt. Monk Vidal with his face strangely lighted now. He, too, marched with a pride that no one would ever take from him again. As he marched, his voice lifted in a hoarse croak, "Hup, two, three, four—cadence count, and count some more. Hup, two, three ——"

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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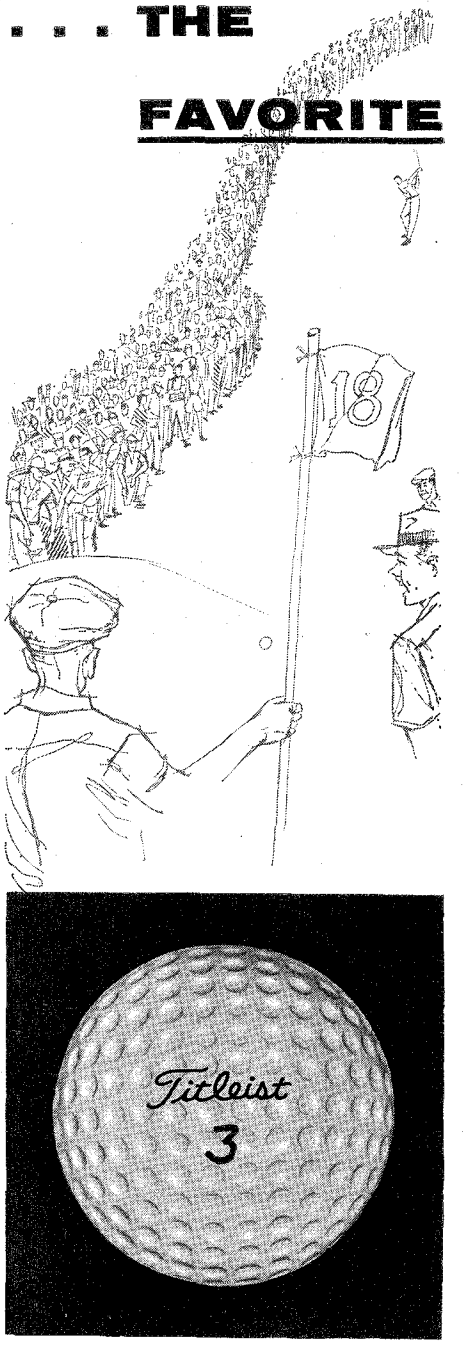

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The Doctor Who Sticks His Neck Out

(Continued from Page 45)

is one of high regard, though not necessarily warm," he said as president-elect. "It is possible we spend too much time telling each other what great humanitarians we are. . . . I think the least a doctor can do is to show some personal concern over his patient's ability to take care of his medical bill. . . . Not all of our criticism comes from crackpots."

In a speechmaking campaign that has carried him more than 100,000 miles by rail and air since June, 1954, and will take him about 75,000 miles more by the end of his term next June, Hess has stumped state, county and other medical meetings from coast to coast. The index to his tremendous popularity in the profession is that he goes only by invitation. Whenever the occasion requires, he gives press interviews and makes radio and television appearances, exuding the team spirit of "a real holler guy," as one sports lover observed.

Elmer Hess talks of many things. He pposes "Government interference in our job of taking care of the sick," but favors better, tax-supported mental hospitals and "hospital annexes" for the chronically ill. He is against airing Medicine's dirty linen in public, but tells doctors they should accept criticism with better grace. He is for throwing medical income-tax chiselers out of the profession.

From time to time he is called to say something about the "Hess Report," a sort of medical counterpart of the Yalta agreement that no one is clear on to this day. Actually a whole series of reports from 1948 to 1951, it is the pivotal point in a controversy between some doctors and some hospitals about who may ethically and legally collect fees for anesthetics, laboratory tests, X rays, and so on. Should the doctors collect or the hospitals?

The question—a matter of some indifference to the public, because neither side has said anything about lowering fees—has led to unpleasant squabbles and lawsuits. Most states have laws prohibiting a lay corporation, such as most hospitals are, from practicing medicine. Then A.M.A. says it is unethical for a doctor, working for a hospital on a salary or a percentage, to allow the institution to sell his services to the patient. In other words, he should collect his fees himself.

The various Hess reports, all couched in terms of sweet reason, were so frequently rewritten by the A.M.A. board of trustees or house delegates that The Modern Hospital found not long ago it required more than 10,000 words to explain what had happened. Recently, Hess explained that all his report ever said was that doctors and hospital administrators should sit down around the table and talk out their troubles, so they might work together in behalf of the public. "My hospital and I exploit each other, and we are both happy," he added.

Hess is quite an accomplished maker of headlines. He received nationwide attention on one thing he told some Southern physicians meeting in St. Louis. After exploding the false charge that the A.M.A. fosters a shortage of doctors to keep down competition, Hess—a normal Episcopalian—unexpectedly observed that a doctor cannot practice good medicine unless he believes in God. While one M.D. detractor was heard to grunt, Elmer Hess seems to have got religion rather late in life," this message was greeted elsewhere as achieving a new A.M.A. high for creating good will. In fact, some Hess fans began saying that the A.M.A. should have the good sense to make him permanent president.

This is impossible, of course. The position is primarily an honor reward for long, hard work for the organization from the grass roots up, plus a successful campaign to line up votes in the 196-man house of delegates, which elects. The president, who receives expenses, but no salary, carries out his duties in an atmosphere of felicitation for organization loyalty and personal self-sacrifice. Doctors who do not have this interest call it "medical politics," a curious state of medical affairs that resembles real-life politics in such matters as supporting those who support you, but lacks the regular party lines and clear-cut issues of a Republican-Democrat struggle for office. One of the stranger characteristics of medical politics is that you try not to say anything for the record that will hurt your opponent, also a reputable physician, presumably.

In Hess' case, he had two rivals. They were Dr. Edwin S. Hamilton, an A.M.A. trustee from Kankakee, Illinois, and Dr. Harvey B. Stone, a distinguished Baltimore surgeon and teacher.

A review of the Hess campaign illuminates the way a doctor gets to be president of the A.M.A. Few of the 156,000 state and county medical-society members aspire to the position, of course.

●

These days a lot of young men supplement their income by getting married.

DAN BENNETT

●

When they do, even fewer would openly announce themselves as candidates, though some have. It is better to be asked. The aspiration is often unmistakable, however; a familiar remark of one doctor about another is, "Oh, he wants to be president of the A.M.A."

Hess himself did not run for the office. When sounded out in previous years, he told Pennsylvania doctor friends that he had no ambitions to be A.M.A. president. A delegation headed by Dr. James Z. Appel, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, asked him again, nearly a year before his 1954 election. Their point was that Pennsylvania should have more influence in A.M.A. affairs and they thought they could win with him. Hess was a long-time national delegate, chairman of A.M.A.'s voluntary-health-insurance council and well known in the profession.

His specialty was no handicap either. Urologists are a rough-and-ready, rather appealing breed of doctors. They are sometimes thought of as doctors for men only. Actually, these specialists in diseases of the urinary and male sex organs treat kidney and bladder ailments in women too. Because it is impolite to mention some of the functions that concern them, the 2000 or more of them in this country receive little or no publicity for their triumphs. Not that this disturbs them. Like Hess, they find other outlets and go their robust way, divining strange affections from urine flasks, like medieval uroscopists, but with better sense and modern plumbing. Indeed, they laughingly refer to themselves as medicine's plumbers.

Hess gave Doctor Appel, who became his campaign manager, permission to put his name up or withdraw it. Putting out feelers, the Hess camp learned that Doctor Hamilton also was a candidate. Hess offered to withdraw, but was advised not to do so. In February, 1954, Appel wrote every member of the house of delegates, announcing Hess' candidacy. Back came a wave of enthusiastic letters.

Going to the A.M.A.'s 1954 meeting in San Francisco, Hess looked like a shoo-in to the eleven Pennsylvania delegates. Then Appel learned that a third candidate, Doctor Stone, would be nominated. He went to the latter's campaign manager and tried to talk him into withdrawing his candidate.

But the best Appel could get was an offer that if either Hess or Stone was eliminated on the first ballot, the loser's support would be thrown to the survivor against Hamilton. Appel refused the deal, and on the eve of the election was able to count a bare majority for his man. Later, however, he revealed that he was as surprised as anyone else to win on the first ballot. The count was Hess, 96; Hamilton, 58, and Stone, 29.

Hess is the A.M.A.'s 109th president. A review shows that the typical one is an elder statesman (about sixty years old), a specialist in surgery (60 per cent of the time), sometimes a great practitioner, but not so often a great medical scientist, and almost invariably an active organization man. The usual route is by way of county and state society presidencies and, most commonly, board-of-trustee membership. Though he is regularly a specialist—general practitioners have been elected only nine times—the likely candidate is apt not to identify himself with a specialty group so much as with medicine as a whole. In most of these points, Elmer Hess fits the pattern.

As a realist, Hess makes no bones about doctors' having selfish as well as humanitarian motives. Questions of fees, he agrees, are the main source of public grievances against doctors. Then he throws a curve: "Fees are not important. Maybe you think that's a funny thing to say?" He means it. It's all a matter of where you put the emphasis. Sometime early in his forty-odd years of practice in Erie, Hess made an astonishing—to some—discovery: The essence of self-interest is to behave in an unselfish manner.

For example, it is the policy of the Hess Urological Clinic at St. Vincent's Hospital in Erie to "let patients set their own fee." It is done in this way: "When it's time for the patient to get his bill," Hess says, "we tell him what we think the fee should be for a person in his circumstances and tell him to come as close to it as possible without mortgaging the house or borrowing money. The vast majority try to pay more than they can afford. We have found that people are honest if they get good service. We never put a price on admission to our clinic. We don't give a damn whether people have money or not. We never sue. We never argue. We don't split fees. We just take care of sick folks."

Hess admits the doctor gets stung occasionally. He customarily tells wealthy patients to make out their check for whatever they think the operation is worth. These sums, he admits without apology, in a few instances fall in the range of $1000 to $10,000. Hess expected it would be about $5000 in the case of one millionaire. But the patient took advantage of this write-your-own-ticket approach and gave him a check for $550, explaining that the fifty dollars was the 10 per cent tip he paid all his servants.

Hess accepted the fee without protest, aware that there are other compensations. There were, at least, in the story behind the highest fee he ever received. One wealthy man whose prostate gland Hess removed gave him such a poor-mouth act that the doctor accepted $300. Some years later Hess removed the kidney of a

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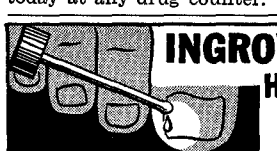

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woman whose husband deliberately avoided him when the doctor wished to discuss the fee with him. The patient said her husband had instructed her to pay anything the doctor asked.

"Did I ever operate on your husband?" asked Hess.

"Yes," she said, "and he's ashamed to face you again."

Now the doctor remembered that $300 bargain operation and realized her husband was the patient. "All right," he said, "you tell him to send me whatever he thinks your operation is worth, remembering how he treated me on his." Hess will only say that the check was "in the high five figures."

Some doctors avoid all discussions of their fees and income with patients or anyone else. But not Elmer Hess. He sees nothing wrong in a doctor's being paid well for serving people well. That the Hess Clinic does the latter I was able to establish by talking to Sister Anna Marie, St. Vincent's Hospital administrator. Even in these prosperous times, when many people have surgical insurance or can pay $200 or $300 out of savings, the records show that 12 per cent of the hospital's annual load of 2000 urological patients receive no bill for surgery or other treatment.

"I've always been a money-maker," says Hess candidly. "I was a millionaire on paper before the 1929 crash." Some years ago, when he himself was doing 500 to 600 major operations a year, his income ran as high as $100,000 a year. After World War II, however, Hess took Drs. Russell B. Roth and Anthony F. Kaminsky into a partnership based on a 34-33-33 per cent split, and now settles for a "very comfortable" income. It probably falls around $35,000 to $40,000 a year.

The Hess Clinic operating schedule reveals what an A.M.A. high official must sacrifice to do a job for his organization. Of 231 major operations, Hess had done eleven in the first half of 1955. In 1954, he was home only forty-two days.

When in town, Hess makes his headquarters at the hospital, where he is chief of staff as well as head of his clinic. He has rented a plain-looking office suite in the Commerce Building downtown since 1913, but goes there only for a short time in the afternoon to open and answer his mail, often in longhand, and talk on the telephone—long distance mainly. At the other end may be anyone from President Eisenhower's physician to Edward A. Uzemack, assigned from the A.M.A. public-relations staff in Chicago to handle Hess' travel engagements.

A late worker rather than an early riser, in contrast to some surgeons, Hess arrives at the clinic about 8:30 o'clock in the morning and begins operating around 9:00. If the patient load demands it, he may work continuously until midafternoon. But with two qualified associates and three resident urologists-in-training, he usually makes it to lunch at the Erie Club. There he eats at a big round table with fifteen or twenty of the city's leading citizens. Only rarely is he stuck for the total check, it being standard practice to roll dice for it.

At the clinic—a third-floor wing of this old, 305-bed hospital—Hess changes from street clothes to a green cotton, pullover shirt, matching pants and a pair of dirty tennis shoes with no laces in them. The dressing room, incidentally, contains a pool table, where the chief may startle young house doctors by calling his shots and running the table. Then, with gruff good cheer, he roars about, examining patients, doing operations and making ward rounds.

If he cannot get the attention of Sister Anna Marie as she rustles down the hall, Hess may whistle at her. "We put up signs saying, 'Quiet,' and 'Silence,' and he does things like that," she apologizes for him. On the other hand, she knows he is the kind of doctor who, before retiring at night, likes to make rounds and see how his patients are doing.

Patient-wise, the urologist's domain extends from the two kidneys under the short ribs in the small of the back down through the two ureters, or tubes, leading to the bladder and into the urethra, or canal, forming the outlet, and thence takes in the male sex organs. The great amount of plastic surgery Hess has done to correct various congenital malformations in the latter has won him the local press designation of "sex surgeon." Those who find his specialty distasteful Hess reproves: "To work on the genitalia is just as important as the heart or lungs."

Periodically, Hess reappears in a corner room of the clinic—a room that seems to have some of the functions of an Air Force ready room and Grand Central Station. In use, it is a combination of X-ray viewing room, office, lounge and snack bar. Here, patients and their relatives, nurses, technicians, staff doctors, drug salesmen, medical politicians and visiting dignitaries drop down to wait for a talk with Elmer Hess. The room features a well-worn look, some lumpy easy chairs, a big, battered davenport and many doctor photographs on the walls—including one autographed by Hess' teacher, Dr. Hugh Young, American pioneer of modern urology. On a table in one corner is an old coffee urn, flanked by a sugar box and other accessories of a cup of hot coffee.

As might be surmised from his remarks about professional jealousy, Hess is particularly critical of older doctors who block young ones and make it difficult for them to get work. When he was getting started, Hess says, he ran into this sort of thing himself from a successful, domineering surgeon. Young general practitioners scrambling to build a practice in Erie regard Hess as their champion in such matters as hospital staff privileges.

As it turns out, Old Elmer not only offers hope for young doctors but also for juvenile delinquents. He was born in Millville, New Jersey. His father, a ship captain, whom he never knew, and his mother, a sensitive, artistic person, were divorced when he was a baby. His guardian, a Baptist minister, sent him to the Peddie preparatory school, in Hightstown, New Jersey, after he flunked out of high school in Millville. At Peddie, Hess specialized in mischief.

He was expelled in his junior year upon admitting he had engineered a cow onto the dormitory roof. The headmaster, also a Baptist minister, restored young Elmer to grace, but warned him that just one demerit in his senior year would cost him his chance to graduate. Fortunately, therefore, the identity of the individual who put the stink bomb in the chapel, and where it was hidden, remained a mystery until he had safely collected his diploma and headed for the train. On the way, he ran into the headmaster, who asked him to say now, without fear of reprisal, just where the odor was coming from. "Look under the pulpit," said our hero. All this the headmaster recalled many years later when he came to the urologist in Erie as a patient. The aging gentleman had cancer of the prostate. He asked for the truth. Hess told him he could operate and relieve, but not cure, him. This proved the case.

Hess' principal asset at Peddie was all-round sports ability. In fact, he remained in top shape until his fifties, playing to win against young doctors whom he trained not only in urology but golf, tennis, handball, squash, bowling and, of course, straight pool. Entering the University of Pennsylvania, he planned to become a coach until, meeting Philadelphia doctors socially and noting their poise, he decided it would be nice to be a coach with an M.D. He graduated from Pennsylvania's medical school in 1911, and quickly took a wife, Edna Africa, vivacious daughter of a Cumberland, Maryland, railroad official.

Still attracted by athletics and needing the job, he became resident physician of the Indian school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, now defunct, but then in its football heyday with Glenn (Pop) Warner as coach and Jim Thorpe as its great all-round star. The doctor always has marveled at Thorpe's versatility—and the way he could sit on the Hess kitchen floor and squirt watermelon seeds into the sink.

A man whose injured son he had treated told Hess that a General Electric Company building program was about to make a boom city of Erie. He entered private practice there in 1912, making $800 his first year. During World War I, he served with distinction at the Meuse-Argonne battle and Château-Thierry, as a medical officer in the 2nd Division. Returning to Erie, and before starting his urology training in Baltimore, Hess ran for mayor on the Republican ticket. While he took a trouncing from the Democratic machine, it did a young doctor fresh from service and re-establishing himself in practice no harm to have his name before the public. Hess since has given Erie no chance to forget him.

Wisely waiting thenceforth until he was sought after, he became president of so many organizations that, when it we once proposed that Erie doctors form a medical veterans' organization, an opponent successfully argued that surely they didn't "want to create something else for Elmer Hess to be president of." As it is, he became first commander of Erie's first American Legion post and president of the Erie Boys Club, Erie Rotary Club, Hess Urological Foundation, Erie County Medical Society, Medical Society of the State of Pennsylvania, American Urological Association and now the A.M.A. "He could be president of the United States if he wanted," comments Mrs. Hess.

Two daughters have grown up, married and moved away from the Hess home on Highview Boulevard, a $125,000 mansion of the Southern Mediterranean villa type. The daughters' names reflect life with the Hesses. The elder is Remle—Elmer spelled backward. Mrs. Hess named the second Hope Noel while he was overseas in 1918 because, she explains, there seemed to be no hope of seeing El—as she calls him—by Christmas. The little girl soon was nicknamed Linkty, for no special reason. The huge mongrel dog that stalks about the well landscaped Hess lawn is Ug; this proves to be G.U., or genitourinary, spelled backwards.

Many important people—archbishops, corporation presidents, generals and eminent surgeons—have dined at the Hess house, saved from foreclosure after 192 only because a banker friend refused to call in the mortgage. Among the living room's appointments is a twenty-five-by twenty-foot black rug decorated with a rampant, golden, five-clawed, Imperial Chinese dragon. Made to order, the rug represented a year's work for six North China artisans. On the walls of the conservatory, incidentally, are some technically exquisite pen-and-ink drawings of birds and flowers—signed "Elmer Hess."

Unabashedly, Hess appraises himself as "equally at home in ballroom or bar." He demonstrated the latter in a Chicago bar one time when he and some other doctors were having a nightcap following a medical meeting. As some persons will a drunk decided he did not like Doctor Hess and said he was going to punch him in the nose. He did start the punch. The only thing witnesses could confirm was that in the next instant the drunk was on the floor, howling with pain. He had, it seemed, encountered a man who knew judo and long ago had learned how to play to win. You can't be a successful holler guy and just talk a good game.

THE END

"I accept your invitation."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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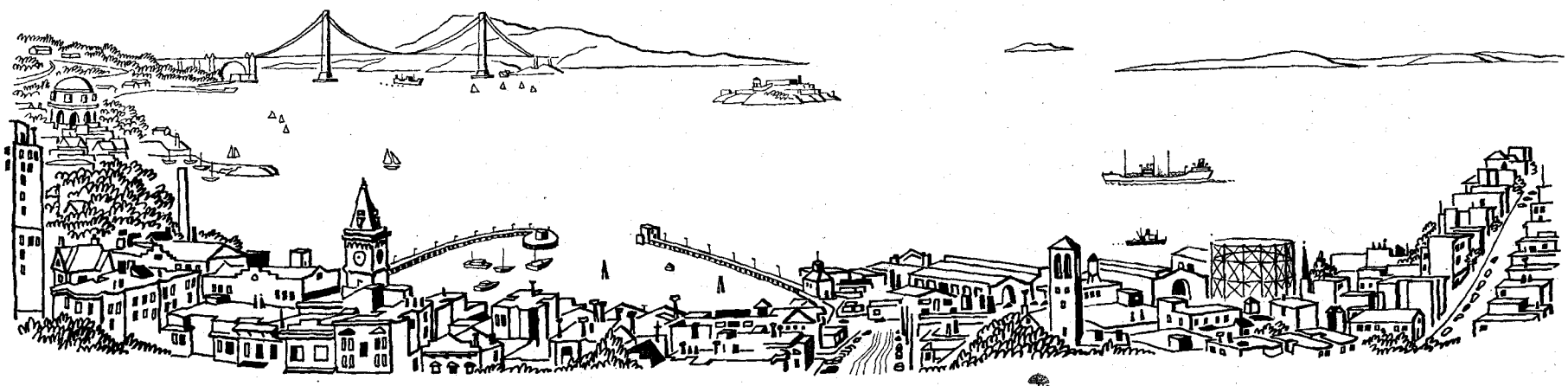

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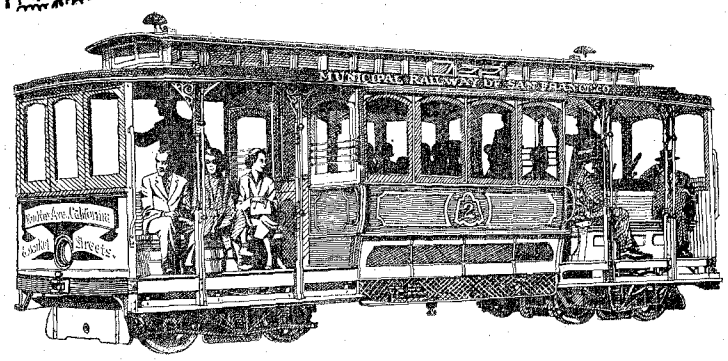

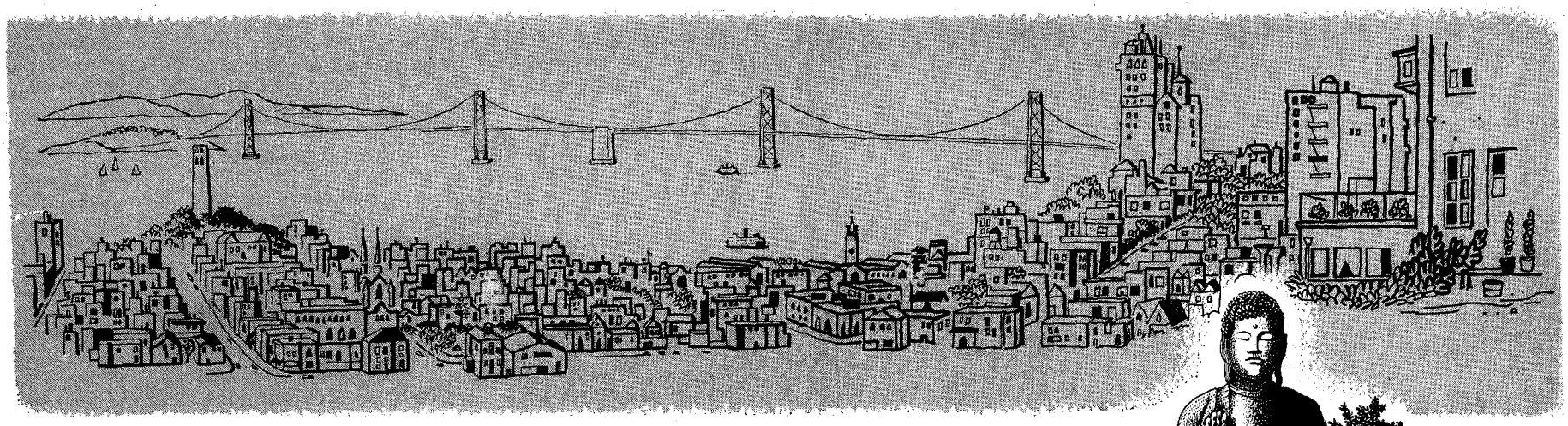

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Boss of the Birdmen

(Continued from Page 36)

of nationally known names—ex-governors, lawyers, businessmen and engineers. He rejected them when it occurred to him that he had the best man for the Air Force job right under his nose.

"Don Quarles is my kind of guy," Wilson explained recently. Like Wilson, Quarles began his career as an electrical engineer, and Wilson had noted that Quarles has "an engineer's respect for truth and facts." Among other things, Wilson also had been deeply impressed with Quarles' skill in handling news correspondents' questions in the highly technical and secret field of military research and development.

For twenty years Quarles has been intimately acquainted with the invention of the most advanced weaponry and electronic systems. He had been a key research official, and later, vice-president, of Bell Telephone Laboratories, which has become in effect an experimental branch of the Defense Department; and in 1952–53 he was president of the Sandia Corporation, the Western Electric subsidiary which develops and manufactures atomic- and hydrogen-bomb ordnance for the Atomic Energy Commission. Somehow he also had found time to acquire bedrock political experience.

All this background makes Quarles a supermodern managerial type, with extra dimensions. This is fortunate, for running the Air Force is now the biggest operating job in the world. The $16,000,000,000 the Air Force is spending this fiscal year is roughly equal to the spending level of the Army and Navy combined. Its $60,000,000,000 in assets dwarfs the world's largest manufacturing company, General Motors, whose assets amount to a mere $5,300,000,000. Furthermore, the Air Force labors under the tension of keeping itself in a constant state of readiness for instant retaliation against an aggressor.

The new boss of this swashbuckling colossus is known as the least pretentious official in Washington. Physically, he is not overpowering. Quarles is a slender, slightly round-shouldered man with blue eyes, graying hair and a leathery face. But the adjectives "frail" and "wispy" that have sometimes been applied to his five feet, eight inches and 140 pounds are inaccurate. Now sixty-one years old, he looks somewhat gaunt, but he has the wiry toughness of a tennis player and cross-country runner, two sports in which he once excelled.

Quarles is not a polished public speaker, but he creates an impression of such wholesome integrity and such intimacy with his subject that he has little trouble holding his audiences. His mind is as orderly as a multiplication table and he chooses his words with almost mathematical exactness. Two months after he was in office, he made a favorable impression in Washington when he addressed the Aviation Writers Association on the role of the Air Force vis-à-vis the Administration's disarmament philosophy. James Reston, Washington bureau chief of The New York Times, wrote that Quarles was "emerging as one of the clearest spokesmen of United States policy."

By this time, Quarles also was getting telephone calls from air-minded senators, and his political education was standing him in good stead. It was an elementary education, begun when he was councilman, council president and later mayor of Englewood, New Jersey, and chairman of the Bergen County, New Jersey, Sewer Authority—a job in which he was obliged to master politics at its basic level.

Perhaps the best proof that Quarles is no ivory-tower scientist is the fact that he helped elect a Republican to Congress in Florida. In the 1954 congressional campaign, when high officials in the Eisenhower Administration were expected to come to the aid of their party, Quarles agreed to do his bit in the first Florida district, where young William Cramer was making a mighty effort for the G.O.P.

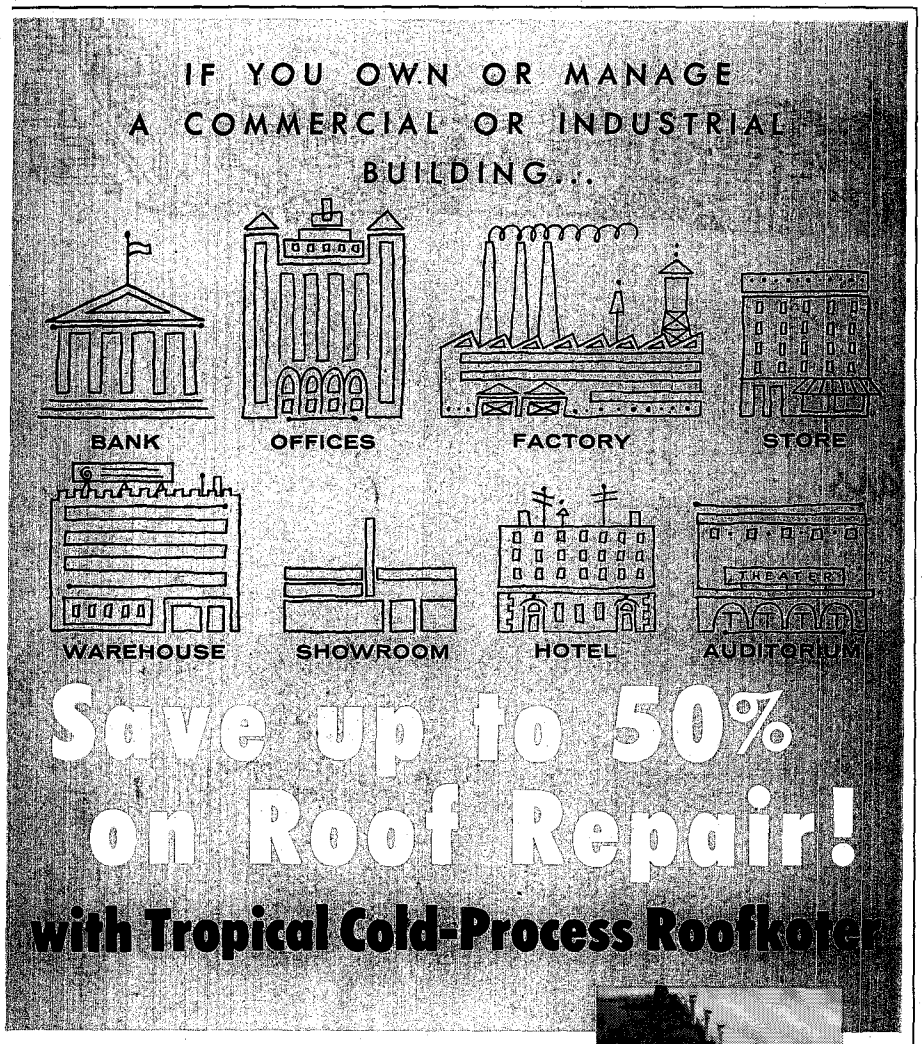
Satisfied that Cramer would make a "first-class congressman," Quarles pitched into the campaign with his customary energy. In two busy days he made six major speeches and many minor ones. He also stood on street corners with Cramer to shake hands with the populace and tell what he knew about the Eisenhower Administration and why he was sold on it.

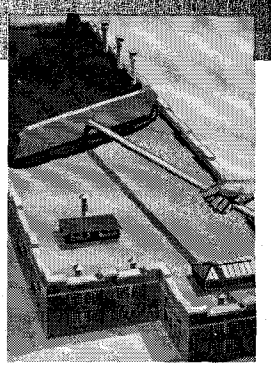
"This is an atomic age," said the Defense Department's atomic expert, "and we need atomic candidates. I think Bill Cramer is an atomic candidate." Cramer's election made him the first Republican congressman from Florida since 1875. He is convinced that Quarles' jet-propelled campaigning had a great influence in his close race.

Besides his immense knowledge of razzle-dazzle technology, Quarles has a photographic mind coupled with analytical ability. Air Force officers have found that this man is soft-spoken but nonetheless dynamic. They have learned to be carefully prepared when they go before him with plans, statistics or recommendations.

His no-nonsense decisiveness was illustrated in his first week on the job. He was confronted with the security case of an airman in the Reserve who stood accused of associating with his father—who allegedly once had been a communist. Quarles reviewed the case and promptly cleared the airman, rather than let the case go to an appeals board. It was the first of the so-called "guilt-by-kinship" cases to be summarily disposed of by one of the three service heads, and Quarles was editorially applauded.

Subordinates have sometimes complained that once Quarles' mind is made





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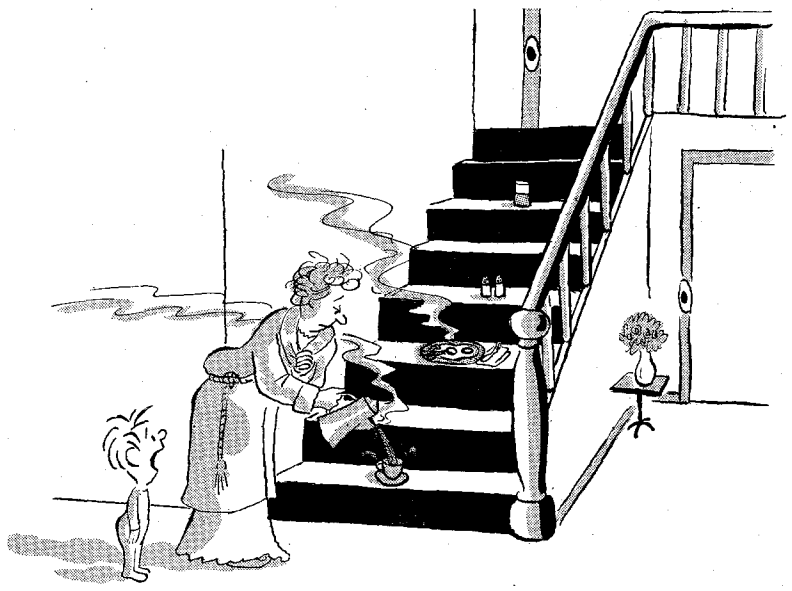

DRAWN BY JERRY MARCUS THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Dad late again?"

up, it is impossible to change it. In his official relations, he is as impersonal as n electronic robot, yet he always displays airness, frankness and good manners.

"It takes training to know when he's mad at you," says one former associate, "and you have to be real sharp to know when he's bawling you out."

Although he never raises his voice, Quarles, when irritated, may toss a pencil on his desk in disgust, throw a cold glance or simply pause and say meaningfully, "I heard you." Then it's time to get out and leave him alone.

An executive who has known Quarles for thirty years says, "I don't know anyone who is so forceful who is so quiet." His talent for courteous persuasion was once described by a colleague as "sweet reasonableness." Instead of bulling his ideas through, he brings people around by giving them second thoughts. One Pentagon associate points out that Quarles will give from twenty-five to forty-five minutes of his time to a person actually worth only five minutes. But Quarles believes this pays off.

"What is important is the willingness to listen to others," he explained recently. "Not just as a technique but because that is really the way to find out what the question is and develop wisdom about it. I believe one of the main things people want is the chance to be heard and understood. Once that is done, you are dealing with the problem objectively rather than worrying about personalities, and it is not hard to bring people's points of view together."

While heading the Sandia Corporation at the atomic center in New Mexico, Quarles once set out to change the minds of a battery of Atomic Energy officials on an important matter of procedure. After two days of discussion, in which everyone lost his temper but Quarles, his viewpoint was adopted.

Quarles answers all his mail personally, sometimes writing warm and chatty letters in longhand to strangers. When a columnist for a weekly newspaper in Arkansas wrote Quarles for some biographical information, the then assistant Defense Secretary replied that "it certainly is flattering to have you propose to write a column about me." He then gave the columnist more personal data than he had ever divulged to the Defense Department public-relations staff.

Heading up Research and Development, Quarles even took the trouble to reply to would-be inventors who sought to interest him in Buck Rogers ideas. Sometimes unusual tact was required, as in the case of the man who insisted he could fly like a bird. Quarles discovered that the quickest way to sidetrack these crackpots was to ask for an immediate demonstration. But he had a habit of leaving his door open, and some of them managed to lug their weird contraptions into his office.

"One fellow," he recalls, "brought a machine into my office, a ray device—supposedly a kind of divining rod for minerals. He claimed that if you pointed it toward any kind of mineral you could feel the mineral in your hands. The trouble was, he said he couldn't explain to me how I could feel the nickel, or uranium, or whatever he was pointing at."

Since Quarles' head is stuffed with the most confidential sort of classified information, people at cocktail parties often try to get him to drop hints from his world of secrets. He has developed a pleasant technique for dealing with such situations.

"Most of the people who ask such questions are not well versed in the subject," he explains, "so you can safely tell the lady some elementary facts you know the Russians already understand, but she doesn't."

A naturally taciturn person, Quarles possesses a reserve which is sometimes mistaken for shyness. One former neighbor, a gabby female who remembers Quarles at parties in Englewood, recalls him as "the kind of a person who's always standing behind you." But Quarles enjoys himself with people and on occasion has even outlasted his wife, Nona, at official Washington functions. In the informal atmosphere of Albuquerque, New Mexico, a few years ago, Quarles loosened up so far as to sit on the floor and accompany folk singers on his guitar.

Basically, however, Quarles is an undemonstrative person. Only within his family circle does he betray sentiment. Thus it was a milestone when, after being sworn in as Air Secretary, Quarles kissed his wife repeatedly for the benefit of scrambling news photographers, causing giggles among the invited guests.

"He hasn't done anything like that in years," Mrs. Quarles said with a laugh. "I think they should have these ceremonies more often."

Subsequently, during a televised press conference, Quarles was asked whether, in view of his wife's remarks, he was "carrying on a continual campaign along these lines."

"I'm afraid that's classified information," Quarles said.

Among his friends, Quarles has a reputation for dry humor. When he was asked by a reporter last summer what kind of a golf game he played, he answered that "there are those higher in Government who play better."

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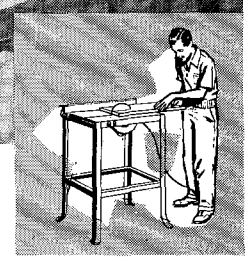

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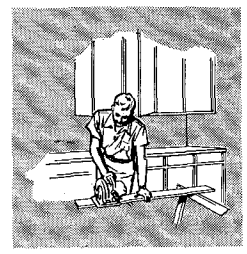

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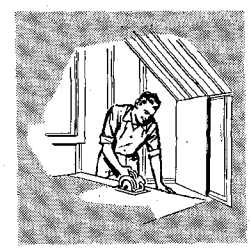

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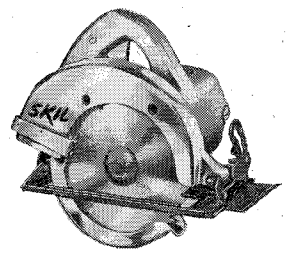

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Another time, talking about the importance of mapping in planning the trajectory of guided missiles, Quarles drew a laugh from Pentagon correspondents when he said that a pertinent question was "how accurately we know the distance from Washington to Moscow—just to take two places without any particular significance."

Quarles is an original do-it-yourself man. He starts each day at six A.M. by cooking his breakfast of prunes and oatmeal in his own way. Obviously, he is no epicurean. His favorite drink is hot water, he abstains from coffee and tea, and he has almost entirely forsworn liquor—"for reasons other than moral." He has always shined his own shoes, and he shines his grandchildren's shoes every chance he gets. Before he began working twelve to fifteen hours a day in Government, he used to do all his own maintenance work around the house, doubling as painter, plumber and electrician.

Back in Englewood, he once rewired the living room of his next-door neighbor, Dean Frank McCloskey, of New York University, thus permitting McCloskey the fun of boasting that he had been rewired by the vice-president of Bell Laboratories. More recently, in Washington, he sweated all one Sunday afternoon in the basement repairing the washing machine of a Defense Department official, while other guests relaxed at the party upstairs.

Quarles is descended from English settlers who migrated west from Virginia and South Carolina. His paternal grandfather, who owned a plantation near College Hill in Mississippi, was captured by Union soldiers during the Civil War and died in a Federal prison hospital.

Robert Warren Quarles, the Air Force Secretary's father, was twelve years old when war came to the South—and to the Quarles plantation. When Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman's troops took over in Northern Mississippi in 1863, Sherman made the plantation his headquarters. Donald Quarles recalls that after his father moved to Van Buren, Arkansas, then a typical Southern-planter town, and established himself as a dentist, "he refused to fight the Civil War all over again. He believed in Mr. Lincoln's desire to pull all sections of the country together again, and he was all for doing everything possible to bring the South back into the Union. This was remarkable, because his own life had been hurt badly by the war."

Robert Quarles married a Northern girl, a Miss Minnie Hynes, whose father owned a newspaper in Watertown, New York; she had come to Van Buren to visit an uncle. Donald was born in Van Buren on July 30, 1894. He had one brother and two sisters.

Mrs. Quarles had a strong spiritual influence on her children. She and her husband were devout and active members of the local Episcopal Church. Quarles' father lived to be eighty-two years old and his hair was just beginning to turn gray when he died. He had practiced dentistry in Van Buren for fifty years and was favorably known as a civic leader and for his skill with his hands, particularly in wood carving. He taught his sons to be self-sufficient, and encouraged in them an interest in the liberal arts.

Quarles dates his interest in studies from a convalescent period after a bad bout with typhoid when he was twelve years old. He became fascinated with mathematical problems and began to read up on the physical sciences. In fact, he got such a big jump on his school courses that summer that he graduated from high school when he was fifteen years old. The following autumn he went back to the same school and taught mathematics. Most of his students were older than he was. One of them, a good friend of his, was the late Bob Burns. Quarles recalls him as a "very talented boy," but not as one of his star pupils. But if Burns could not master the Quarles equations, he later astonished his former teacher by the fame he gained as a bazooka-tooting entertainer on the radio.

During his teaching career Quarles took summer courses at the University of Missouri, and tutored other students for ten cents an hour. He enrolled full-time at Yale University when he discovered that he could earn two dollars an hour tutoring there. In fact, Quarles tutored his way through Yale. He made the Sigma Xi honorary scientific society and Phi Beta Kappa—two keys he has refrained from dangling on his vest—and was graduated a bachelor of arts in 1916.

"Coming! Coming!"
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The following year Quarles entered officers' training camp. Upon being commissioned, he was sent to France to study French artillery methods at the Fontainebleau school. He saw some action during two months at the front with the famous Rainbow Division, but then was brought back to help start the first American field-artillery school in Gondrecourt. Promoted to captain after the Armistice, he did occupation duty with the 1st Division near Coblenz, Germany.

Back in New York in 1919, Quarles landed a thirty-nine-dollar-a-week job with the Western Electric Engineering Division, which in 1925 was to become Bell Telephone Laboratories. To steep himself in mathematics and physics, he studied nights for four years at Columbia University. In the laboratories, he was placed in charge of larger and larger groups of researchers.

During the '20's, Quarles worked on experiments in transmission engineering, which dealt with the theory of signal transmission and became the "mother art" for radio and television. While heading Bell's Outside Plant Development Division from 1929 to 1940, he was in charge of the development of the coaxial cable for multichannel telephony, which later paved the way for national-network television. He also directed researchers who made major contributions to automatic long-distance telephone dialing.

During World War II, Quarles' talents were devoted to the new military electronics systems. After the war Quarles served as chairman of the electronics committee of the Government's Joint Research and Development Board. He is perhaps the best-informed man in the country today on the development of military electronics in communications, fire control, missile guidance and navigation.

All this time Quarles had been equally active as a father and citizen. In 1921 he had married Miss Carolyn Whittemore, a Smith College graduate. They had two daughters and a son. In 1937, after several years of separation, they were divorced. In 1939 Quarles married his present wife, the former Rosina Cotton, a New York insurance-agency executive who originally was from Lakeland, Florida.

In Englewood, across the Hudson River from New York, Quarles found himself involved in civic affairs. After serving on the local board of adjusters, as chairman of the planning board and as councilman, he was elected president of the council for 1944–45 and mayor for 1945–47. As mayor, drawing $100 a year, he had to spend nights and all his weekends running the police and fire departments and handling complaints from Englewood's 18,000 population.

He was a startlingly conscientious mayor. Once, during a heavy snowstorm, a widow telephoned Quarles at midnight that she had to have her driveway cleared in the morning so she could take a sick relative to the hospital. At dawn, the woman saw the city snowplow moving into the driveway, with Mayor Quarles sitting next to the driver and giving directions.

Quarles' administration was known for its efficiency, its planning for the future, and its nonpartisan character. He had become a registered Republican "because my kind of Democrats in Arkansas were Republicans in New Jersey," but he did not hesitate to appoint qualified Democrats to jobs.

Quarles declined to run for re-election as mayor, but he already had been drafted for the unenviable job of chairman of the newly created North Bergen County Sewer Authority. The problem was to build a $1,300,000 sewage trunk line and disposal plant to protect the Hackensack River. It was up to Quarles to persuade ten towns besides Englewood to act collectively and put up the necessary funds. It took two years of persistent, face-to-face salesmanship. But he learned something from the experience: all the resistance to the project resulted from local political situations. He also learned some financial lessons in the course of issuing bonds and letting contracts to get the big plant constructed.

In 1949, when Quarles was made vice-president of Bell Laboratories, his responsibility included liaison with the Sandia Corporation, which is under contract to the Atomic Energy Commission to design and develop the nuclear weapons for it tests. When Sandia ran into some trouble with the military personnel conducting the tests, Quarles was made president of Sandia and sent to New Mexico to straighten things out. It was the biggest administrative and technological job he had yet tackled, but he was eminently suited to the task. By this time, he had dealt with hundreds of scientists and engineers, and thousands of supplier groups. He was then president of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers and he had had a wide acquaintance with military leaders.

In August, 1953, Quarles was called to Washington with the expectation of being named general manager of the Atomic Energy Commission. It turned out that Defense Secretary Wilson also had had his eye on Quarles for the new post of Assistant Secretary of Defense for Research and Development. An unseemly tug of war was averted when Wilson and Rear Admiral Lewis Strauss, chairman of the AEC, agreed to let Quarles decide. Quarles took the Defense job, though he regretted leaving the atomic field.

As Assistant Defense Secretary, he was in charge of a $2,000,000,000-a-year program of weapons development, including projects relating to chemical and biological warfare as well as rockets and guided missiles. He also had a hand in the Government's plan, announced in 1955, to release an earth-circling satellite. And he was permitted to labor in comparative obscurity. As one Defense official put it, "He works in things nobody understands anyway, so we might as well leave him alone."

When he went into the Defense Department, Quarles had given up a $40,000-a-year salary for less than half of that. He once remarked that "if I can do anything in Government to help make the world safe for my grandchildren, it's worth it."

But how has Quarles' low-key personality affected the flamboyant "fly boys" under him?

"Well," he mused not long ago, "Air Force officers are not quite like scientists, but we all behave like human beings. It is a young organization, built by aggressive people. In fact, their aggressiveness is one of the strong points of the organization. I always thought the Air Force had a fine gang of people, but now I've also developed a great loyalty toward it. I suspect that before many more months I will get to looking more and more like a fellow who follows the Air Force party line. This is subconscious, really. You don't mean to do it. It just comes naturally."

THE END

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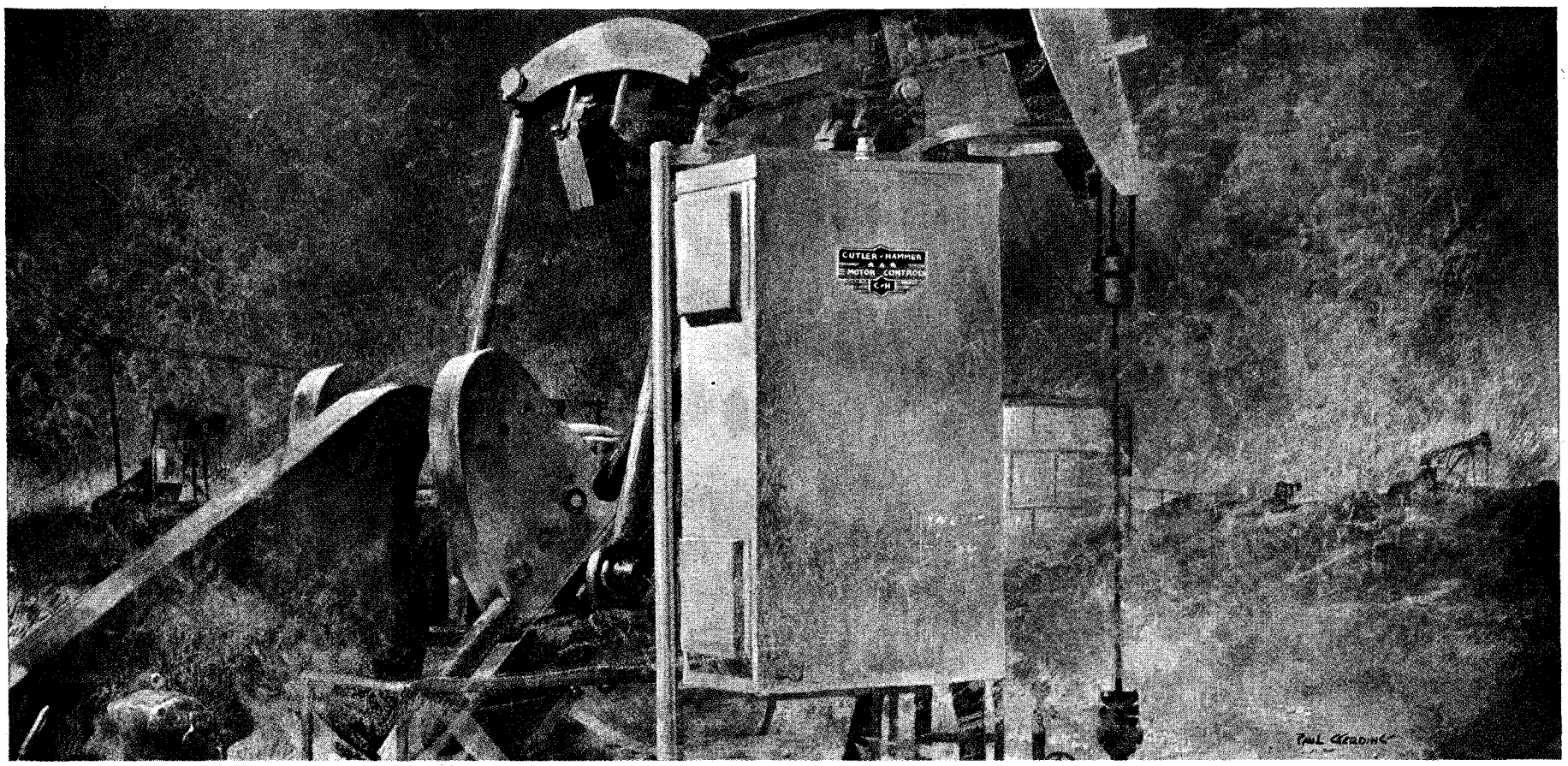
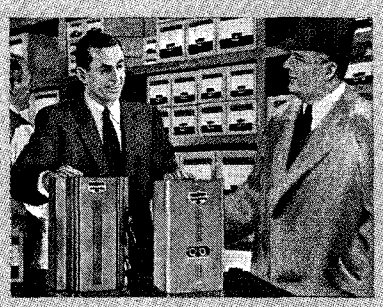


If automation means completely automatic operation, oil well pumping has it today. With a remarkable new Cutler-Hammer Three-Star Motor Control unit, oil wells can now be pumped on a pre-set schedule to meet any field allowable . . . completely unattended *indefinitely* as far as the programming or the electrical equipment is concerned. When a power outage occurs, any number of pumps restart in a fixed sequence to prevent overloading the power lines. The control is protected against lightning and the motors are protected against single-phasing which often results from lightning. Blistering heat, ice, bugs or dust hold no terrors for this control designed to thwart them.

The heart of this new control is the Cutler-Hammer Supertimer. It does two things. First, it provides the means for setting the desired pumping schedule (hours per day and days per week). Second, it provides 73 accurately *controlled* restarting intervals (restarting time delays from zero seconds to as much as three minutes) to provide *definite* sequence starting of any number of pumps after any power interruption. Nothing is left to chance; unfortunate coincidental restarting of even two pumps is *impossible*. In addition, a small switch on the panel permits instant conversion from automatic to manual restarting whenever it might be desired. This control has *everything*, particularly the engineered dependability so vital in any automation.

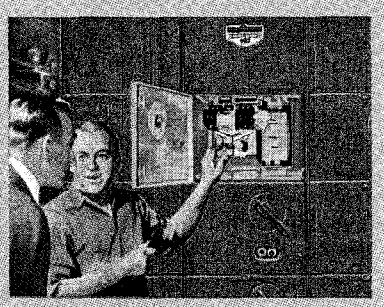
Engineers know this is the way Cutler-Hammer designs and builds motor control. It is evident throughout the new complete line of Cutler-Hammer Three-Star Motor Control. If you are a user of industrial electric motors, it deserves your *immediate* investigation. Its easier installation often affords almost unbelievable savings. Its better performance will save much costly trouble. Its amazingly longer life pyramids its economies. Try it. Compare it. Prove it. Your nearby Cutler-Hammer Authorized Distributor is stocked and ready to serve you. Order from him *now*. CUTLER-HAMMER, Inc., 1259 St. Paul Avenue, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin. *Associate*: Canadian Cutler-Hammer, Ltd., Toronto.

Cutler-Hammer Three-Star Motor Control is available in every needed form



Cutler-Hammer Authorized Distributors carry stocks of Three-Star Motor Control in sizes and types of enclosures to meet all the usual industrial needs.

Leading machinery builders equip their machines with Cutler-Hammer Three-Star Motor Control as standard original equipment, often as components on panels.



The new Cutler-Hammer Three-Star Unitrol provides for the quickest installation or rearrangement of the finest in control equipment, C-H Three-Star Motor Control.

☆ *installs easier*

☆ *works better*

☆ *lasts longer*

CUTLER-HAMMER
★ ★ ★
MOTOR CONTROL
C-H

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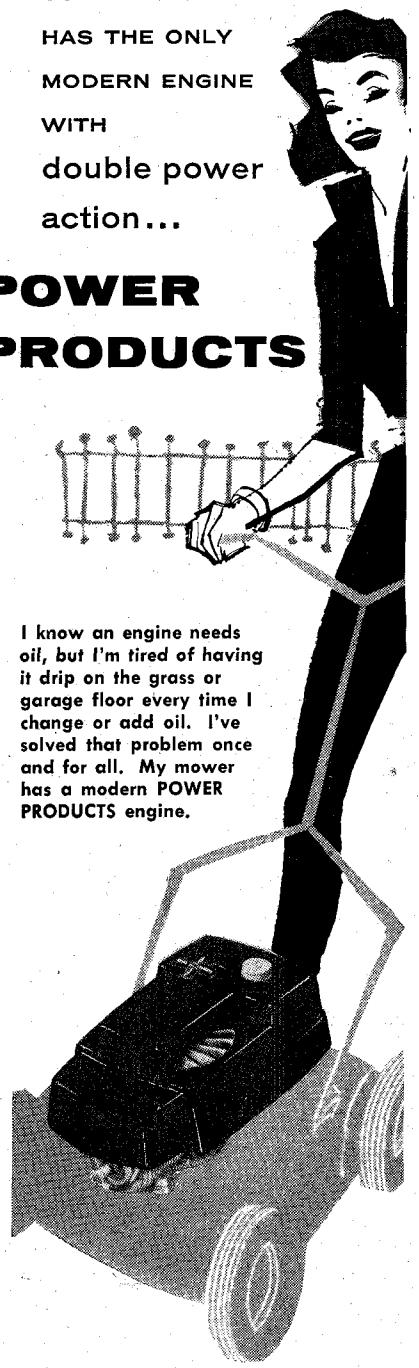
I want to cut my grass
not oil it!

THAT'S WHY
OUR NEW MOWER
HAS THE ONLY
MODERN ENGINE
WITH
double power
action...

POWER
PRODUCTS



I know an engine needs oil, but I'm tired of having it drip on the grass or garage floor every time I change or add oil. I've solved that problem once and for all. My mower has a modern POWER PRODUCTS engine.

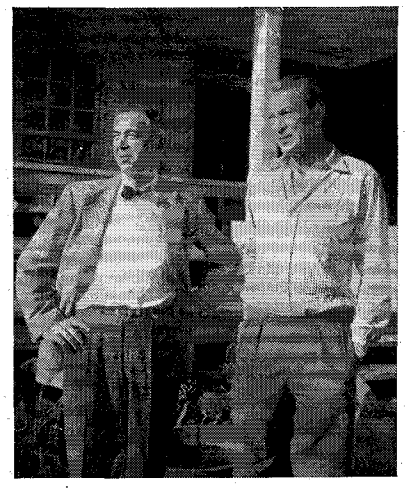
I never touch an oil can!

Once or twice a season our service station attendant fills our gas can with pre-mixed fuel — the same as he does for our outboard motor. This takes care of both gasoline and lubrication. It saves the mess of checking, adding or changing oil in either the air filter or the crankcase. Above all there is no oil to drip out on the lawn when the mower is tilted. There's no question about it — the modern mower is the one with a POWER PRODUCTS engine.

POWER PRODUCTS
CORPORATION
Grafton, Wisconsin

Keeping Posted

Is Working With Gary Cooper Work?



George and Coop on a Hollywood set.

George Scullin reports that working with pleasant Gary Cooper was unalloyed delight until Mrs. Scullin got out of hand. Not only a choice assignment, says he, but productive of delicious delusions of grandeur. "Being with Coop each day, writing each night in a solitary hotel room, along about the fourth installment [page 40] I began thinking I *was* Gary Cooper."

Then, he complains, his wife, Betty—known to everyone else as Liz—escaped from her parents' home in Santa Barbara—"I had her trapped there with the younger children, a hundred miles from Cooper." Liz headed for Hollywood and on the set of The Court Martial of Billy Mitchell was introduced to Cooper, looking his handsomest in his general's uniform. The actor gave Liz his studio chair, fetched her studio coffee and turned on a Cooper grin for her exclusive

benefit. Scullin repines, "It was her glazed-of-eye attitude that I was *not* Gary Cooper, and I became undeluded."

When Scullin is at home, he's in Stony Brook, Long Island, a town he says was founded in 1655, shortly after the Indians installed the plumbing in his house. When recently contacted, the Scullins, except oldest son, Michael, were trying to have a warm winter in Southern Europe, which continent has been having its coldest winter since eighteen-something. Scullin writes, "I do not think anything is colder than sitting in a villa heated by one infinitesimal fireplace, watching near-sleet belabor palm trees and roses." He adds delightedly, "I hear it's been awful in Philadelphia."

Scullin claims that when he was an associate editor of Fortune magazine in 1942, he did a piece on aerial navigation which so fascinated him that he resigned and became an Air Transport Command navigator. As ATC crews were limited to eighty-five flight hours a month and would log forty-five air hours in a five-day New York-to-Paris round trip, Scullin rated a two-week vacation for each five days of work. After the war, the thought of working fifty weeks for a two-week vacation was so repugnant that he became a free-lance writer. He concludes, apparently in utter confusion, "This gives me 365 days off a year so long as I work 365 days a year, though some people think spending six months with Coop in Hollywood isn't work, and neither do I."

They Might Have Been Killed

Alex Gaby's happy family took a motor trip a while ago and had a horrible experience. Gaby recalls, "Two young hot shots in a stripped-down, souped-up jalopy suddenly plummeted out of the traffic line; then, just before they rammed us, careened back to safety behind an onrushing truck." The tingling Gaby promptly wrote a story about juvenile irresponsibles on highways (Fifty-two Miles to Terror) which gripped Post readers on January 14 and immediately was earmarked by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for movie production—a worthy sequel to MGM's juvenile-delinquency shocker, Blackboard Jungle. Gaby seethes, "I hope the kids in that 'bomb' read my story, if they *can* read." If they can't, they—and thousands of demons like them—probably can comprehend the picture.

The Soldiers of Company Q

Bill Chamberlain's battle fiction on page 34 began perking in his head as he read Bruce Catton's A Stillness at Appomattox, a proper book for an ex-military man and a current writing man. Catton's book referred to a Company Q attached to the 150th Pennsylvania Regiment—a sad collection of line officers from other regiments who had been court-martialed and broken for cowardice or other dishonors, but who later became a keen fighting unit, many members regaining their commissions. Company Q kept lingering ghostlike in Chamberlain's mind, until finally he exorcised it by switching it fictionally to the Battle of the Bulge, World War II, and dropping it into readers' minds.

However, ere Chamberlain gets needled by readers who are students of the Civil War (he already has been by associate editors Brandt and Rose), he wants to say he is aware of that war's other notorious Company Q, on the Confederate side. This was a motley collection of gents who managed to tag along behind each cavalry command; some were fine soldiers who had lost their horses, mostly they were cowards, goldbricks, malingerers and other unlovely humans. In 1863 a Confederate Army General Order exasperatedly abolished "this disgraceful body of men."

Now Poet Jacobson Has Mice

Ethel *Noël*

Ethel Jacobson's first book of verse, much of it collected from the Post, was called Larks in My Hair, and nobody could figure what on earth she meant by that. Now her new book, Mice in the Ink, is similarly confounding, being about her daughters Noël and Dorcas and other humans, and illustrated by herself, not by mice as the jacket solemnly states. Ethel's husband mutters, "Hope her next book isn't about bats," and she mutters, "But then he's not literary, like mice and me." Ethel's biographical statement avers she is the daughter of the Spanish Infanta and a Scotch zitherist, grew up in a hollow tree, is married to three marine sergeants, is —— Anyway, she *is* a superb writer of light verse. Might as well add that she says, "Some of my book is dark verse."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Don't be a Sucker, Junior!"

The above title sums up advice that Jan Peerce gives to most would-be singers. From a great tenor comes inside tips on the pitfalls of a musical career.

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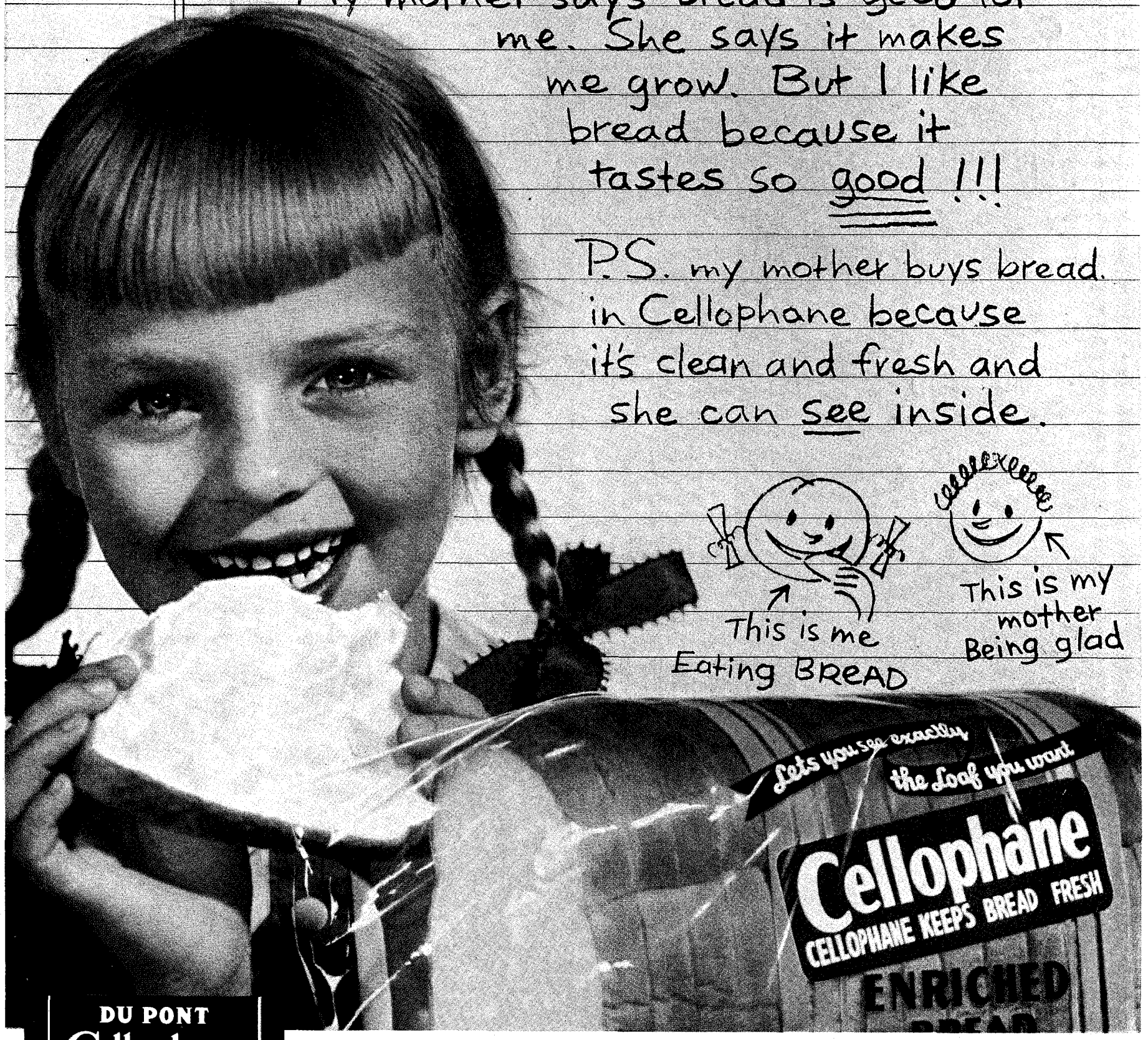
Why i like BREAD

by Patsy Ann Doran (Grade III)

My mother says bread is good for me. She says it makes me grow. But I like bread because it tastes so good !!!

P.S. my mother buys bread in Cellophane because it's clean and fresh and she can see inside.


This is me Eating BREAD
This is my mother Being glad
Lets you see exactly the loaf you want
Cellophane
CELLOPHANE KEEPS BREAD FRESH
ENRICHED

DU PONT Cellophane

DUPONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Watch "Du Pont Cavalcade Theater" on Television

Bread's at its best in Cellophane

—the package that lets you see what you buy

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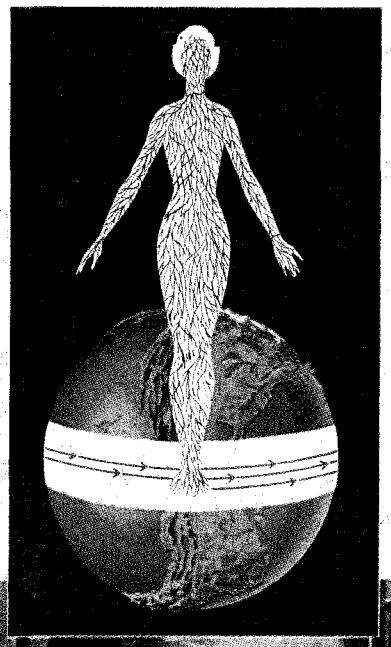
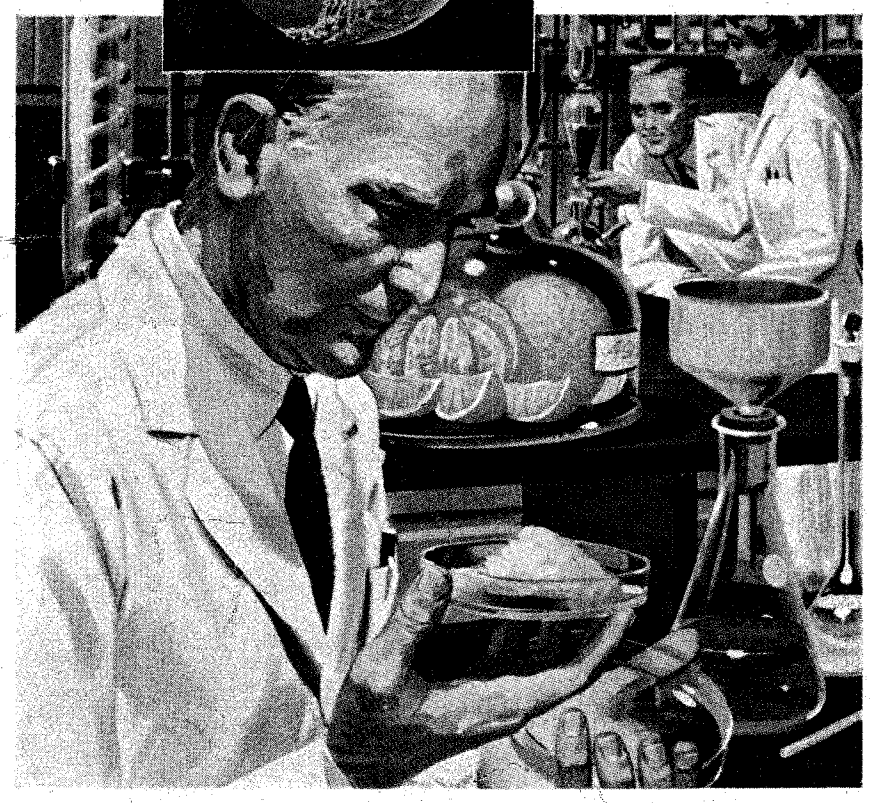


Another major fresh orange health discovery!

The BIO-FLAVONOIDS in the "meat" of fresh oranges build health through their amazing effect on the capillaries

There are 60,000 miles of tiny blood vessels in the body, enough to circle the globe 2½ times! This network of capillaries must be kept strong, for it carries nourishment to every part of the system. The bio-flavonoids do their work at this basic health level.

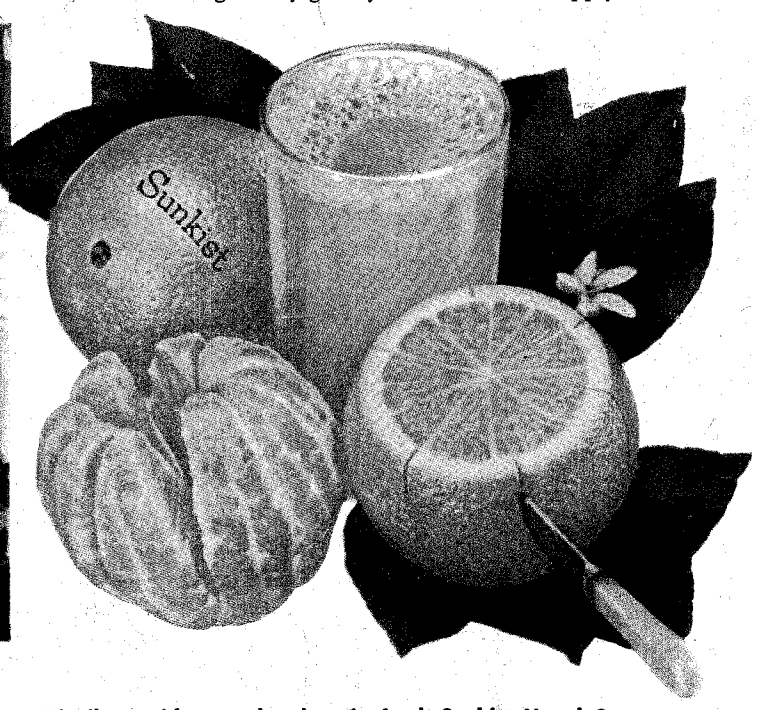


Scientists have long felt that the bio-flavonoids help keep capillaries strong. Now, after years of research, they are recognized as one of nature's great aids to capillary health. Found in the "meat" of fresh oranges, *bio-flavonoids team with vitamin C and other health factors to keep capillaries efficient!*

Bio-flavonoids are important to children. These remarkable yellow substances team with vitamin C to do a better job of building sturdy bones and strong muscles, developing sound teeth and gums, fighting colds and infections. Bio-flavonoids are scarce in most foods, but one orange a day gives you an abundant supply.

Bio-flavonoids are important to you. Because they strengthen capillaries, the bio-flavonoids are as important to grownups as children. They help you look and feel *young*. Doctors say, "You're only as young as your capillaries!" The whole fresh orange contains 10 times more bio-flavonoids than the strained juice alone.

Make it a daily habit to serve fresh oranges. Luscious Sunkist Navel Oranges are in season, and nothing is easier to serve. No seeds, easy to peel. *Just hand them out*—after school, after meals, during TV. When you squeeze fresh orange juice, don't strain it. Keep the healthful solids that contain the bio-flavonoids.



Bio-flavonoids are abundant in fresh Sunkist Navel Oranges. They give your family far more bio-flavonoids than processed juice, far more protopectins, so important for digestion and regularity. Sunkist Navel Oranges are always the finest quality money can buy. Look for Sunkist on the skin. *Insist* on Sunkist.

California-Arizona Navel Oranges **Sunkist Growers** Eat whole fresh oranges—drink whole fresh orange juice!

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